

Prisoner's Talking Blues

Robert Pete Williams

Angola State Penitentiary, Angola, Louisiana - 1959 (?)

Robert Pete Williams â€“ voice, guitar

Lord, I feel so bad sometime, seems like that Iâ€™m weakening every day
You know, Iâ€™ve begin to get grey since I got here
Well, a whole lot of worryinâ€™ causinâ€™ that
But I can feel myself weakening
I donâ€™t keep well no more, I keeps sickly
I takes a lot of medicine, but it looks like it donâ€™t do no good
All I have to do is pray, thatâ€™s the only thingâ€™ll help me here
One foot in the grave, look like, and the other one out
Sometimes looks like my best day gotta be my last day
Sometimes I feel like I never see my little olâ€™ kids anymore
But if I donâ€™t never see â€™em no more, leave â€™em in the hands of God
You know, my sister, sheâ€™s like a mother to me
She do all in the world that she can
She went all the way along with me in this trouble, â€™til the end
In a way, I was glad my poor mother had â€™ceased because she suffered with heart trouble
And trouble behind me sure woulda went hard with her
But if she were livinâ€™, I could call on her sometime
But my olâ€™ father dead, too
Thatâ€™d make me motherless and fatherless
Itâ€™s six of us sisters, three boys
Family done got small now, looks like theyâ€™re dyinâ€™ out fast
I donâ€™t know, but God been good to us in a way
â€™Cause olâ€™ death have stayed away a long time

Lord, my worry sure carryinâ€™ me down
Lord, my worry sure is carryinâ€™ me down
Sometimes I feel like, baby, committinâ€™ suicide
Yeah, sometimes I feel, feel like committinâ€™ suicide
I got the nerve if I just had anything to do it with
Iâ€™m goinâ€™ down slow, somethinâ€™ wrong with me
Yes, Iâ€™m goinâ€™ down slow, somethinâ€™ wrong with me
Iâ€™ve got to make a change while Iâ€™m young
If I donâ€™t, I wonâ€™t ever get old.

Lyrics submitted by Weso.

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