

Coot Marseilles Blues

Tom T. Hall

{This story was told to me by Jerry Clover
At the 1971 Disc Jockey Convention
I told Jerry I's gonna write a song about it
My brother Hillman gonna play 'The Cigarette Paper And The Comb'
Play it}Coot Marseilles was an old black man
From down Mississippi way
He worked out in the white man's yard
And he loved to sing and playOl' Coot worked hard, God rest his soul
He never was much to roam
His entire band was an old guitar
A cigarette paper and a combNow ol' Coot had one song
That he would sing when his long days were put in
There ain't nobody knows that song now
'Cause I reckon that it died with himHis songs were made up 'o dry bones
From pain and sweat and tears
And 'Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy'
Was sometimes all you'd hearNow on Saturdays ol' Coot didn't work much
'Cepten he built a fire in the stove
And when he get through he'd mosey on down
And sit by the gravel roadHe'd hum that song as he walked along
With the faraway look in his eyes
And he sit there by the road all day
Watched them fine Ford cars go byNow on Saturday night the white folks danced
And ol' Coot he'd pick and sing
He had an old RC bottle neck
That he'd slide up and down them stringsNow Coot didn't care much for lyrics
He just made 'em up as he went along
And Lord I wish they had a tape back then
'Cause I'd sure love to hear them songWell his clothes were old and his hair was gray
And hard work had bent his back
His songs were never recognized
By statuettes or flagsHis songs were all about the working man
And Coot never owned a tie
The only thing he ever really had to do
Was dieNow ol' Coot's gone and maybe I'm wrong
To bring it all back again
But I know his friends down in Mississippi
Sure thought a lot of himSo rock on Coot and enjoy your rest
Your long day's work is done

And if they got Fords up in Heaven, sir
I sure hope you're driving oneLordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lord
Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lord

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