

Charley Patton "Down The Dirt Road Blues"

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I'm goin' away, to a world unknown

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I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long

My rider got somethin', she's tryin'a keep it hid

My rider got somethin', she's tryin'a keep it hid

Lord, I got somethin' to find that somethin' with

I feel like choppin', chips flyin' everywhere

I feel like choppin', chips flyin' everywhere

I been to the Nation¹, oh Lord, but I couldn't stay there

Some people say them oversea blues ain't bad

(spoken: Why, of course they are)

Some people say them oversea blues ain't bad

(spoken: What was a-matter with 'em?!)

It must not a-been them oversea blues I had

Every day seem like murder here

(spoken: My God, I'm no sheriff)

Every day seem like murder here

I'm gonna leave tomorrow, I know you don't bid my
care

Can't go down any dirt road by myself

Can't go down any dirt road by myself

(spoken: My Lord, who ya gonna carry?)

I don't carry my2, gonna carry me someone else

Note 1: Nation, the "Indian Nation" now Oklahoma, a nineteenth century term

Note 2: "my" most likely refers to "my rider"

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