Fixin' To Die Blues

Robert Johnson

Feeling funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die
Feeling funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to dieWell, I don't mind dying
But I hate to leave my children cryingWell, I look over yonder to that burying ground
Look over yonder to that burying ground
Sure seems lonesome, Lord
When the sun goes downFeeling funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to dieWell, I don't mind dying but
I hate to leave my children cryingWell there's a black smoke rising, Lord
It's rising up above my head, up above my head
Well there's a black smoke rising, Lord
It's rising up above my head
And tell Jesus make up my dying bedI'm walking kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Yes I'm walking kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die, fixing to dieWell, I don't mind dying
But I hate to leave my children crying

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