

Atlanta Special

Bukka White

Atlanta Special 6:03 Trk 20

Bukka White (Booker T. Washington White)

Recorded: 1963 Memphis, Tennessee

Album: Parchman Farm Blues - Roots RTS 33055

Transcriber: Awcantor@aol.com Bukka -spoken: This is song Atlanta Special, here

Runnin' all down through Georgia

All down through the south

An all through the Gulf of Mexico When I was a little boy

I was startin' to catchin' this train

And I never forget, I fifteen years old. I hear'd that train that mo'nin

That 8:45 was hittin' that rail

I had my mule goin' to the field

To do some plowin' for my old grandfather. But when this train was comin' down the line

She picked up wit' it. (guitar - comin' down the line) I say, 'Whoa!'

My mule stopped

I 'cide to leave, I'd try the world I eased on out there

And I caught the old freight train

That went on down All down through Gulf of Mexico

And ev'rywhere else. Oh, I got to thinkin' about Atlanta, Georgia.

I say, 'I b'lieve I go back where my

old grandmother live at. 'Oh, one night I was sittin' down

Boilin' some corn down on the railroad track.

I thought about what my old grandmother

told me years ago.

Said son:

'You got to reap what you sew.

If you don't be a good boy, you gon'

have bad luck. I made me a record

(they'll buys it)

(This way Atlanta, Georgia) This song: Sings:

I'm sorry, sorry, sorry, left my home

Mm-mm-mm

Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord! When I fell back in Atlanta, Georgia

Old lady lived, last name Miss Ester.

She said, 'Son, I heard one of your records

about Atlanta, Georgia.

Said, 'Can you play it, now?' I reached back in my guitar case

and pulled m'old raggedy guitar out.

So glad to get back home

I commenced to playin' this song for Aunt Ester.Sings:

Lord, oh Lord, Lord, Lord!

Mm-mm-mm

So glad I headed back home Old lady starts at me, did I want anything to eat?

I was sittin' there lookin' out toward the railroad

track. I never will forget it, she brought me ham

an egg, an toasted cheese an hot cup-a-coffee. When that straight line ten mile a-goin' to I dropped my head an I
dropped my food.

I said, 'Now, I got to ride this train back'.

She said, 'Son, what is wrong?'

I said, 'Well, Aunt Ester.'

I said, 'Booker got to go.' That train was turnin' tight that mo'nin. (guitar- turnin' tight) Aunt Ester ask-ed

'Would I know that train if I could hear it?'

She said, 'You're too young, you don't

know nothin' too much about hoboin'. I said, 'Well, I tell ya Aunt Ester, if I can

hear the bell on this train I could tell you

mo' about it. 'When that train jumped to the fifteen mile

curve, a bell will give you a toll like this: (guitar- bell tolling) Made me thought about when my baby

got sick n' she died. She's, they called me up. When she run in her fifteen mile curve

She throw'd on the airbrake for la't ten mile. (guitar - airbraking) So, Aunt E. stops me.

She says, 'Where you was born at?' I said, 'Atlanta, Georgia' She said, 'That why you can play that ol' guitar,

can't cha!' While we was talkin' she heard that train comin'

into that fifteen mile curve. Two old ladies was on that train, cryin' an supperin'

pullin' down the blind. A man give him a signal

from the engine to the coach to slow down.

You could hear him chokin' that train 'specially down

comin' through Lou'siana like this: (guitar - chokin' train) When the man throw'd that red light on

Him sho' know it come, that fifteen mile curve. I ease on off back to the station

I tol' Aunt E stop, thank her for her food.

She said, 'Son, don't forget what your

mother, now, used to told you

Now, she said, Take life easy. I jumped on out there and got in the blind.

That train jumped on outta town. (I was steady jumpin' down)

(Hauled through Georgia, Lou'siana) Right on down to a place he called

Port Teht (?)

(That's in Lou'siana) (They was strippin' sorghum

and ev'rything I done got hauled in) I get off the freight train

For a job aks the man for me

Somethin' to eat He said, 'Can you strip sorgham?

I said, I read about it, but I ain't never did it

He said, 'If you eat anything, you gon' strip it!' I 'cided to do a little piece a-work for him

He went in there an got me sorghum, molasses

cornbread, toasted cheese, hot cup a-coffee. My train was in the yard

The train blowed!

When I hear that train blow, gettin' on

I said I'm fixin' to stop t'stripin 'em.(guitar to end)~

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