Walking Blues

Robert Johnson

I woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes
Know by that I got these old walkin' blues, well
Woke this mornin' feelin round for my shoes
But you know by that, I got these old walkin' bluesLord I feel like blowin my old lonesome horn
Got up this mornin', my little Bernice was gone, Lord
I feel like blowin my lonesome horn
Well I got up this mornin', whoa all I had was goneWell, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blinds
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this mornin', if I have to ride the blind
Babe, I've been mistreated, baby and I don't mind dyin'Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad
Worst old feelin' I most ever had
Some people tell me that these old worried old blues ain't bad
It's the worst old feelin', I most ever had

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