

Death Letter Blues

Son House

Hey, I solemnly swear, Lord, I raise my right hand
That I'm goin' get me a woman, you get you another man
I solemnly swear, Lord, I raise my right hand
That I'm goin' get me a woman, you get you another man

I got a letter this morning, how do you reckon it read?
"Oh, hurry, hurry, gal, you love is dead"
I got a letter this morning, how do you reckon it read?
"Oh, hurry, hurry, gal, you love is dead"

I grabbed my suitcase, I took off, up the road
I got there, she was laying on the cooling board
I grabbed my suitcase, I took on up the road
I got there, she was laying on the cooling board

Well, I walked up close, I looked down in her face
Good old gal, you got to lay here till Judgment Day
I walked up close, and I looked down in her face
Yes, been a good old gal, got to lay here till Judgment Day

Oh, my woman so black, she stays apart of this town
Can't nothin' "go" when the poor girl is around
My black mama stays apart of this town
Oh, can't nothing "go" when the poor girl is around

Oh, some people tell me the worried blues ain't bad (note 1)
It's the worst old feelin' that I ever had
Some people tell me the worried blues ain't bad
Buddy, the worst old feelin', Lord, I ever had

Hmmm, I fold my arms, and I walked away
"That's all right, mama, your trouble will come someday"
I fold my arms, Lord, I walked away
Say, "That's all right, mama, your trouble will come someday"