

## **Band, The**

# **"Blind Willie McTell"**

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Ebm bb ebm ebm bb ebm

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

Ebm bb c# g# b c# 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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