

Tribute to Muddy

Johnny Winter

Woah, Lord I wish, Lord I wonder what happens
Answer's the nickel, a deep blues sea
I tore all the good looking women somewhere
Sure enough baby that's me, 'cause it's gonna happen

Lord my mother, well so as my father
About three months long before I was born
Said I got a boy child coming
Sure enough it gonna be a rolling stone
Lord I'm gonna get a rolling stone man

Lord I'm broke
Lord I'm broke
Now I reckon I better do
Lord if I clean up little girls
Then I go home with you
Yeah man I'm gonna walk

Woah, Lord it's true, two things running
Lord I believe you're the worst child in my way
We're gonna watch them run at midnight
But the one that's running just gonna lie dead

Lord she's lone yeah and she's tall
Lord she weeps like a banshee
Lord the folks they say she's no good
But she's all right with me, 'cause I'll be right there

Woah, ho, ho
Somebody help me, help me, I always lose
Lord see if the girl don't love the man you know
That's when I do the voodooos
Ah, don't make you hurt honey