

Walkin' Blues

Robert Johnson

woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes
Know by that I got these old walkin' blues, well
Woke this mornin' feelin' round for my shoes
But you know by that, I got these old walkin' blues

Lord I feel like blowin' my old lonesome horn
Got up this mornin', my little Bernice was gone, Lord
I feel like blowin' my lonesome horn
Well I got up this mornin', whoa all I had was gone

Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blinds
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this mornin', if I have to ride the blind
Babe, I've been mistreated, baby and I don't mind dyin'

Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't
bad
Worst old feelin' I most ever had
Some people tell me that these old worried old blues
ain't bad
It's the worst old feelin', I most ever had

Shes got a elgin movement from her head down to her toes
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes
Ooh, from her head down to her toes
Lord, she break in on a dollar, most anywhere she goes