

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Blind Lemon Jefferson"

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Blind Lemon Jefferson is a comin'
Tap tap tappin' with his cane
Blind Lemon Jefferson is a comin'
Tap tap tappin' with his cane

His last ditch lies down the road of trials
Half filled with rain
O sycamore, sycamore!
Stretch your arms across the storm

Down fly two greasy brother crows
They hop and bop, they hop and bop, they hop and bop
Like the tax man come to call
They go knock knock, knock knock
Hop and bop, hop and bop, hop and bop
They slap a death writ on his door

Here come the judgment train, get on board
And turn that big black engine home
Let's roll, let's roll, down the tunnel, the terrible tunnel
of his world
Waitin' at his final station, like a bigger blacker third
bird

Let's roll, let's roll, let's roll
O, his road is dark and lonely
He don't drive no Cadillac

O, his road is dark and holy
He don't drive no Cadillac
If that sky serves as his eyes
Then that moon is a cataract
Let's roll, roll, yeah, let's roll
Yeah, let's roll, let's roll

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