

# Catfish John

## Old & In the Way

Mama said, "Don't go near that river"  
"Don't be hanging round old Catfish John"  
Come the morning I'd always be there  
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn Take me back to another morning (note 1)  
To a time so long ago  
When the sweet magnolia blossomed (note 2)  
Cotton fields were white as snow Catfish John was a river hobo  
Lived and died by the river's bend  
Looking back I still remember  
I was proud to be his friend [chorus] Born a slave in the town of Richmond (note 3)  
Traded for a chestnut mare  
Lord, he never spoke in anger  
Though his load was hard to bear [chorus] [chorus]  
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn

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