

# Back Water Blues

Bessie Smith

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night  
When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night  
Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door  
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door  
There's been enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she want to go Then they rowed a little boat  
about five miles 'cross the pond  
Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the pond  
I packed all my clothes, throwed them in and they rowed me along When it thunders and lightnin' and when the  
wind begins to blow When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow  
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill  
Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill  
Then looked down on the house were I used to live Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and go  
Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and go  
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more Mmm, I can't move no more  
Mmm, I can't move no more  
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go

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