

# Talking To Myself

Blind Willie McTell

Good Lord good Lord : send me an angel down  
Can't spare you no angel : but I'll swear I'll send you  
a teasing brown

That new way of loving : mama it must be best  
These here Georgia women : just won't let Mr Samuel  
rest

There was a crowd out on the corner : wondered who  
could it be  
It weren't a thing : but the women trying to get to me

I even went down to the depot : with my suitcase in my  
hand  
Crowd of womens all crying : Mr Samuel won't you be my  
man

My mama she told me : when I was a boy playing  
mumblepeg  
Don't drink no black cow's milk : don't you eat no  
black hen's eggs

Black man give you a dollar : mama he won't think it  
nothing strange  
A yellow man'll give you a dollar : but he'll want back  
ninety-five cents change

You may call me a cheater : pretty boy I'll real treat  
you  
But if you'll allow me a chance : I'll gnaw your  
backbone half in two

I took a trip out on the ocean : walked the sand of the  
deep blue sea  
I found a crab with a shrimp : trying to do the  
shimmy-shee

I want to tell you something mama : seem mighty doggone  
strange  
You done mess around gal : and made me break my yo-yo  
string

Honey I ain't going to be : your old work ox no more  
You done mess around baby : and let your doggone ox get  
poor

My mama she got a mojo : believe she trying to keep it  
hid  
Papa Samuel got something : to find that mojo with

I even heard a rumbling : deep down in the ground  
It weren't a thing : but the women trying to run me  
down