

## **Bukka White**

### **"Fixin' To Die Blues"**

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Fixin' To Die Blues Trk 2 2:47

Bukka White (Booker T. Washington White)

Bukka White - vocal & guitar, Washboard Sam - wshbrd.

Recorded: March 7th 1940 Chicago, Illinois

Album: Parchman Farm Blues, Roots RTS 33055

I'm lookin' funny in my eyes  
And I believe I'm fixin' to die  
Believe I'm fixin' to die  
I'm lookin' funny in my eyes  
Now, I believe I'm fixin' to die, yeah  
I know I was born to die  
But I hate to leave my children around cryin'  
Yeah

Just as sho' we live  
It's a, sho' we's born to die  
Sho' we's born to die  
Just as sho's we live  
Sho' we's born to die  
Yeah  
I know I was born to die  
But I hate to leave my children around cryin'  
Yeah

Yo mother treated me, children  
Like I was her baby child  
Was her baby child  
Yo mother treated me  
Like I was her baby child  
That's why's I sighed  
Sighed so hard  
And come back home to die  
Yeah

So many nights at the fireside  
How my chillen's mother would cry  
How my chillen's mother would cry  
So many nights at the fireside  
How my chillen's mother would cry  
Yeah

'Cause I told the mother I had to say, goodbye

Look over yon-der  
On the buryin' ground  
On the buryin' ground  
Look over yonder, on the burying ground  
Yon' stand ten thousand  
Standin' still to let me down  
Yeah

(washboard & guitar)

Mother, take my chillen back  
Before they let me down  
Before they let me down  
Mother, take my chillen back  
'Fore they let me down  
Ain't no need a-them screamin' an cryin'  
On the graveyard ground.

(washboard & guitar to end)

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