

Murdering Blues

Johnny Winter

Well I went down to Eli's
To get my pistol outta pawn
When I got back home
My woman had done gone

Yes I'm gonna murder my baby
Wooh, if she don't stop cheatin' and lyin'
(I'm gonna put a hurtin' on this woman)
Well I'd rather be in the penitentiary
Than to be worried out of my mind

Well I came home last night, it was about four o'clock
The little room-side joint in the rear had just begun to rock
I ease upside so I could get a better view
I see my woman, she was doin' the monkey too!

I said yes, I'm gonna murder my baby
Wooh, if she don't stop her cheatin' and lyin'
(Yeah I'm gonna hurt her this mornin')
'Cause I'd rather go to the penitentiary
Than to be worried outta my mind

Yeah, I don't mind goin', ya know!

Caught cheatin' and lyin'!
I'm gonna hurt her this mornin'
Look out woman!

I give her all of my money
Just tryin' to be nice and kind
She spent it all on her whiskey
Oh yes, and beer and wine

I said yes, I'm gonna murder my baby
Wooh, if she don't stop cheatin' and lyin'
(Oh I'm gonna put a hurtin' on that woman!)
I'd rather go to the penitentiary
Than to be worried outta my mind