

Son House

"Jinx Blues"

Visit "[Jinx Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, I got up this mornin', jinx all around, jinx all
around, 'round my bed
And I say I got up this mornin', with the jinx all around
my bed
Know I thought about you, an' honey, it liked to¹ kill me
dead

Oh, look-a here now, baby, what you want me, what you
want me, me to do?
Look-a here honey, I say, what do you want poor me to
do?
You know that I done all I could, just tryin' to get along
with you

You know, the blues ain't nothin' but a low-down
shakin', low-down shakin', achin' chill²
I say the blues is a low-down, old, achin' chill
Well, if you ain't had 'em, honey, I hope you never will

Well, the blues, the blues is a worried heart, is a
worried heart, heart disease
Oh, the blues is a worried old heart disease
Look like the woman you be lovin', man, is so doggone
hard to please

I'd rather be outdoors, walkin' up, walkin' up and down
the road
I say, I'd rather be outdoors, I say, just walkin' up and
down the road
Than to be layin' around here, workin' just for my board
and clothes

Hey, look-a here, little girl, don't you cry, don't you cry,
cry no more
I say, look-y here, darlin', honey, don't you try to cry no
more
Well, when I leave this time (spoken: I'm gonna) hang
crepe on your door

Note 1: like to, this construction is an equivalent of

"likely to", once standard English and used in several blues songs;

Note 2: the comparison is probably to malaria

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

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