

# Cypress Grove Blues

## Skip James

I would rather be buried in some cypress grove  
I would rather be buried in some cypress grove

To have some woman, Lord, that I can't control And I'm goin' away now, I'm goin' away to stay  
And I'm goin' away now, I'm goin' away to stay

That'll be all right, pretty mama, you gonna need my help someday And the sun goin' down, and you know what  
your promise means

And the sun goin' down, you know what your promise means

And what's the matter, baby, I can't see I would rather be dead and six feet in my grave  
I would rather be dead and six feet in my grave

Than to be way up here, honey, treated this a-way And the old people told me, baby, but I never did know  
The old people told me, baby woman, but I never did know

"The good book declare you got to reap just what you sow" When your knee bone's achin' and your body cold  
When your knee bone's achin' and your body cold  
Means you just gettin' ready, honey, for the cypress grove

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