Blind Lemon Jefferson

Nick Cave

Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming
Tap tap tappin with his cane
Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming
Tap tap tappin with his cane
His last ditch lies down the road of trials
Down the road of trials
Half filled with rainO Sycamore, Sycamore!
Stretch your arms across the storm
Down fly two greasy brother-crows
They hop'n'bop They hop'n'bop They hop'n'bop
Like the tax-man come to call
They go knock knock! Knock knock!
Hop'n'bop hop'n'bop
They slap a death-writ on his door
Here come the Judgement train
Git on board!
And turn that big black engine home
O let's roll!
Let's roll!
Down the tunnel
The terrible tunnel of his world
Waiting at his final station
Like a bigger blacker third bird
O let's roll!
Let's roll!
O his road is dark and lonely
He don't drive no Cadillac
O his road is dark and holy
He don't drive no Cadillac
If that sky serves as his eyes
Then that moons a cataractLet's roll!
Yeah let's roll!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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