

Brownie McGhee

"Death Of Blind Boy Fuller"

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He's gone, Blind Boy Fuller's gone away
He's gone, Blind Boy Fuller's gone away
Well, he heard a voice calling
And he knew he could not stay

Well, he called me to his bedside one morning
And the clock was strikin' four
Called me to his bedside one morning
And the clock was strikin' four
Brownie take my guitar and carry my business on
I won't stay here no more

Blind Boy had a million friends
North, east, south and west
Blind Boy had a million friends
North, east, south and west
Well you know it's hard to tell
Which place he was loved the best

Well, all you women of Blind Boy's
How do you want your lovin' done?
All of you women of Blind Boy's
How do you want your lovin' done?
I'll do my best, I'll do my best
To carry Blind Boy's business on

Goodbye, Blind Boy

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