

## Arthur Blake

Ralph McTell

Down in sunny Florida where the oranges grow  
Arthur Blake was born, and that's about all we know  
He moved to a northern town, that's where the blind man settled  
down  
And tried to make his home in Chicago

Winter came with ice and rain and wind and snow  
Froze Lake Michigan, but Arthur's heart did not get cold  
'Cause when he played that skiddle-dat-dee  
It was just like a shot of vitamin C  
Blowing right in from the southern orange groves

Arthur Blake played rags and songs as well as blues  
One man playing guitar, but it sounded just like two  
There's no doubt he was the king  
Could make it talk and he could make it swing

Round about 1929 the first records rolled  
Played low and lonesome till it chilled your very soul  
But when he played that bo-dee-o-doe  
It was just like getting some money from home  
Blowing away the blues when the cold winds blow

Gambling cards and numbers kept him out at night  
There were times when this blind man even ended up in a fight  
Bad women, bootleg gin  
Sang about the trouble that he was in  
Yearning for that simpler southern life

He said a Georgia girl was always on his mind  
I wonder if he tasted that sweet melon on the vine?  
Ah, but when he rags them shuffling blues  
He puts a little tap right in my shoes  
I had to leave all my worries far behind