

Peter Green

"Preachin' Blues"

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I was up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man
I was up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man
Worried blues, give me your right hand

And the blues fell mama's child, tore me all upside
down
Blues fell mama's child, and it tore me all upside down
Travel on, poor Bob, just can't turn you 'round

The blues, is a low-down shakin' chill, yes, preach 'em
now
Is a low-down shakin' chill
You ain't never had 'em I, hope you never will

Well, the blues, is a achin' old heart disease
Do it now, you gon' do it? Tell me all about it
The blues, is a low-down achin' heart disease
Like consumption, killing me by degrees

I can study rain, oh oh drive, oh oh drive my blues
I been studyin' the rain, I'm 'on drive my blues away
Goin' to the 'stil'ry, stay out there all day

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