

Backwater Blues

Dinah Washington

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night
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Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
There's been enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder
where she want to go
Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the
pond
Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the
pond
I packed all my clothes, throwed them in and they rowed
me along
When it thunders and lightnin' and when the wind begins
to blow
When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to
blow
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go
Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill
Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill
Then looked down on the house were I used to live
Backwater
blues done call me to pack my things and go
Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and go
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more
Mmm, I can't move no more
Mmm, I can't move no more
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go