

Chicago Bound Blues

Bessie Smith

Late last night, I sold away and cried
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Had the blues for Chicago, I just can't be satisfied
Blues on my brain, my tongue refused to talk
Blues on my brain, my tongue refused to talk
I was followin' my daddy but my feet refuses to walk
Mean old fireman, cruel old engineer
Lord mean old fireman, cruel old engineer
You took my man and left his mama standing here
Big red headline, tomorrow Defender news
Big red headline, tomorrow Defender news
"Woman dead down home, these old Chicago blues"
I said blues