

Back Water Blues

Irma Thomas

When it rained five days
And the skies turned dark at night
When it rained five days
And the skies turned dark at night
There was trouble takin' place
In the lowland at night

I woke up this mornin'
Couldn't even get out of my door
I woke up this mornin'
Couldn't even get out of my door
Enough trouble to make a poor woman
Wonder where she's gonna go

They rowed a little boat
About five miles across the farm
Said they rowed a little boat
About five miles across the farm
I packed up all of my clothes, trowed them in
And they rowed me along

Where it thundered and lightnin'
And the wind began to blow
Said it thundered and lightnin'
And the wind began to blow
There was thousands of people
They had no place to go

I went out and stood up
On a high old lonesome hill
I went out and stood up
On a high old lonesome hill
I looked down on the house
Where I used to live

Back water blues that calls me
To pack my things and go
Back water blues that calls me
To pack my things and go
'Cause my house fell down
And I can't live there no more

Ooh, I can't live there no more
Ooh, I can't live there no more
There ain't no place for a poor woman to go