

## Traveling Riverside Blues

Robert Johnson

If your man gets personal, want to have your fun  
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Just come on back to Friar's Point, mama, and barrelhouse all n  
ight long

I got womens in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee  
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But my Friar's Point rider, now, hops all over me

I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth is crowned  
with gold  
I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth is crowned  
with gold  
She got a mortgage on my body, now, lien on my soul

Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side  
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side  
We can still barrelhouse, baby, 'cause it's on the river side

Now you can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my...  
(Spoken: till the juice run down my leg, baby, you know what I'  
m talkin' 'bout)  
You can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my leg  
(that's what I'm talkin' about now)  
But I'm goin' back to Friar's Point, if I be rockin' to my head