

Son House

"Special Rider Blues"

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Well, I'm goin' away, honey, I won't be back no more
Well, I'm goin' away, honey, I won't be back no more
When I leave this time, I'm gonna hang crepe on your
door

Well, look-y here, hon', I won't be your dog no more
Well, look-y here, hon', I won't be your dog no more
Excuse me, honey, for knockin' on your door

I say your hair ain't curly and your doggone eyes ain't
blue
You know your hair ain't curly and your doggone eyes
ain't blue
Well, if you don't want me, what the world I want with
you?

Say, look-y here, baby, you ought not to dog me
around
I say look-y here, baby, you ought not to dog me
around
If I had my belongings I would leave this old bad-luck
town

You know that's a shame, what a low-down, dirty
shame
Don't you know that's a shame? What a low-down, dirty
shame
You know I'm sorry today that I ever knowed your name

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