

Lonesome House Blues

Blind Lemon Jefferson

I had a dream last night all about my gal
I had a dream last night all about my gal
You can tell that sweet papa ain't feelin' so well

I'm goin' away mama, just to wear you off my mind
I'm goin' away sweet mama, just to wear you off my mind
So if I live here in Chicago, money's gonna be my crime

This house is lonesome, my baby left me all alone
I said this house is lonesome, my sugar left me all alone
If your heart ain't rock, sugar's must be marble stone

Play that thing
Sure is good...
Play it like you live

I got the blues so bad, it hurts my feet to walk
I got the blues so bad, it hurts my feet to walk
This house is on my brain, it hurts my tongue to talk
Lonesome house blues