

Susan Raye

"Friar's Point"

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(Written by Tom Hambridge and Susan Tedeschi)

Just past Friar's Point, all the way across those lanes
Just past Friar's Point, all the way across those lanes
I was walking by the cotton fields, and I swear I heard
Robert Johnson play

Down in New Orleans, preaching in the Lion's Den
Down in New Orleans, preaching in the Lion's Den
You can hear Irma Thomas, take you right back to
church again

We got the blues now, surely ain't got a thing to lose
Oh we got the blues, surely don't have a thing to lose
Oh darling it's them blues that really make them move

Oh do they hang on Beale Street, music blasting out of
every door
Oh do they hang on Beale Street, music pouring out of
every pore
Rocking the house at BB's, your feet they never touch
the floor

Oh south side of Chicago, oh all the way where Magic
Sam used to play
Oh south side of Chicago, over at the Checkerboard
Lounge
You can still hear Muddy Waters, playing that song
"Slow Down"

Oh we got the blues time, sure don't have a thing to
lose
Oh we got the blues time, surely don't have a thing to
lose
And these are the people all ready to make a move

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