

## **Hopkins Lightning "Smokes Like Lightning"**

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(Sam Hopkins)  
Whoa, it smoke like lightnin'  
Yeah, but shine like gold  
Don't you hear me talking pretty baby  
Smoke like lightnin'  
Yeah, but shine like gold  
Yeah, you know I see my little fair one  
Lying there on a cooling bowl  
Yes, I see the hearse one morning  
Backed up to our door  
Don't you hear me talking?  
Soon one morning  
Backed up to our door  
Well, you know I could see my little baby  
Lying there on a cooling bowl  
Well, my baby died and left me  
Laid her on a cooling bowl  
Yes, she died and she left me  
They laid her on a cooling bowl  
Well, they said, Lightnin'  
She's gone and left you now boy  
You will never see her smiling face no more  
Well, it was sad?  
Well, I followed my baby, followed my baby  
Down to her burying ground  
Well, I followed my baby, followed her  
Down to her burying ground  
Yeah, it didn't hurt me so bad till I'd seen  
Poor miss when they let her down  
You know I done lost my little fair one  
I guess the next thing will be me  
I done lost my little fair one  
I guess the next thing will be me  
Whoa, I ain't dead, no boys  
Po' Lightnin' sinking by degree  
By degree

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