Moon Going Down

Charley Patton

Oh well, where were you now, baby,
Clarksdale mill burned down.
Oh well, where were you now, baby,
Clarksdale mill burned down.I were way down Sunflower,
With my face all fulla frowns.
Lord, I think I heard the Helena whistle,
Helena whistle,
Helena whistle blow.Lord, I ain't gonna stop walkin'
Till I get in my rider's door

Songwriters
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