Special Rider Blues

Son House

Well, I'm goin' away, honey, I won't be back no more
Well, I'm goin' away, honey, I won't be back no more
When I leave this time, I'm gonna hang
crepe
on your door
Well, look-y here, hon', I won't be your dog no more
Well, look-y here, hon', I won't be your dog no more
Excuse me, honey, for knockin' on your door
I say your hair ain't curly and your doggone eyes ain't blue
You know your hair ain't curly and your doggone eyes ain't blue
Well, if you don't want me, what the world I want with you?
Say, look-y here, baby, you ought not to dog me around
I say look-y here, baby, you ought not to dog me around
If I had my belongings I would leave this old bad-luck town
You know that's a shame, what a low-down, dirty shame
Don't you know that's a shame? What a low-down, dirty shame
You know I'm sorry today that I ever knowed your name
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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