Big Bill Broonzy "Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad"

Visit "Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad" on MotoLyrics.com

Goin' down this road now feelin' bad, baby I'm goin' down this road feelin' so low and bad I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

I'm tired o'eatin' your corn bread and beans, baby I'm tired o'eatin' your corn bread and beans, right now I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

These two dollar shoes is killin' my feet, baby Two dollar shoes is killin' my feet, right now I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

Take ten dollar shoe to fit my feet, baby Ten dollar shoe to fit my feet, right now I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

I'm goin' down this road feelin' bad, baby I'm goin' down this road feelin' so miserable and bad I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

I'm goin' where the chilly wind don't blow, baby I'm goin' where the chilly wind don't blow, no more I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

I'm goin' where the weather suites my clothes, baby I'm goin' where the weather suites my clothes, tomorrow

I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

I'm goin' down this road now feelin' bad, baby I'm goin' down this road feelin' so low and bad I ain't gonna be treated this-a way

Visit Big Bill Broonzy page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.