

# Searching the Desert for the Blues

## Blind Willie McTell

You may search the ocean, you might go 'cross the deep blue sea  
But mama, you'll never find another hot shot like me  
I followed my baby from the station to the train  
And the blues came down like night and showered me I left her at the station wringing her hands and crying  
I told her, she had a home just as long as I had mine  
I've got two women and you can't tell them apart I've got one in my bosom and one I got in my heart  
The one in my bosom, she's in Tennessee  
And the one in my heart, don't even give a darn for me I used to say a married woman was the sweetest thing  
that ever been born  
But I've changed that thing, you better leave married women alone  
Take my advice, let these married women be  
'Cause their husbands'll grab you, beat you ragged as a cedar tree When a woman say, she love you 'bout good  
as she do herself  
I don't pay her no attention, tell that same line to somebody else  
I really don't believe no woman in the whole round world do right  
Act like an angel in the daytime, mess by the ditch at night I'm going, pretty mama, please don't break this rule  
That's why I'm searching these deserts for the blues  
I'm going, pretty mama, searching these deserts now  
That's why I'm walking my baby home anyhow Lord, oh Lord  
Lordy, Lordy, Lord  
Oh Lordy Lord  
Lord, Lord, Lord When a woman say, she love you 'bout good as she do herself  
I don't pay her no attention, tell that same line to somebody else Lord, Lord  
Lord, Lord, Lord

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