Lonnie Johnson "No Good Blues"

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Trouble 's gonna leave, my back door someday. Trouble 's gonna leave, my back door someday. Wind 's gonna rise, and blow my blues away.

My plums are falling, Wabash whistle has blowed. Plums are falling, Wabash whistle has blowed. I hate to leave you sweet woman, but I've got to go.

Well I can't stay here, and I can't stay nowhere.
I can't stay here, and I can't stay nowhere.
I been through that nation, and I couldn't stay there.

No, yes, no, yes I know. No, yes, mercy on my very soul. I think its springtime now, now that I've got to go.

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