

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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