

Ry Cooder

"AX SWEET MAMA"

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(Sleepy John Estes)

Well, I ax sweet mama, let me be her kid
She said "I might but I'd like to keep it hid"
Well, she looked at me, she began to smile
She says "I thought I might use you for my man awhile
But just don't let my husband catch you there
I say, just don't let my husband catch you there"

Well, I went upstairs to pack my leavin' trunk
I never saw no whiskey
The blues made me sloppy drunk
I ain't never saw no whiskey
The blues made me sloppy drunk
Well, I ain't saw no whiskey
The blues made me sloppy drunk

Well, some said it was beans, some said it was greens
But it's slow consumption killin' you by degrees
It's slow consumption killin' you by degrees

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