

Look Over Yonders Wall

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band

Look over yonders wall and hand me down my walking cane
Well, I got myself a woman, yonder come your man I'm in love with you pretty baby, you don't treat me right,
You take all my money and walk the streets at night
Look over yonders wall, ah, hand me down my walking cane
Well, I got myself a woman, yonder come your man Your man went to the wall,
I know that he was rough
I don't know how many men he killed,
I know he killed enough Look over yonders wall and hand me down my walking cane
Well, I got myself a woman, yonder come your man

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