

Lonnie Johnson

"Backwater Blues"

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It rained five days and the skies turned dark as night.
It rained five days and the skies turned dark as night.
And trouble's takin' place way down in the lowlands at night.

I woke up this mornin', and I couldn't get out my door.
I woke up this mornin', and I couldn't get out my door.
It was so much a trouble, make a poor man wonder
where he wants to go.

And they rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the pond.
And they rowed a little boat, about five miles 'cross the pond.
I packed up all of my things and threwed them in, baby,
then they rowed me along.

And I climbed upon a high, old, lonesome hill.
Yes, I climbed upon a high, old, lonesome hill.
And looked down on the house, baby, where I used to live.

Then it thundered and it lightenin', and the wind began to blow.
And it thundered and it lightenin', and the wind began to blow.
There was so many poor people, didn't have no place to go.

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