

## Back Water Blues

Irma Thomas

When it rained five days  
And the skies turned dark at night  
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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