

Down the Dirt Road Blues

Charley Patton

I'm goin' away, to a world unknown
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I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long
My rider got somethin', she's tryin'a keep it hid
My rider got somethin', she's tryin'a keep it hid
Lord, I got somethin' to find that somethin' with
I feel like choppin', chips flyin' everywhere
I feel like choppin', chips flyin' everywhere
I been to the Nation, oh Lord, but I couldn't stay there
Some people say them oversea blues ain't bad
[Spoken: Why, of course they are]
Some people say them oversea blues ain't bad
[Spoken: What was a-matter with 'em?!]
It must not a-been them oversea blues I had
Every day seem like murder here
[Spoken: My God, I'm no sheriff]
Every day seem like murder here
I'm gonna leave tomorrow, I know you don't bid my care
Can't go down any dirt road by myself
Can't go down any dirt road by myself
[Spoken: My Lord, who ya gonna carry?]
I don't carry my, gonna carry me someone else

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