Sickbed Blues

Skip James

Layin' sick, honey, on my bed
I'm layin' sick, honey, and on my bed
I'm layin' sick, honey, and on my bed
I used to have some friends but they wish that I were dead
In awful pain and deep in misery
Awful pain and deep in misery
Awful pain and deep in misery
I ain't got nobody to come and see about me
And every dog, baby, got a day
And every dog, baby, got a day
Every dog, baby, got a day
But I said, "Please, don't you treat me this-a way"
The doctor came, lookin' very sad
The doctor came, lookin' very sad
The doctor came, lookin' very sad
He diagnosed my case and said it was awful bad
He walked away, mumblin' very low
He said, "He may get better but he'll never get well no more
I hollered, "Lord, oh Lord, Lord, Lordy, Lord
Oh Lordy, Lord, Lord, Lord
I been so badly misused and treated just like a dog"
I've got a long trip and I'm just too weak to ride
I've got a long trip and I'm just too weak to ride
I got a long trip and I'm just too weak to ride
Now it's a thousand people standin' at my bedside
You take a stone, you can bruise my bone
You take stone and you can bruise my bone
You take a stone and you can bruise my bone
But you sure gonna miss me when I'm dead and gone
I been on the ocean, I been across the sea
Been on the ocean, I been across the sea
Been on the ocean, I been across the sea
I ain't found nobody would feel my sympathy

Songwriters
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