Walking Blues

Rory Block

I woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes
Know 'bout 'at I got these, old walkin' blues
Woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes
But you know 'bout 'at I, got these old walkin' blues
Lord, I feel like blowin' my woh old lonesome horn
Got up this mornin', my little Bernice was gone
Lord, I feel like blow ooohn' my lonesome horn
Well I got up this mornin' woh all I had was gone
Well ah leave this morn' of I have to, woh, ride the blind, ah
I've feel mistreated and I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this morn' ah, I have to ride a blind
Babe, I been mistreated, baby, and I don't mind dyin'
Well, some people tell me that the worried, blues ain't bad
Worst old feelin' I most ever had, some
People tell me that these old worried old blues ain't bad
It's the worst old feelin', I most ever had
She got an Elgin movement from her head down to her toes
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes, oooh ooooh
(spoken: To her head down to her toes, oh, honey)
Lord, she break in on a dollar, most anywhere she goes

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