

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.