

BLUES SONG LYRICS

“Three O’clock Blues,” by B.B. King

Well now it’s three o’clock in the morning
And I can’t even close my eyes
Three o’clock in the morning baby
And I can’t even close my eyes
Can’t find my baby
And I can’t be satisfied
I’ve looked around me
And my baby she can’t be found
I’ve looked all around me, people
And my baby she can’t be found
You know if I don’t find my baby
I’m going down to the golden ground
That’s where the men hang out
Goodbye, everybody
I believe this is the end
Oh goodbye everybody
I believe this is the end
I want you to tell my baby
Tell her please please forgive me
Forgive me for my sins

“Stones in My Passway,” Robert Johnson

I got stones in my passway
and my road seem dark as night
I got stones in my passway
and my road seem dark as night
I have pains in my hearts
they have taken my appetite
I have a bird to whistle
and I have a bird to sing
Have a bird to whistle
and I have a bird to sing
I got a woman that I’m lovin’
boy, she don’t mean a thing
My enemies have betrayed me
have overtaken poor Bob at last
My enemies have betrayed me
have overtaken poor Bob at last
An ‘ere’s one thing certainly
they have stones all in my pass
Now you tryin’ to take my life
and all my lovin’ too
You laid a passway for me
now what are you trying to do
I’m cryin’ please
plea-ease let us be friends
And when you hear me howlin’ in my passway, rider
plea-ease open your door and let me in
I got three legs to truck home
boys, please don’t block my road
I got three legs to truck home
boys, please don’t block my road
I’ve been feelin’ ashamed ‘bout my rider
babe, I’m booked and I got to go

“If I Had Possession Over Judgment Day,” by Robert Johnson

If I had possession
over judgment day
if I had possession
over judgment day
Lord, the little woman I’m lovin’ wouldn’t
have no right to pray
And I went to the mountain
lookin’ far as my eyes could see
And I went to the mountain
lookin’ far as my eye could see
Some other man got my woman and the -’a
lonesome blues got me
And I rolled and I tumbled and I
cried the whole night long
And I rolled and I tumbled and I
cried the whole night long
Boy, I woke up this mornin’
my biscuit roller gone
Had to fold my arms and I
slowly walked away
spoken: I didn’t like the way she done
Had to fold my arms and I
slowly walked away
I said in my mind, “Yo,”
trouble gon’ come some day
Now run here, baby
set down on my knee
I wanna tell you all about the
way they treated me

“I Believe I’ll Dust My Broom 1936,” by Robert Johnson

I’m goin’ get up in the mornin’, I believe I’ll dust my broom
I’m goin’ get up in the mornin’, I believe I’ll dust my broom
Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin’, girlfriend, can get my
room
I’m gon’ write a letter, telephone every town I know
I’m gon’ write a letter, telephone every town I know
If I can’t find her in West Helena, she must be in East Monroe I know
I don’t want no woman, wants every downtown man she meet
I don’t want no woman, wants every downtown man she meet
She’s a no good doney, they shouldn’t allow her on the street
I believe, I believe I’ll go back home
I believe, I believe I’ll go back home
You can mistreat me here, babe, but you can’t when I go home
And I’m gettin’ up in the mornin’, I believe I’ll dust my broom
I’m gettin’ up in the mornin’, I believe I’ll dust my broom
Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin’, girlfriend, can get my
room
I’m gonna call up Chiney, see is my good girl over there
I’m gonna call up China, see is my good girl over there
‘F I can’t find her on Phillipine’s island, she must be in Ethiopia
somewhere

Note 1: both West Helena and East Monroe are in Arkansas,
some 30 miles apart.

“Dust My Broom 1951,” by Robert Johnson, Elmore James

I'm gonna get up in the mornin',
I believe I'll dust my broom (2x)
Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin',
girlfriend, can get my room
I'm gon' write a letter,
Telephone every town I know (2x)
If I can't find her in West Helena,
She must be in East Monroe, I know
I don't want no woman,
Wants every downtown man she meet (2x)
She's a no good doney,
They shouldn't 'low her on the street
I believe, I believe I'll go back home (2x)
You can mistreat me here, babe,
But you can't when I go home
And I'm gettin' up in the morning,
I believe I'll dust my broom (2x)
Girlfriend, the black man that you been lovin',
Girlfriend, can get my room
I'm gon' call up Chiney,
She is my good girl over there (2x)
If I can't find her on Philippine's Island,
She must be in Ethiopia somewhere

“The Weary Blues,” Langston Hughes

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play.
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway . . .
He did a lazy sway . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan--
"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
Ain't got nobody but ma self.
I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on the shelf."
Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then he sang some more--
"I got the Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.
Got the Weary Blues
And can't be satisfied--
I ain't happy no mo'
And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

“John Henry,” by Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee

When John Henry was a little baby,
Sitting on his daddy's knee,
Pointed he figured out a little piece of steel,
Steel's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord,
Steel's gonna be the death of me,
Well, now steel's gonna be the death of me, Lord, Lord,
Steel's gonna be the death of me.
John Henry told his captain one day,
A man ain't nothin' but a man,
Before I will let you steam drill beat me down,
Would die with this hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord,
Die with this hammer in my hand,
I would die with this hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord,
Die with this hammer in my hand.
John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann,
John Henry got sick and had to go to bed,
You know Polly, she drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord,
Polly, she drove steel like a man.
How she drive?
John Henry drivin' on the right hand side,
Steam drill drivin' on the left,
Before I will let your steam drill beat me down
I will drive my poor self to death, Lord, Lord,
Drive my poor self to death.
John Henry drove steel on the Southern
He drove steel on the C&O.
He drove steel for that Big Ben Tunnel
Steel drivin' kill John you know,
Steel drivin' kill John you know,
Well, now steel drivin' kill John you know, Lord, Lord,
Steel drivin' kill John you know.
Some says John Henry was born in Texas,
Some people thinks he was born in Maine,
John Henry was born down in Tennessee,
He was a leader of a steel-driving-gang, Lord, Lord,
Leader of a steel-driving-gang,
Was a leader of a steel-driving-gang, Lord, Lord,
Leader of a steel-driving-gang.
Well, the captain loved to see John Henry,
One of all loved to hear him sing,
But most of all that the paymaster loved,
He just loved to get John Henry's hammer ring,
He just loved to get John Henry's hammer ring,
He just loved to get John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord,
Loved to get John Henry's hammer ring.
They carried John Henry on the mountain,
Upon a mountain so high,
Last words I heard that poor boy say:
Give me a cool drink of water 'fore I die,
Give me a cool drink of water 'fore I die,
Give me a cool drink of water 'fore I die.
Well, they carried John Henry's body to the White-house,
And they laid it in the sand,
Everytime a locomotive follows go rollin' by,
They say: Yonder lays a steel-drivin' man,
Well, now yonder lays a steel-drivin' man,
They say yonder lays a steel-drivin' man,
Yonder lays a steel-drivin' man.

“Stack O’lee Blues,” Mississippi John Hurt

Police officer, how can it be?
You can 'rest everybody but cruel Stack O' Lee
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O' Lee
Billy de Lyon told Stack O' Lee, "Please don't take my life,
I got two little babies, and a darlin' lovin' wife"
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O' Lee
"What I care about you little babies, your darlin' lovin' wife?
You done stole my Stetson hat, I'm bound to take your life"
That bad man, cruel Stack O' Lee
...with the forty-four
When I spied Billy de Lyon, he was lyin' down on the floor
That bad man, oh cruel Stack O' Lee
"Gentleman's of the jury, what do you think of that?
Stack O' Lee killed Billy de Lyon about a five-dollar Stetson hat"
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O' Lee
And all they gathered, hands way up high,
at twelve o'clock they killed him, they's all glad to see him die
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O' Lee

“Blues Fantasy ,” Langston Hughes

Hey! Hey!
That's what the
Blues singers say.
Singing minor melodies
They laugh,
Hey! Hey!

My man's done left me,
Chile, he's gone away.
My good man's left me,
Babe, he's gone away.
Now the cryin' blues
Haunts me night and day.

Hey!....Hey!

Weary,
Weary,
Trouble, pain.
Sun's gonna shine
Somewhere
Again.

I got a railroad ticket,
Pack my trunk and ride.

Sing 'em sister!

Got a railroad ticket,
Pack my trunk and ride.
And when I get on the train
I'll cast my blues aside.

Laughing,
Hey!....Hey!
Laugh a loud,
Hey! Hey!

“New Bumble Bee,” by Memphis Minnie

I got a bumble bee ,don't sting nobody but me
I got a bumble bee, don't sting nobody but me
And I tell the world, he got all the stinger I need
And he makes better honey, any bumble bee I ever seen
And he makes better honey, any bumble bee I ever seen
And when he makes it, oh, how he makes me scream
He gets to flying and buzzing, stinging everybody he meets
He gets to flying and buzzing, stinging everybody he meets
Lord, I wonder why my bumble bee want to mistreat me
HmMMM, where my bumble bee gone?
HmMMM, wonder where's my bumble bee gone?
I been looking for him, my bumble bee, so long, so long
My bumble bee got ways, just like a natural man
My bumble bee got ways, just like a natural man
He's stinging somebody, everywhere he lands

“To Midnight Nan At Leroy's,” Langston Hughes

Strut and wiggle,
Shameless gal.
Wouldn't no good fellow
Be your pal.

*Hear dat music....
Jungle night.
Hear dat music....
And the moon was white.*

Sing your Blues song,
Pretty baby.
You want lovin'
And you don't mean maybe.

*Jungle lover....
Night black boy....
Two against the moon
And the moon was joy.*

Strut and wiggle,
Shameless Nan.
Wouldn't no good fellow
Be your man.

“Po’ Boy Blues,” Langston Hughes

When I was home de
Sunshine seemed like gold.
When I was home de
Sunshine seemed like gold.
Since I come up North de
Whole damn world's turned cold.

I was a good boy,
Never done no wrong.
Yes, I was a good boy,
Never done no wrong,
But this world is weary
An' de road is hard an' long.

I fell in love with
A gal I thought was kind.
Fell in love with
A gal I thought was kind.
She made me lose ma money
An' almost lose ma mind.

Weary, weary,
Weary early in de morn.
Weary, weary,
Early, early in de morn.
I's so weary
I wish I'd never been born.

“Cross Road Blues (Take 1),” by Robert Johnson

I went to the crossroad, fell down on my knees
I went to the crossroad, fell down on my knees
Asked the Lord above "Have mercy, now save poor Bob, if you please"
Yeoo, standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride
Ooo eeee, I tried to flag a ride
Didn't nobody seem to know me, babe, everybody pass me by
Standin' at the crossroad, baby, risin' sun goin' down
Standin' at the crossroad, baby, eee, eee, risin' sun goin' down
I believe to my soul, now, poor Bob is sinkin' down
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown
That I got the crossroad blues this mornin', Lord, babe, I'm sinkin' down

And I went to the crossroad, mama, I looked east and west
I went to the crossroad, baby, I looked east and west
Lord, I didn't have no sweet woman, ooh well, babe, in my distress

Note 1: this could either be the close friend of Son House named Willie Brown with whom he played together when Robert Johnson first began to play, or the younger Willie Brown who did some recordings for the Library of Congress or yet another completely unknown Willie Brown, who knows(?);
Note: did Robert Johnson sell his soul to the devil at the crossroads?.
Read about it at [The Mudcat Café](#).

In the Delta of the Mississippi River, where Robert Johnson was born, they said that if an aspiring bluesman waited by the side of a deserted country crossroads in the dark of a moonless night, then Satan himself might come and tune his guitar, sealing a pact for the bluesman's soul and guaranteeing a lifetime of easy money, women, and fame. They said that Robert Johnson must have waited by the crossroads and gotten his guitar fine-tuned.

“Hard Time Killing Floor,” by Skip James

Hard time here and everywhere you go
Times is harder than ever been before
And the people are driftin' from door to door
Can't find no heaven, I don't care where they go
Hear me tell you people, just before I go
These hard times will kill you just
dry long so
Well, you hear me singin' my lonesome song
These hard times can last us so very long
If I ever get off this
killin' floor
I'll never get down this low no more
No-no, no-no, I'll never get down this low no more
And you say you had money, you better be sure
'Cause these hard times will drive you from door to door
Sing this song and I ain't gonna sing no more
Sing this song and I ain't gonna sing no more
These hard times will drive you from door to door

“Mannish Boy,” by Muddy Waters

Ooooooh, yeah, ooh, yeah
Everythin', everythin', everytin's gonna be alright this mornin'
Ooh yeah, whoaw
Now when I was a young boy, at the age of five
My mother said I was, gonna be the greatest man alive
But now I'm a man, way past 21
Want you to believe me baby,
I had lot's of fun
I'm a man
I spell mmm, aaa child, nnn
That represents man
No B, O child, Y1
That mean mannish boy
I'm a man
I'm a full grown man
I'm a man
I'm a natural born lovers man
I'm a man
I'm a rollin' stone
I'm a man
I'm a hoochie coochie man
Sittin' on the outside, just me and my mate
You know I'm made to move you honey,
come up two hours late
Wasn't that a man
I spell mmm, aaa child, nnn
That represents man
No B, O child, Y1
That mean mannish boy
I'm a man
I'm a full grown man
Man
I'm a natural born lovers man
Man
I'm a rollin' stone
Man-child
I'm a hoochie coochie man

The line I shoot will never miss
When I make love to a woman,
she can't resist
I think I go down,
to old Kansas Stew
I'm gonna bring back my second cousin,
that little Johnny Cocheroo
All you little girls,
sittin' out at that line
I can make love to you woman,
in five minutes time
Ain't that a man
I spell mmm, aaa child, nnn
That represents man
No B, O child, Y1
That mean mannish boy
Man
I'm a full grown man
Man
I'm a natural born lovers man
Man
I'm a rollin' stone
I'm a man-child
I'm a hoochie coochie man
well, well, well, well
hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry
Don't hurt me, don't hurt me child
don't hurt me, don't hurt, don't hurt me child
well, well, well, well

Yeah