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 dawnTake 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 snowCatfish 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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