

Yodling Blues

Bessie Smith

The blues, the blues, the yodeling blues
They seem to haunt me all the time
Because that I ain't got no one
That will console my mind
It seems to me no happiness will I ever find
No happiness will I find

Lord, lord, lord, lord
Lord, lord, lord, lord
My man went out without a cause

I wonder who put them jinx on me, I said, them jinx on me,

I wonder who put them jinx on me, lowdown jinx on me
My man's gone back to his used-to-be

I'm gonna yodel, yodel my blues away, I said, my blues away
I'm gonna yodel, yodel my blues away, ee-ooo, I'm gonna yodel
Till things come back my way

I've got the blues, go spread the news
I've got those doggone yodeling blues