

Son House

"My Black Mama"

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Part One

Oh, black mama, what's the matter with you?
Said, if it ain't satisfactory, don't care what I do
Hey, mama, what's the matter with you?
Said, if it ain't satisfactory, baby, don't care what I do

You take a brownskin woman'll make a rabbit move to town
Say, but a jet-black woman'll make a mule kick his stable down
Oh, a brownskin woman will make a rabbit move to town
Oh, but a real black woman'll make a mule kick his stable down

Say, t'ain't no heaven, say, there ain't no burnin' hell
Say, where I'm going when I die, can't nobody tell
Oh, there ain't no heaven, now, there ain't no burnin' hell
Oh, where I'm going when I die, can't nobody tell

Well, my black mama's face shine like the sun
Oh, lipstick and powder sure won't help her none
My black mama's face shine like the sun
Oh, lipstick and powder, well, they sure won't help her none

Well, you see my milk cow, tell her to hurry home
I ain't had no milk cow since that cow been gone
If you see my milk cow, tell her to hurry home
Yeah, I ain't had no milk cow since that cow been gone

Well, I'm going to the race track to see my pony run
He ain't the best in the world, but he's a runnin' son-of-a-gun
I'm going to the race track to see my pony run
He ain't the best in the world, but he's a runnin' son-of-a-gun

Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul

Wouldn't mistreat you, baby, for my weight in gold
Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul
Wouldn't mistreat you, baby, for my weight in gold

Part Two

Hey, I solemnly swear, Lord, I raise my right hand
That I'm goin' get me a woman, you get you another
man

I solemnly swear, Lord, I raise my right hand
That I'm goin' get me a woman, you get you another
man

I got a letter this morning, how do you reckon it read?
"Oh, hurry, hurry, gal, you love is dead"
I got a letter this morning, how do you reckon it read?
"Oh, hurry, hurry, gal, you love is dead"

I grabbed my suitcase, I took off, up the road
I got there, she was laying on the cooling board
I grabbed my suitcase, I took on up the road
I got there, she was laying on the cooling board

Well, I walked up close, I looked down in her face
Good old gal, you got to lay here till Judgment Day
I walked up close, and I looked down in her face
Yes, been a good old gal, got to lay here till Judgment
Day

(spoken: Aw sho' now, I feel low-down this evenin'!)

Oh, my woman so black, she shays apart of this town
Can't nothin' "go" when the poor girl is around
My black mama stays apart of this town
Oh, can't nothing "go" when the poor girl is around

Oh, some people tell me the worried blues ain't bad
It's the worst old feelin' that I ever had
Some people tell me the worried blues ain't bad
Buddy, the worst old feelin', Lord, I ever had

Hmmm, I fold my arms, and I walked away
"That's all right, mama, your trouble will come
someday"
I fold my arms, Lord, I walked away
Say, "That's all right, mama, your trouble will come
someday"

