

B.B. King

"Backwater Blues"

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It rained five days
The sky has turned black as night
Oh, it rained five days
And the sky has turned black as night
And there's trouble takin' place
Way down in the lowlands tonight

I woke up this mornin'
And I couldn't get out of my front door
I woke up this mornin'
And I couldn't get out of my front door
It was so much trouble
Make a poor man wonder where he wanna go

They rowed a little boat
About five miles 'cross the pond
They rowed a little boat
About five miles 'cross the pond
I packed up all of my things and threw 'em in
Boys and the boat rowed along

I climbed up on the high lonely hill
Oh, I climbed up on the high oh, lonely hill
And I looked down at the house
Baby, where I used to live

Backwater blues caused me
To pack my things and go
The backwater blues caused me
To pack my things and go
'Cause my house fell down
And I can't live there no more

Yeah, when it's thunderin' and lightnin'
And the rain begin to pour
When it's thunderin' and lightnin'
And the wind begin to blow
There are so many poor people
That didn't have no place to go

