

Jimmie's Texas Blues

Doc Watson

The way I been treated, some time I wish I was dead;
The way I been treated, some time I wish I was dead;
Lord know...

'Cause I ain't got no place
To lay my weary head.

When I want you, woman, I always find you gone;
Ev'rytime I want you, always find you gone;
You're always gone...
Listen here, good mama,
I'm gonna put your air brakes on.

Some like Chicago, some love Memphis, Tennessee;
Some like Chicago, some love Memphis, Tennessee.
Ask sweet mama...
Give me sweet Dallas, Texas,
Where the women think the world of me.
Hey, hey, hey...

You may have your troubles, I'm having my troubles, too;
You may have your troubles, I'm having my troubles, too;
Yes, I know how it feels
When you're feeling so doggone blue.
Have mercy, Lord...

I'm not singin' the blues, I'm tellin' you the hard luck I've had;
I'm not singin' blues, I'm tellin' you the hard luck I've had.
Baby, I've had it, too...
The blues ain't nothin' but a good man feeling bad.