Death Letter Blues

Ida Cox

I received a letter that my man was dyin'
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I caught the first plane and went home flyin'When I got there, the folks had gathered around
When I got there, the folks had gathered around
His eyes was set and his face was full of frownsHe wasn't dead, but he was slowly dyin'
He wasn't dead, but he was slowly dyin'
And to think of him I just can't help from cryin'I followed my daddy to the buryin' ground
I followed my daddy to the buryin' ground
I watched the pall bearers slowly let him down

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