

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