

## Robert Johnson "Preachin' Blues (Up Jumped The Devil)"

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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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