Cypress Grove

Skip James

I would rather to be buried
In some cypress grove
I would rather to be buried
In some cypress grove
Than to have a contrary woman
Lord, I never can controlAnd when yo' knee bones
Go to achin'
An your body gettin' cold
When yo' knee bones
Go to achin'
And yo' body gettin' cold
You know, you jes' gettin' ready
Honey, for some cypress groveThen I would rather be buried
Six feet in the clay
Then I would rather to be buried
Six feet in the clay
Then to be way up here
In New York City
Honey, treated this't-a-wayAn I will drink muddy water
I'll sleep in a hollow log
I will drink muddy water
Sleep in a hollow log
Befo' I stay up here
Honey, treated like a dogYes, I'm goin' away
Honey, don't you want to go?
Yes, I'm goin' away
Honey, don't you wants to go?
I'm scared to go back down south
Them people goin' kill me, sho'I'm gonna sing this song
An I ain't goin' to sing no mo'
I'm goin' to sing this song, an I
I ain't goin' to sing no mo'
Because my time has done got precious
Baby, Lord, just got
I've got to go, yeah.~

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