

# 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.

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Lyrics submitted by Weso.

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