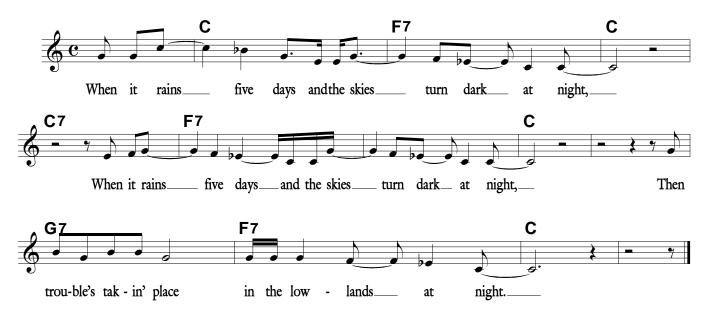
Backwater Blues

Bessie Smith • 1927



I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door, *(twice)* That's enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she want to go.

Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the farm, (twice) I packed all my clothes, throwed them in, and they rowed me along.

When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow, (twice) There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go.

Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill, (twice) Then looked down on the house where I used to live.

Backwater blues done caused me to pack my things and go, (twice) 'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more.

Mm-mm, I can't move no more, *(twice)* There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go.