

## 22-20 Blues

Skip James

Oh, Mr. Crest, Mr. Crest  
How in the world you  
Expect for me to rest?  
Oh, Mr. Crest, Mr. Crest  
How in the world you  
Expect for me to rest?  
You've got my 22-20  
Layin' up across my breast

Oh, if I send for my baby  
An she act a fool  
An she don't never come  
If I send for my baby  
She act a fool  
An she don't never come  
All the doctors in New York City  
I declare, they can't help her none

You know, sometimes she gets unruly  
An she act like she just don't wanna do  
Sometimes she gets unruly  
An she act like she just don't wanna  
But I get my 22-20  
I cut that woman half in two

Oh, your .38 Special  
Buddy, it's most too light  
Your .38 Special  
Buddy, it's most too light  
But my 22-20  
Will make ev'rything, alright

Ah-or, your .44-40  
Buddy, it'll do very well  
Your .44-40  
Buddy, it'll do very well  
But my .22-20  
I declare you, it's a-burnin' hell

I was stranded on the highway-hi  
With my 22-20 in my  
I was standin' on the highway  
With my 22-20 in my  
They got me 'cussed for murder  
I declare, I never have harmed a man

Lord, oh I measured my gun  
An it's just a-long as my right arm  
I measured my gun  
An it's just a-long as my right  
I'm gon' raise me some sand  
And back down the road, I declare.