

Statesboro Blues

The Devil Makes Three

Wake up momma, turn your lamp down low
Won't you wake up momma, turn your lamp down low
Do you have the nerve to drive me from your door?

I said that gater left Savannah, Lord, it could not stop
You should have seen that colored farmer when he got that boiler hot
Reach over in the corner mama, won't you hand me my travelling shoes
Well Lord, my god, I got them Statesboro blues

Well, my momma died and left me reckless
My poppa died and left me wild, wild, wild
Well my mama died and left me reckless
Papa died and left me wild
See I ain't good looking but I'm someone's angel child

I said Mama tell your Papa
Papa tell your sister
Sister tell your uncle
We're going up the country
Wouldn't you like to go?
We're going to do one for background
Then do two or three more

I said that gater left Savannah, Lord, it could not stop
You should have seen that colored farmer when he got that boiler hot
Reach over in the corner mama, won't you hand me my travelling shoes
Well Lord, my god, I got them Statesboro blues
Yeah Lord, my god, I got me them Statesboro blues...