

## Son House "Death Letter"

Visit "[Death Letter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I got a letter this mornin, how do you reckon it read?  
It said, "Hurry, hurry, yeah, your love is dead."  
I got a letter this mornin, I say how do you reckon it  
read?  
You know, it said, "Hurry, hurry, how come the gal you  
love is dead?"

So, I grabbed up my suitcase, and took off down the  
road.  
When I got there she was layin on a coolin board.  
I grabbed up my suitcase, and I said and I took off  
down the road.  
I said, but when I got there she was already layin on a  
coolin board.

Well, I walked up right close, looked down in her face.  
Said, the good ole gal got to lay here til the Judgement  
Day.  
I walked up right close, and I said I looked down in her  
face.  
I said the good ole gal, she got to lay here til the  
Judgement Day.

Looked like there was 10,000 people standin round the  
buryin ground.  
I didn't know I loved her til they laid her down.  
Looked like 10,000 were standin round the buryin  
ground.  
You know I didn't know I loved her til they damn laid her  
down.  
Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul.  
I wouldn't mistreat you baby, for my weight in gold.  
I said, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul.  
You know I wouldn't mistreat nobody, baby, not for my  
weight in gold.

Well, I folded up my arms and I slowly walked away.  
I said, "Farewell honey, I'll see you on Judgement Day."  
Ah, yeah, oh, yes, I slowly walked away.  
I said, "Farewell, farewell, I'll see you on the Judgement  
Day."

You know I went in my room, I bowed down to pray.  
The blues came along and drove my spirit away.  
I went in my room, I said I bowed down to pray.  
I said the blues came along and drove my spirit away.

You know I didn't feel so bad, til the good ole sun went  
down.  
I didn't have a soul to throw my arms around.

Visit [Son House](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.