

Preachin' Blues (Up Jumped The Devil)

Robert Johnson

I's up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man
I's up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man
Worried blues, give me your right hand

And the blues fell mama's child, tore me all upside down
Blues fell mama's child, and it tore me all upside down
Travel on, poor Bob, just can't turn you 'round

The blues, is a low-down shakin' chill
(Yes, preach 'em now)
Is a low-down shakin' chill
You ain't never had 'em I, hope you never will

Well, the blues , is a achin' old heart disease
(Do it now, you gon' do it? Tell me all about it)
The blues, is a low-down achin' heart disease
Like consumption, killing me by degrees

I can study rain, oh oh drive, oh oh drive my blues
I been studyin' the rain and, I'm 'on drive my blues away
Goin' to the 'stil'ry, stay out there all day