

Lonnie Johnson

"Superstitious Blues"

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I'm so superstitious, broke a mirror one day.
I'm so superstitious, broke a mirror one day.
I'll have seven years bad luck, honey, so they say.

I'm having such a hard time, don't know what to do.
I'm having such a hard time, don't know what to do.
It's all because, I've got those superstitious blues.

Woke up this mornin', honey, 'bout half past four.
Woke up this mornin', honey, 'bout half past four.
Thought about that mirror, I broke four years ago.

My babe left town, left me a gray mule to ride.
My babe left time, left me a gray mule to ride.
That mule got so superstitious, he laid down and died.

A black cat crossed me one mornin', honey, 'bout six
o'clock.
A black cat crossed me one mornin', honey, 'bout six
o'clock.
And before I'd pass that spot, I'd walk around the block.

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