

## Writin' Paper Blues

Blind Willie McTell

I wrote you a letter, mama  
Put it in your front yard  
I wrote you a letter  
Put it in your front yard  
I would love to come and see you  
But your good man's got me barred

You wrote me a letter  
To come back the Newport noon  
You wrote me a letter, mama  
Come back the Newport noon  
To leave the town  
And don't spread the news

I wrote you a letter, mama  
Sent you a telegram  
I wrote you a letter, mama  
Sent you a telegram  
Not to meet me in Memphis  
But meet me in Birmingham

Um, hear me weep and moan  
Um, hear me weep and moan  
Don't you hear my pleading?  
Hear me grieve and groan

If I could get me one more drink of booze  
If I could get me one more drink of booze  
I guess it would ease these ol' writin' paper blues

I caught a freight train special  
My mama caught a pass'ger behind  
Caught a freight train special  
My mama caught a pass'ger behind  
Said you can't quit me papa  
There ain't no need in tryin'