

# Black Mountain Blues

Bessie Smith

Out in Black Mountain a child will smack your face  
I'm saying out on Black Mountain a child will smack your face  
The babies cry for liquor, and all the birds sing bass

Well, those people in Black Mountain are mean as they can be  
And those people in Black Mountain are mean as they can be  
Now they uses gun powder just to sweeten up their tea

Well, out in Black Mountain you can't keep a good man in jail  
Yeah, out in Black Mountain you can't keep a good man in jail  
'Cause if the jury convicts him, the judge will pay his bail

I had a man in Black Mountain, the sweetest man in town  
I had a man in Black Mountain, the sweetest man in the town  
But then he met a city gal, that's when he throwed me down

Lord, I'm bound for Black Mountain, me and my razor and my gun  
I'm going back to Black Mountain, me and my razor and my gun  
I'm gonna cut him if he stands still, I'll just shoot him if he  
runs

Lord, now you've heard my story, now you've heard my news  
Lord, now you've heard my story, now you've heard my news  
Now my man can clear off, I've got the Blackest Mountain blues