

## **B.B. King "Goin' Down Slow"**

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Alright, alright.

Thank you so much ladies and gentlemen right here,  
right here I want to tell you a little story.

This is about a country boy from down home.

This young man has never been north before.

I want you to listen to me, I got something to tell you.

He heard about Chicago.

He worked hard over here, made all of that money, 800  
dollars.

After caring for his crop, he called his cousin in  
Chicago,

and he said, "Cousin, I'm on my way".

He picked all of that cotton.

I said this is about a country boy like myself, B.B. King  
you know.

So when he get to Chicago, his cousin meet him and  
bring him out to the club.

He said, "Set him up!", cous's payin' for.

Had all the go-go girls set up, waitin' up.

They carried him downtown and put him up in one of  
the pleasure hotels.

They brought him back out and said, "Set him up!",  
cous's payin' for.

His money got a little lighter, they lured him out from  
the Lute and brought him down to Robert's.

And then he said, "Set him up!", cous's payin' for.

And then the 800 dollars, bein' more money then my  
man had ever had, began to run out.

Then they moved him out and put him down with the ...

And then, ladies and gentlemen, the go-go girls would  
get fewer.

His friends was fewer.

All his buddies are startin' passin' him on the other side  
of the street.

And then it happened all his buddies were gone.

And my man knew only one thing to do, it was getting  
cold there, like it is today,

you know what I'm talking about.

He went down to the railroad yard,

and one of the few ladies that had helped him to spent

his money, came by to see him.

And she said "You fool!, you fool!", I wouldn't have spend your money, but the rest of them was spending your money so I decided to spend my portion too, you know.

But ladies, God bless 'em, wonderful something's aren't they?.

They always like to feel like they're needed, and she knew my man needed her bad.

He gotten sick, he's layin' down there under the boxcar. Couldn't read so well, so you know if he couldn't read so well, he couldn't write too well, you know what I'm talkin' about?

So this is a letter back down home, I know what I'm talkin' about.

It go like this:

I've had my fun, whoah, if I don't get well no more  
Whoah, I've had my fun, people, ooh, if I don't get well no more  
Yes, my health is faillin' on me now, people  
Ooh, and I'm goin', goin' down slow

Yes, tell my mother, people, please tell her the shape I'm in  
Ooh yes, tell my people, mother, tell her the shape I'm in  
Tell her to pray for me, people, ooh, to forgive, people, my sins

Oohooh mother, mother I live alone with my prayers  
Ooh, tell my mother, people, tell her this is all in prayers  
Yes, if you don't see this old body, mother  
Hey, you know I'm out in the world somewhere

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