

Robert Johnson

"Traveling Riverside Blues"

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If your man gets personal, want to have your fun
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Just come on back to Friar's Point, mama, and
barrelhouse all night long
I got womens in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee
I got womens in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee
But my Friar's Point rider, now, hops all over me
I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth is
crowned with gold
I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth is
crowned with gold
She got a mortgage on my body, now, lien on my soul
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my
side
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my
side
We can still barrelhouse, baby, 'cause it's on the river
side
Now you can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down
my...
(Spoken: till the juice run down my leg, baby, you know
what I'm talkin' 'bout)
You can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my
leg
(that's what Im talkin about now)
But I'm goin' back to Friar's Point, if I be rockin' to my
head

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