

Bessie Smith

"Cemetary Blues"

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Folks, I know a gal named Cemetary Lize,
Down in Tennessee;
She has got a pair of mean old graveyard eyes,
Full of misery!
Every night and day,
You can hear her sing her blues away:

I'm going down to the cemetary,
'Cause the world is all wrong!
I'm going down to the cemetary,
'Cause the world is all wrong!
Down there with the spooks to hear 'em sing my sorrow
song.

Got a date to see a ghost
By the name of Jones,
Got a date to see a ghost,
By the name of Jones,
Makes me feel happy to hear him rattle his bones!

He's one man
I always know just where to find!
He's one man,
I always know just where to find!
When you want true lovin', go and get the cemetary
kind!

He ain't no fine dresser,
He don't wear nothin' but a sack;
Yeah, he ain't no fine dresser,
He don't wear nothin' but a sack;
Everytime he kisses me, that funny feeling creeps up
my back!

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