

A3 (Alabama 3) "Woke Up This Morning"

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Woke Up This Morning 5:14 Trk 3

A3

Vocals: The Very Rev. Dr. D. Wayne Love (Jake Black)
First Minister of The Church of Presleyterian The Divine
UK.

Larry Love (Robert Spragg) vocals

Band: Mountain of Love (Piers Marsh) harmonica &
vocal

Sir Real Congaman (Simon Edwards) percussion &
acoustic gtr.

The Spirit (Orlando Harrison) keybrds

L.B. Dope (Johnny Delafons) drums

Album: Exile on Coldharbour Lane

Geffen Records GEFD #25142 (1998)

Transcriber: Awcantor@aol.com

Spoken intro:

And after three days of drinkin' with Larry Love

I just get an inklin' to go on home

So, I'm walkin' down Coldharbour Lane

Head hung low, three or four in the mornin'

The suns comin' up and the birds are out singing

I let myself into my pad

Wind myself up that spiral staircase

An' stretch out nice on the chesterfield

Pithecanthropus Erectus already on the CD player

And I just push that remote button to sublimity

And listen to the sweet sculptural rhythms of Charles
Mingus

And J.R. Monterose and Jackie Mclean

Duet on those saxophones

And the sound makes it's way outta the window

Minglin' with the traffic noises outside, you know and

All of a sudden I'm overcome by a feelin' of brief
mortality

'Cause I'm gettin' on in the world

Comin' up on forty-one years

Forty-one stoney gray steps towards the grave

You know the box, awaits it's grissly load

Now, I'm gonna be food for worms
And just like Charles Mingus wrote
That beautiful piece-a music, 'Epitaph for Eric Dolphy'

I say, so long Eric, so long, John Coltrane
And Charles Mingus, so long, Duke Ellington
And Lester Young, so long, Billie Holliday
And Ella Fitzgerald, so long, Jimmy Reed
So long, Muddy Waters, and so, long Howlin' Wolf

(Wo-wo-woke up this mornin')

Woke up this mornin'
Got yourself a gun
Mama always said you'd be the chosen one
She said, 'You're one in a million
You got to burn to shine'
That you were born under a bad sign
With a blue moon in your eyes (yeah)

Woke up this mornin'
And-a all that love had gone
Your papa never told you
About right and wrong

But you're, but you're looking good, baby
I believe you're a-feelin' fine
Shame about it, born under a bad sign
With a blue moon in your eyes
So, sing it now

(Woke up this mornin') oh yeah, oh yeah
(Woke up this mornin') oh yeah, oh yeah
(Woke up this mornin') oh yeah, oh yeah
(Woke up this mornin') oh yeah, oh yeah

I see ya woke up this mornin'
The world turned upside down
Lordy, but a-things ain't been the same
Since the blues walked in-a town
But ya, but ya, one in a million
'Cause you got that shotgun shine
Shame about it, born under a bad sign
With a blue moon in your eyes
So, sing it now

(Woke up this mornin')
You got a blue moon
(Got a blue moon in your eyes)
(I gotta free your eyes)
(Woke up this mornin')

So sad, god-damned
A god-damned shame about it

(Woke up this mornin')
You got a blue moon
(I've gotta free your eyes)
(Got a blue moon in your eyes) yeah
(Woke up this mornin') oh yeah, oh yeah
(I'm not dreaming)

Oh, yeah!
(Scared, yeah-yeah)
Uuh!
(Too much, too much, too much)
Oh, yeah!
(Your pain, your pain, you pain)
Of your pain
(Woo-hoo-hoo, low)

'Mister D. Wayne Love'

When you woke up this morning
Everything was gone
By half past ten your head was going
Ding-dong ringin' like a bell
From your head down to your toes
Like some voice tryin' to tell you
There's somethin' you should know
Last night you was flyin' but today you're so low
Ain't it times like these
Makes you wonder (go back) if you'll ever know
The meaning of things as they appear to the others
Wives, husbands, mothers
Fathers, sisters and brothers (tell 'em go home)
Don't you wish you didn't function
Don't you wish you didn't think
Beyond the next paycheck and the next little drink
Well, you do so make up your mind to go on
'Cause when you woke up this mornin'
Ev'rything you had was gone

(Woke up this mornin')
When ya woke up this mornin'
Woke up this mornin'
Ya, woke up this mornin'

Woke up this mornin', you wanna be
You wanna be the chosen one
(Yeah, you know what you're talkin' about)
You just can't help yourself, yeah

Woke up this mornin'
When ya, woke up this mornin'
(Woke up this mornin')
(Woke up this mornin')

Woke up this mornin' and
(My dreams gone bad)
Got yourself a gun (gotta hold, a-wind yourself up)
A-got yourself a gun
(Larry, one more time now it's almost done)
Got yourself a gun.

Oh yeah!

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