

Yola My Blues Away

Skip James

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

I'm up in the morning, i'm up late at night
In the morning, i'm up late at night
And it's all she calls, you know you have to do me right

I want a baby, and it don't seem to do no good
I want a baby, and it don't seem to do no good
And your [?], I have made I wouldn't

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

Mmmmmm

I'm gonna yola yolo, yola my blues away
I'm gonna yola, yola my blues away
I'm gonna yola baby, till [?] comes back my way

Lord Lord Lord Lord, Lord Lord Lawdy Lord
Lord Lord , Lord Lord Lord Lord
And the girl that I love, she treat me like a dog

I'mma leave this time, and creep on your door
I'mma leave this time, and creep on your door
I done call my baby, come and [?] no more