

Mean Old Frisco

Little Walter

Well, that mean old, mean old Frisco
And that low down Santa Fe
Yes, that mean old Frisco
Low down Santa Fe

Gone took my babe away
Yes, and blow smoke out to me

Well, my mother, she done told me
And my father told me too
Yes, my mother she done told me
Father told me too

Son, every woman grins in your face
Well, she ain't no friend of you

Lord, I wonder
Will she ever think of me
Lord, I wonder
Will my baby think of me

Yes, I wonder, I wonder
Will my baby think of me

Lord, I ain't got no
Special rider here
Lord, I ain't got no
Special rider here

I'm gonna leave
'Cause I don't feel welcome here