

Searching The Desert For The Blues

Blind Willie McTell

You may search the ocean, you might go 'cross the deep blue sea
But mama, you'll never find another hot shot like me
I followed my baby from the station to the train
And the blues came down like night and showered me

I left her at the station wringing her hands and crying
I told her, she had a home just as long as I had mine
I've got two women and you can't tell them apart

I've got one in my bosom and one I got in my heart
The one in my bosom, she's in Tennessee
And the one in my heart, don't even give a darn for me

I used to say a married woman was the sweetest thing that ever
been born
But I've changed that thing, you better leave married women alone
Take my advice, let these married women be
'Cause their husbands'll grab you, beat you ragged as a cedar tree

When a woman say, she love you 'bout good as she do herself
I don't pay her no attention, tell that same line to somebody else
I really don't believe no woman in the whole round world do right
Act like an angel in the daytime, mess by the ditch at night

I'm going, pretty mama, please don't break this rule
That's why I'm searching these deserts for the blues
I'm going, pretty mama, searching these deserts now
That's why I'm walking my baby home anyhow

Lord, oh Lord
Lordy, Lordy, Lord
Oh Lordy Lord
Lord, Lord, Lord

When a woman say, she love you 'bout good as she do herself
I don't pay her no attention, tell that same line to somebody else

Lord, Lord
Lord, Lord, Lord