

Hard Luck

Howlin' Wolf

Well rocks is my pillow, cold ground is my bed
Highway is my home and I'd rather be dead
I'm walking, Lord I don't have nowhere to go
The road I'm traveling on, oh the road is mighty cold

I have a lot of trouble, sometime I can cry
I have a lot of trouble, sometime I can cry
My mama dead and gone
Nobody in this world to call my own

Well I tried to get religion, learn how to pray
I need help bad [?] time on the way
I'm walking, Lord I don't have nowhere to go
But the road I'm traveling on
You know the road is mighty cold

I have a lot of worries, sometime I can cry
Lord, I got a lot of worries, sometime I can cry
Going to my mama's grave for no tombstone and died