

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'