

## Walking Blues

Robert Johnson

Woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes  
Know by that I got these old walkin' blues, well  
Woke this mornin' feelin' round for my shoes  
But you know by that, I got these old walkin' blues

Lord I feel like blowin my old lonesome horn  
Got up this mornin, my little Bernice was gone, Lord  
I feel like blowin my lonesome horn  
Well I got up this mornin, whoa all I had was gone

Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blinds  
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'  
Leavin this mornin', if I have to ride the blind  
Babe, Ive been mistreated, baby and I don't mind dyin'

Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't  
bad  
Worst old feelin' I most ever had  
Some people tell me that these old worried old blues  
ain't bad  
It's the worst old feelin', I most ever had

Shes got a elgin movement from her head down to her toes  
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes  
Ooh, from her head down to her toes  
Lord, she break in on a dollar, most anywhere she goes