

Unknown

"Chilly Winds"

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Chilly Winds

I'm going where those chilly winds don't blow, darling
baby

I'm going where those chilly winds don't blow
When I'm going to my long lonesome home

Now who'll be your daddy when I'm gone, darling baby
Now who'll be your daddy when I'm gone
When I'm going to my long lonesome home

Oh, who'll hoe your cotton when I'm gone...

Oh, it's way down in jail on my knees...

Oh they feed me on corn bread and beans...

Oh I'm going where the climate suits my clothes...

So make me a pallet on your floor...
As sung by Cisco Houston
From A Treasury of Folk Songs, Kolb
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play.exe CHILWIND
SF
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