

One Room Country Shack

Buddy Guy

Sittin' here, thousand miles from nowhere
People, I'm in my one room country little shack
I'm sittin' here, thousand miles from nowhere
People, I'm in my own, own one room country little shack All my worries and companion
Is a old, is a old eleven foot cotton sack I'm gonna leave, oh, early in the mornin'
People, because I'm 'bout to go out of my mind
I'm gonna leave you early in the mornin'
People because, just because I'm 'bout to go out of my mind I'm gonna find me some kind of good woman
Even if she's dumb, deaf, crippled or blind Play your piano [Incomprehensible]
Yeah, yeah
Lord, you make me feel so good this morning, do it again
Have mercy, have mercy on me, have mercy on me
Alright, yes, yes, yes, oh Lord, have mercy You don't know
You don't know how, how I feel
Lord, have mercy down in this cotton field You don't know
People, people, you don't know how I feel
Have mercy in this cotton field I know you're out there havin' a good time
Why don't you, why don't you make connection with me
And give me some good deal?
Let me have a little bit of Otis Spann, please So many ways
So many ways you can get the blues
So many ways
So, so many ways you can get the blues Yes, when you're down here on one of these cotton fields
Lord, you ain't got nothing to lose

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