

# My Black Mama, Part 1

Son House

Oh, black mama, what's the matter with you?  
Said, if it ain't satisfactory, don't care what I do  
Hey, mama, what's the matter with you?  
Said, if it ain't satisfactory, baby, don't care what I  
do  
You take a brownskin woman'll make a rabbit move to  
town  
Say, but a jet-black woman'll make a mule kick his  
stable down  
Oh, a brownskin woman will make a rabbit move to town  
Oh, but a real black woman'll make a mule kick his  
stable down  
Say, t'ain't no heaven, say, there ain't no burnin'  
hell  
Say, where I'm going when I die, can't nobody tell  
Oh, there ain't no heaven, now, there ain't no burnin'  
hell  
Oh, where I'm going when I die, can't nobody tell  
Well, my black mama's face shine like the sun  
Oh, lipstick and powder sure won't help her none  
My black mama's face shine like the sun  
Oh, lipstick and powder, well, they sure won't help her  
none  
Well, you see my milk cow, tell her to hurry home  
I ain't had no milk cow since that cow been gone  
If you see my milk cow, tell her to hurry home  
Yeah, I ain't had no milk cow since that cow been gone  
Well, I'm going to the race track to see my pony run  
He ain't the best in the world, but he's a runnin' son-  
of-a-gun  
I'm going to the race track to see my pony run  
He ain't the best in the world, but he's a runnin' son-  
of-a-gun  
Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul  
Wouldn't mistreat you, baby, for my weight in gold  
Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul  
Wouldn't mistreat you, baby, for my weight in gold

## Part Two

Hey, I solemnly swear, Lord, I raise my right hand  
That I'm goin' get me a woman, you get you another man  
I solemnly swear, Lord, I raise my right hand  
That I'm goin' get me a woman, you get you another man  
I got a letter this morning, how do you reckon it read?  
"Oh, hurry, hurry, gal, you love is dead"  
I got a letter this morning, how do you reckon it read?  
"Oh, hurry, hurry, gal, you love is dead"  
I grabbed my suitcase, I took off, up the road  
I got there, she was laying on the cooling board  
I grabbed my suitcase, I took on up the road  
I got there, she was laying on the cooling board  
Well, I walked up close, I looked down in her face  
Good old gal, you got to lay here till Judgment Day  
I walked up close, and I looked down in her face  
Yes, been a good old gal, got to lay here till Judgment  
Day  
(spoken: Aw sho' now, I feel low-down this evenin'!)

Oh, my woman so black, she shays apart of this town  
Can't nothin' "go" when the poor girl is around  
My black mama stays apart of this town  
Oh, can't nothing "go" when the poor girl is around  
Oh, some people tell me the worried blues ain't bad  
It's the worst old feelin' that I ever had  
Some people tell me the worried blues ain't bad  
Buddy, the worst old feelin', Lord, I ever had  
Hmmm, I fold my arms, and I walked away  
"That's all right, mama, your trouble will come  
someday"  
I fold my arms, Lord, I walked away  
Say, "That's all right, mama, your trouble will come  
someday"