

## **Susan Tedeschi**

### **"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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