

From Four Till Late

Robert Johnson

From four till late, I was wringin' my hands and cryin'
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I believe to my soul, that your daddy's Gulfport-bound
From Memphis to Norfolk, is a thirty-six hours ride
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A man is like a prisoner and he's never satisfied
A woman is like a dresser, some man always ramblin' through
its drawers
A woman is like a dresser, some man always ramblin' through its drawers
It cause so many men, wear an apron overall
From four till late, she get with a no-good bunch and clown
From four till late, she get with a no-good bunch and clown
Now, she won't do nothin', but tear a good man' reputation down

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