

Preaching Blues (Up Jumped the Devil)

Robert Johnson

Mmmmm-mmmmm
I's up this mornin'
Ah, blues walkin' like a man
I's up this mornin'
Ah, blues walkin' like a man
Worried blues
Give me your right hand And the blues fell, mama's child
Tore me all upside-down
Blues fell, mam's child
And it tore me all upside down
Travel on, poor Bob
Just can't turn you 'round
The blues
Is a low-down shakin' chill
Yes, preach 'em now Mmmmm-mmmmm
Is a low-down shakin' chill
You ain't never had 'em, I
Hope you never will
Well, the blues
Is a achin' old heart disease
Do it, now
You gon' do it?
Tell me all about it Said the blues
Is a low-down achin' heart disease
Like consumption
Killing me by degrees
I can study rain
Oh, oh drive, oh, oh, drive my blues
I been studyin' the rain and
I'm gon drive my blues away
Goin' to the 'stil'ry
Stay out there all day

Songwriters

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