

John Lee Hooker

"Redhouse"

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There's a redhouse¹ over yonder, that's where my
baby stays
Lord, there's a redhouse over yonder, Lord, that's
where my baby stays
I ain't been home to see my baby in, ninety-nine and
one half days

Wait a minute, something's wrong here, the key won't
unlock this door
Wait a minute, something's wrong, Lord, have mercy,
this key won't unlock this door
Something's goin' on here
I have a bad bad feeling that my baby, don't live here
no more

Well, I might as well a go back over yonder, way back
up on the hill,
That 's something to do
Lord, I might as well go back over yonder, way back
yonder cross the hill
'Cause if my baby don't love me no more, I know her
sister will

Note 1: redhouse, a house of prostitution, a
whorehouse. There would often be a red light lit over
the front door to alert those who were looking for some
action as a means of saying "Hey, here's where you
get that stuff!" Though you will not likely find red lights
burning outside a brothel today, historically speaking,
areas of a city where there were concentrations of such
places were known as "red-light districts". Thanks to
Larry Haston from Tennessee, "a native U.S.
Southerner and a blues freak", for this contribution to
the list. Sounds to me like Larry knows what he's talkin'
'bout ;-).

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