

The Pony Blues

Son House

Why don't you catch my pony, now saddle up my black mare?

...my pony, saddle up, up my black mare?

You know, I'm gonna find my baby, well, in the world somewhere
You know, he's a travelin' horse, an' he's
too black bad

He's a travelin' pony, I declare, he's too black bad

You know, he got a gait, now, no Shetlan' ain't never had
You know, I taken him by the rein an' I led him
around and 'round

I say, I taken him by the reins an' I, I led him, him 'round and 'round

You know, he ain't the best in the world, but he's the best ever been in this town
You know, he's a travelin'
horse and he don't deny his name

He's a travelin' pony and he don't deny his name

You know, the way he can travel is a low-down, old, dirty shame
Why don't you come up here, pony, now come
on, please let's us go

I said, "Come up, get up now, please pony, now let's us go"

Let's we saddle on down on the Gulf of, of Mexico
You know, the horse that I'm ridin', he can fox-trot, he can
lope and pace

I say, the pony I'm ridin', he can fox-trot, he can lope and pace

You know, a horse with them many gaits, you know, I'm bound to win the race
He's a travelin' horse an' he
don't deny his name

He's a travelin' pony, he don't deny his name

The way he can travel is a low-down, old, dirty shame

Songwriters

EDDIE SON HOUSE Published by

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