

# Sick Bed Blues

Skip James

Layin' sick, honey, an in my bed  
I'm layin' sick, honey, an in my bed  
I'm layin' sick, honey an in my bed  
I used to have some friends  
But they wished that I were dead

In awful pain an deep in misery  
Awful pain an deep in misery  
Awful pain an deep in misery  
I ain't got nobody  
To come and see about me

Ev'ry dog, baby, got a day  
Ev'ry dog, baby, got a day  
Ev'ry dog, baby, got a day  
But I said, 'Please, don't you treat me this-a way'

The doctor came, lookin' very sad  
The doctor came, lookin' very sad  
Your doctor came, lookin' very sad  
He diagnosed my case  
And said it was awful bad

He walked away, mumblin' very low  
He walked away, mumblin' very low  
He walked away, mumblin' very low  
He said, 'May get better  
But he never get well, no mo'

I hollered, 'Oh Lord, Lord, Lordy, Lord  
Oh Lordy, Lord, Lord, Lord'  
Oh Lordy, Lord, Lord, Lord'  
I been so badly misused  
An treated just like a dog

I've got a long trip  
And I'm just too weak to ride  
I got a long trip  
And I'm just too weak to ride  
I got a long trip  
An I'm just too weak to ride  
Now it's a thousand people  
Standin' at my bedside

You take a stone  
You can bruise my bone  
You take stone  
And you can bruise my bone  
You take a stone  
And you can bruise my bone  
But you sho' gon' miss me  
When I'm dead and gone

I been over a ocean  
An I've been across a sea  
Been over a ocean  
An I been across a sea

Been over a ocean  
And I been across the sea  
I ain't found nobody  
Would feel my sympathy.