

Bessie Smith

"Backwater Blues Version 2"

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When it rained five days and the skies turned dark as
night
When it rained five days and the skies turned dark as
night
There was trouble taking place in the lowlands at night

I woke up this morning, wouldn't even get out of my
door
I woke up this morning, wouldn't even get out of my
door
Enough trouble to make poor girl wonder where she
gonna go

They rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the
farm
They rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the
farm
I packed up all my clothing, throwed it in and they
rowed me along

It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to
blow
It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to
blow
There was a thousand women, didn't have no place to
go

I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill
I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill
I looked won on the old house, where I used to live

Backwater1 blues have caused me to pack up my
things and go
Backwater blues have caused me to pack up my things
and go
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no
more

Hmm, I can't live there no more
Hmm, I can't live there no more
And there ain't no place for a poor old girl to go

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