

Smokes Like Lightning

Lightnin' Hopkins

(Sam Hopkins)

Whoa, it smoke like lightnin'
Yeah, but shine like gold
Don't you hear me talking pretty baby
Smoke like lightnin'
Yeah, but shine like gold
Yeah, you know I see my little fair one
Lying there on a cooling bowl
Yes, I see the hearse one morning
Backed up to our door
Don't you hear me talking?
Soon one morning
Backed up to our door
Well, you know I could see my little baby
Lying there on a cooling bowl
Well, my baby died and left me
Laid her on a cooling bowl
Yes, she died and she left me
They laid her on a cooling bowl
Well, they said, Lightnin'
She's gone and left you now boy
You will never see her smiling face no more
Well, it was sad?
Well, I followed my baby, followed my baby
Down to her burying ground
Well, I followed my baby, followed her
Down to her burying ground
Yeah, it didn't hurt me so bad till I'd seen
Poor miss when they let her down
You know I done lost my little fair one
I guess the next thing will be me
I done lost my little fair one
I guess the next thing will be me
Whoa, I ain't dead, no boys
Po' Lightnin' sinking by degree
By degree