

Weary Hearted Blues

Blind Willie McTell

Looka here pretty mama, I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll make these lots of dollars and bring 'em all home to you
Now I'm weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why I'm cryin' these weary hearted blues

I'll give you my money, baby I'll admire
I'll do as all for you mama, you require
Still I'm weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why that I'm cryin' these weary hearted blues

I'll even hold your head when you are feelin' bad
I'll sing and dance for you mama, when you're sad
Now I'm weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why I'm cryin' these weary hearted blues

I wanna tell all you mens nice and kind
You lose your best woman, don't you fool with mine
Cause I'm weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why I'm cryin' these weary hearted blues

Now a white man go to the river, take him a seat and sit down
The blues overtake him, he jump overboard and drown
Yes he's weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why we're cryin' these weary hearted blues

Now a colored man go to the river, take him a seat and sit down
He takes the blues, he come home back to town
And yet he weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why I'm cryin' these weary hearted blues

I wants all you men to let my good gal alone
I give her a dollar in the street and I'll give her two at home
Cause I'm weary, weary hearted and blue
And that's why I'm cryin' these weary hearted blues