

Good Road Camp Blues

Skip James

Captain, captain
Captain, captain
Befo' I drive, I drive old Slim Bill
Captain, captain
Captain, captain
Befo' I drive old Slim Bill
Lord, I'll walk this good road
'Till my ankle, my ankles swell

You know, I'm so tired
I'm so tired
This red rice and salmon
Lord, an these black-eyed peas
You know I'm so tired
I'm so tired of red rice
Salmons and these black-eye'd peas
Captain, an these old hard-tack biscuits
I declare, these killin' po' me

Are you goin' on yonder, yonder?
And you tell that big-hat man
Oh, if you go down yonder, down yonder
And you tell that big-hat man
Tell 'em I'm a-so tired a-these black molasses
Wit' that teddy bear standin' on a cane

Well, down in L'ousiana
Way down yonder behind the sun
Well, down yonder in L'ousiana
Way down behind the sun
Seem like to me that's where all-a my
My trouble first begun

Now, some come here for ninety
And some come here for ninety-nine
Lord, some men come for ninety
Some come here for ninety-nine
But Lord, I come here to stay
Just as long as the sun shine

Now, captain, captain, ooh
A-what's the matter that I can't see?
Captain, captain, captain
What's the matter I can't -
I got a lifetime sentence, here
Please, please be light on me.