Preachin' The Blues

Bessie Smith

Down in Atlanta, GA, under the viaduct ev'ry day, drinking corn and hollerin' hooray Pianos playing till the break of day But as I turned my head, I loudly said, "Preach 'em blues, sing them blues" They certainly sound good to me I've been in love for the last six months and ain't done worryi ng yet Moan'em blues, holler them blues Let me convert your soul 'Cause just a little spirit of the blues tonight Let me tell you, girls, that your man ain't treating you right Let me tell you I don't mean no wrong I will learn you something if you listen to this song I ain't here to try to save your soul, just want to teach you h ow to save your good jelly roll

Going on down the line a little further now There's many a poor woman down Read on down to chapter nine, Woman must learn how to take their time Read on down to chapter ten, Taking other women's men, you are doing a sin Sing'em, sing'em, sing them blues Let me convert your soul Now one sister by the name of Sister Green Jumped up and done a shimmy you ain't never seen Sing'em, sing'em, sing them blues Let me convert your soul