

Bukka White

"Fixin' To Die"

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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

Transcriber: Awcantor@aol.com

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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