Preachin' Blues

Dion

Mmmmm mmmmm 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
Mmmmm mmmmm
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
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

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