

Match Box Blues

Doc Watson

Out by the river, walk down by the sea
Out by the river, walk down by the sea
I got those tadpoles and minnows arguing over me

Standing here wonderin' will a matchbox hold my clothes
I'm just standing here wonderin' will a matchbox hold my clothes
I ain't got so many matches but Lawd I got so far to go

Lawd, mama, who may your master be?
Hey, sweet mama, who may your master be?
Need I ask so many questions, can you make 'rangements for me?

That little girl cross town crochet all the time
That little girl cross town crochet all the time
Baby if you don't quit crocheting', Lawd you gonna lose your mind

Well I don't mind marriage, just can't stand settlin' down
An' I don't mind marriage, but Lord, settlin' down
Don' wanna be like no preacher, I just wanna ride from town to town

I'm leavin' town, cryin' won't make me stay
I'm leavin' town, even cryin' won't make me stay
Baby, the more you cry, the further you drive me away