Phonograph Blues (Take 2)

Robert Johnson

Beatrice got a phonograph, and it won't say a lonesome word
Beatrice got a phonograph, and it won't say a lonesome word
What evil have I done, what evil has the poor girl heardBeatrice, I love my phonograph, but you broke my windin' chain
Beatrice, I love my phonograph, but you have broke my windin' chain
And you taken my lovin', and you give it to your other manAnd we played it on the sofa, and we played it side the wall
And we played it on the sofa, and we played it side the wall
But boys, my needles have got rusty, and it will not play at allBeatrice, I love my phonograph mmm, babe and I'm bound to lose my mind
Beatrice, I love my phonograph, and I'm 'bout to lose my mind
Why'n't1 you bring your clothes back home, baby, and try me one more timeNow my phonograph, mmm, babe, it won't say a lonesome word
My little phonograph, and it won't say a lonesome word
What evil I have done, what evil have the poor girl heardNow Beatrice, won't you bring your clothes back home
Now Beatrice, won't you bring your clothes back home
I wanna wind your little phonograph, just to hear your little motor moanNote 1: alternatively "won't" instead of "why'n't", as a contraction of "why
don't"

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