

# Blind Willie McTell

The Band

Seen the arrow on the door post  
Saying, "This land is condemned"  
All the way  
From New Orleans to Jerusalem

I traveled through East Texas  
Where many martyrs fell  
And I know one thing, nobody can sing  
Them blues like blind Willie McTell

Well, I heard the hoot-owl singing  
As they were taking down the tents  
The stars above all the barren trees  
Were his only audience

Yeah, them charcoal gypsy maidens  
Can strut their feathers well  
And I know one thing, nobody can sing  
Them blues like blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations a-burning  
Can't you hear the cracking of the whips?  
Smell that sweet magnolia blossom blooming  
See the ghosts of the slavery ships

Well, I can hear them tribes a-moanin'  
I can hear the undertaker's bell  
And I know one thing, nobody can sing  
Them blues like blind Willie McTell

There's a woman, she's standing by the river  
She is with some fine young handsome man  
See he's all dressed just like a squire  
He's got bootleg whiskey in his hand

Yeah, there's a chain-gang out on the highway  
And I can hear them rebels yell  
And I know one thing, nobody can sing  
Them blues like blind Willie McTell

God, oh God is in Heaven  
And we all want what is His  
But the power and greed, the corruptible seed  
Seems to be all that there is

Hey, hey, I'm a-gazing out the window  
Of the St. James Hotel  
And I know one thing, nobody can sing  
Them blues like blind Willie McTell  
Hey, hey, I know one thing, nobody can sing  
Them blues like blind Willie McTell