

The Band

"Blind Willie McTell"

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EbmBb EbmEbm Bb Ebm

Seen the arrow on the door post saying "This land is condemned"

Ebm Bb C#G# BC# Ebm

All the way from New Orleans to Jerusalem.

I traveled through East Texas where many martyrs fell

And I know one thing, nobody can sing them blues like Blind Willie McTell.

Well, I heard the hoot-owl singing as they were taking down the tents

The stars above all the barren trees were his only audience.

Yeah, them charcoal gypsy maidens can strut their feathers well

And I know one thing, nobody can sing them blues like Blind Willie McTell.

See them big plantations a-burning, can't you hear the cracking of the whips,

Smell that sweet magnolia blossom blooming, see the ghosts of the slavery ships.

Well, I can hear them tribes a-moanin', I can hear the undertaker's bell

And I know one thing, nobody can sing them blues like Blind Willie McTell.

There's a woman she's standing by the river, she is with some fine young handsome man

See he's all dressed just like a squire, he's got bootleg
whiskey in his hand.

Yeah, there's a chain-gang out on the highway and I
can hear them rebels yell

And I know one thing, nobody can sing them blues like
Blind Willie McTell.

God, oh God is in Heaven and we all want what is His

But the power and greed, the corruptible seed seems
to be all that there is.

Hey, hey, I'm a-gazing out the window of the St. James
Hotel

And I know one thing, nobody can sing them blues like
Blind Willie McTell.

Hey, hey, I know one thing, nobody can sing them
blues like Blind Willie McTell.

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