

## Mississippi Fred McDowell

### "Milk Cow Blues"

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Now asks sweet mama  
Lemme be her kid  
She says, 'I might get boogied  
Like to keep it hid'

Well, she looked at me  
She be-gin to smile  
Says, 'I thought I would use you  
For my man a while

'Tha-at you just don't my husband  
Catch you there  
Now, just-just don't let my  
Husband catch you there'

Now, went upstairs  
To pack my leavin' trunk  
I never saw no whiskey  
The blues done made me, sloppy drunk

Say, I never saw no whiskey  
Blues done made me sloppy drunk  
Now, I never saw no whiskey  
But the blues done made me sloppy drunk

Now some said, disease  
Some said it was, degree'in  
But it's the slow consumption  
Killin' you by degrees  
Lord, it's the slow consumption  
Killin' you by degrees  
Now, it's-a slow consumption  
An it's killin' you by degrees.

(Piano & strings to end)

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