

Ethel Waters

"Dying With the Blues"

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I've lost my happy home;
My baby's told me to pack my trunk and go;
My heart is fairly breaking,
To have to go.

Oh, hon, isn't it a sin,
To drive your poor baby
Out in the sleet and wind?
But he pointed to the door,
And just said, "Go."

I'm almost gone insane,
When I hear you, daddy,
You ride moaning like a train;
For there's no other,
Daddy, won't you change.

Oh, hon, I got those blues runnin' through my soul.
Take me back, sweet daddy,
I am going home, daddy;
Why, there's no other
Who can ease my pain.

Oh, hon, I got those blues just runnin' through my soul;
Just take me back, oh, sweet daddy,
Why, I am going home, baby;
For there's no other
Who can ease my pain

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