

Moaning The Blues

Memphis Minnie

Oh, the blues got ways sometimes just like a natural man
Oh, the blues got ways sometimes just like a natural man
I don't care which way you turn, they always is on your
hands

Won't you tell me, baby, how come you don't come back
home?

Won't you tell me, baby, how come you don't come back
home?

I lay down last night with my back door open all night
long

Here come the blues this morning, just 'fore day they
shut my door

Here come the blues this morning, just 'fore day they
shut my door

But the lord forgive me, I won't have them things no more

This morning, setting on the side of my bed

This morning, setting on the side of my bed

(They done come) brought you a letter (for) your plumb
good man fell dead

Hmmmmmm, hnnnnnnnn

Hmmmmmm, hnnnnnnnn

Hmmmmmm, hnnnnnnnn