

Backwater Blues

B.B. King

It rained five days, Lord and the clouds turned as dark as night

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Lord, that was really enough trouble to make a poor
man, wonder where in the world to go

I got up one mornin', poor me I couldn't get even get out of my
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Now they rowed a little boat, just about five miles across the
farm

Yeah, they rowed a little boat, down about five miles across the
farm

Lord, I packed up all of my clothes and throwed them in
And I declare they rowed poor old Bill along

Then I went and I stood up on a high, high old lonesome hill
Yes, I went and I stood up on a high, high old lonesome hill
Lord, and all I could do was look down on the house,
baby where I used to live

Now it thundered and it lightnin'd, Lord and the wind,
wind began to blow

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Lord, there was thousands and thousands of poor people
At that time didn't have no place to go