

## Special Rider Blues

Skip James

I ain't got no, special rider here  
I ain't got no, no special rider here  
I ain't got nobody  
To love and feel my care

I woke up this mo'nin  
Looked at spec-special risin' sun  
I woke up this mo'nin  
I looked at special risin' sun  
Now, I pray up to the good Lord  
That my special rider, she would come

I got up off-a my pallet  
I laid down 'cross my bed  
I got up off my pallet  
An I laid down across my bed  
When I went to eat my breakfast  
An the blues was all in my bread

You know, I got a letter  
How do you reck'in it read?  
I got a letter  
An how do you reck'in it read?  
You better hur' up an come home  
Because yo' special rider, she's dead

That's the reason I ain't  
Got no special rider  
Rider, here  
That's the reason I ain't  
Got no special rider, here  
Now, I ain't got nobody  
To love and feel my care.