

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.