

Black Widow Blues

Townes Van Zandt

I gotta black widow spider for a mama Lord I gotta diamond-backed rattler for a pa I got me a woman down in New Orleans Got a friend in Arkansas

Got a morning full of make believe Got an evening full of time I got the hands pretty lady Gonna make you grieve Lovin', gonna make you mine.

Ain't never seen your town before And I won't be back again I need me a place to hide my face From the howlin' of the wind

Got the blues sewn into my jacket sleeve Got a goatskin full of wine I got the hands pretty lady Gonna make you grieve The lovin', gonna make you mine

So light the lantern above your door And hold your curtains wide Take the ribbon from your hair And lay it by your side

I ain't looking for a lie to believe My own will do me fine I got the hands pretty lady Gonna make you grieve Lovin', gonna make you mine