

Bobby Bland

"Goin' Down Slow"

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I've had my fun
If I don't get well no more
I said I've had my fun
If I never get well no more

Said, my head is
Feeling kind of funny
Lord, and I'm going down slow

Somebody please write my mother
Tell her the shape I'm in, Lord
Somebody please write my mother
Tell her the shape I'm in

Tell her to pray for me
And to forgive me
For all of my sins

I'm on the next train South
You can look for my clothes home
I'm on next train South
Tell em, you can look
For my clothes home

Said if you don't see my body
All you can do is moan

If you see my father
Tell him not to waste no tears
Lord, if you see my father
Tell him not to waste no tears

Cause I've been living
So fast and reckless
Lord, it shortened my years

Said I've had my fun, y'all
If I, if I don't get well no more
Said I've had my fun
If I never get well no more

Said my, my, my

Health is failing me
Said I'm going down, down slow

(Leaving on the next train)
(Going down slow)
(Said I'm leaving on the next train)
(Going down slow)
(Going down, going down slow)

(Leaving on the next train)
(Going down slow)
(Said I'm leaving on the next train)
(Going down slow)
(Going down, going down slow)...

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