

Bessie Smith

"Back Water Blues"

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When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night
When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night
Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night

I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
There's been enough trouble to make a poor girl
wonder where she want to go

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

When it thunders and lightnin' and when the wind
begins to blow

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

Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome
hill
Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome
hill
Then looked down on the house were I used to live

Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and
go
Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and
go
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no
more

Mmm, I can't move no more
Mmm, I can't move no more
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go

