

Grass Roots

"Catfish John"

Visit "[Catfish John](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mama said, "Don't go near that river,
Don't be hanging around old Catfish John."
Come in the morning I'd always be there,
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn.

Take me back to another morning, to a time so long
ago,
When the sweet magnolia blossomed, cotton fields as
white as snow.

Catfish John was a river hobo who lived and died by the
river's bed,
Looking back I still remember I was proud to be his
friend.

Mama said, "Don't go near that river,
Don't be hanging around old Catfish John."
Come in the morning I'd always be there,
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn.

Born a slave in the town of Vicksburg, traded for a
chestnut mare,
Lord he never spoke in anger though his load was hard
to bear.

Mama said, "Don't go near that river,
Come in the morning I'd always be there,
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn.
Walking in his footsteps in the sweet Delta dawn

Visit [Grass Roots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.