

High Sheriff Blues

Charley Patton

Get in trouble at Belzoni, there ain't no use a-screamin'

And cryin'

Get in trouble in Belzoni, there ain't no use a-screamin'

And cryin'

Mr. Will will take you, back to Belzoni jailhouse flyin' Le' me tell you folksies, how he treated me

Le' me tell you folksies, how he treated me

An' he put me in a cellar, just as dark as it could be There I laid one evenin', Mr. Purvis was standin' 'round

There I laid one evenin', Mr. Purvis was standin' 'round

Mr. Purvis told Mr. Will to, let poor Charley down It takes booze and blues, Lord, to carry me through

Takes booze and blues, Lord, to carry me through

But it did seem like years, in a jailhouse where there is

No boo' I got up one mornin', feelin' awe, hmm

I got up one mornin', feelin' mighty bad, hmm

An' it might not a-been them Belzoni jail I had

(Blues I had, boys) While I was in trouble, ain't no use a-screamin'

When I was in prison, it ain't no use a-screamin and

Cryin'

Mr. Purvis the onliest man could, ease that pain of mine

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