

## Gertrude "Ma" Rainey

### "Last Minute Blues"

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Minutes seem like hours, hours seem like days  
Minutes seem like hours, hours seem like days  
It seems like my daddy won't stop his evil ways

Seems like every minute's going to be my last  
Seems like every minute's going to be my last  
If I can't tell my future I won't tell my past

The brook runs into the river, river runs into the sea  
The brook runs into the river, river runs into the sea  
If I don't run into my daddy, somebody ought to bury  
me

If anybody asks you who wrote this lonesome song  
If anybody asks you who wrote this lonesome song  
Tell 'em you don't know the writer, but Ma Rainey put it  
on

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