

Moon Goin' Down

Charley Patton

Oh well, where were you now, baby,
Clarksdale mill burned down.
Oh well, where were you now, baby,
Clarksdale mill burned down.

I were way down Sunflower,
With my face all fulla frowns.
Lord, I think I heard the Helena whistle,
Helena whistle,
Helena whistle blow.

Lord, I ain't gonna stop walkin'
Till I get in my rider's door