

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

CHARLEY PATTON Published by

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