

Blind Willie McTell

"Talkin' To Myself"

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Scat ...

Good Lord, good Lord, send me an Angel down
"Can't spare you no angel but I'll sure send you a
teasin' brown"

That new way of lovin', mama it must be best
These-a Georgia women just won't let Mr. Samuel rest

Look at the crowds out on the corner, wondered who
could it be?
It wasn't a thing but the women trying to get to me

I even went down to the depot, with my suitcase in my
hand
Crowd of women runned crying: "Mr. Samuel won't you
be my man"?

My Mama she told me when I was a boy playin' mumble
peg¹:
"Don't drink no black cow's milk², don't you eat no
black hen's egg²"

Black man give you a dollar mama, he won't think its
nothin' strange
A yellow man will give a dollar but he'll want back
ninety-five cents change

If they call me cheater, pretty boy I'll real cheat you
If you will allow me a chance, I'll gnaw your backbone
half in two

I took a trip out on the ocean, want the sound of the
deep blue sea
I found a crab with a swim trying to do the shimmy

I want to tell you something mama, seem mighty
doggone strange
You done made me mess around gal and break my jojo
string³

Honey I ain't gonna be the old work ox no more

You done 'mess around' let your doggone ox get
hauled

My mama she got a mojo, place she try to keep it hid
Papa Samuel got something to find that mojo with

I even heard a rumblin', deep down in the ground
It wasn't a thing but the women tryin' to run me down

Note 1: mumble peg, ;

Note 2: black cow's milk and black hen's egg, omens of
bad luck;

Note 3: break my jojo string, probably a phallic double-
entendre.

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