

Happy New Year Blues

Blind Lemon Jefferson

I'm thinking about the year : of nineteen and twenty-nine
New year caught me with *marked money* : man I was doing
just fine

I was lying down with my baby : we had one small quart of
gin
That old doorbell kept ringing : I wouldn't leave nobody
come in

The whistle was blowing for New Year : around twelve
o'clock at night
I lied down on there with my baby : until the good Lord
brought daylight

Early one New Year morning : I was walking down by the
hill
Every man likes his liquor : when he gets it fresh from
the still

I hate to drink all new year : for this whiskey they
making is too strong
Because when I take two or three drinks : I'll be drunk
the whole year long