

# Death Of Blind Boy Fuller

Brownie McGhee

He's gone, Blind Boy Fuller's gone away  
He's gone, Blind Boy Fuller's gone away  
Well, he heard a voice calling  
And he knew he could not stay Well, he called me to his bedside one morning  
And the clock was strikin' four  
Called me to his bedside one morning  
And the clock was strikin' four  
Brownie take my guitar and carry my business on  
I won't stay here no more Blind Boy had a million friends  
North, east, south and west  
Blind Boy had a million friends  
North, east, south and west  
Well you know it's hard to tell  
Which place he was loved the best Well, all you women of Blind Boy's  
How do you want your lovin' done?  
All of you women of Blind Boy's  
How do you want your lovin' done?  
I'll do my best, I'll do my best  
To carry Blind Boy's business on Goodbye, Blind Boy

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