

# Preachin' 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 cain't turn you 'round  
The blu-u-u-u-ues  
is a low-down shakin' chill  
spoken: Yes, preach 'em now. Mmmmm mmmmm  
is a low-down shakin' chill  
You ain't never had 'em, I  
I hope you never will  
Well, the blues  
is a schin' old heart disease  
spoken: Do it. now.  
You gon' do it?  
Tell me about it. Let the blues  
is a low-down achin' heart disease  
Like consumption  
killing me by degrees  
I can study rain  
oh, ohm drive, oh, oh, drive my blues  
I been studyin' the rain and  
I'm 'on drive my blues away  
Goin' to the 'stil'ry  
stay out there all day

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