

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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