

Feel So Bad

"Blind Lemon Jefferson"

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Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming
Tap tap tappin with his cane
Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming
Tap tap tappin with his cane
His last ditch lies down the road of trials
Down the road of trials
Half filled with rain

O Sycamore, Sycamore!
Stretch your arms across the storm
Down fly two greasy brother-crows
They hop'n'bop They hop'n'bop They hop'n'bop
Like the tax-man come to call
They go knock knock! Knock knock!
Hop'n'bop hop'n'bop
They slap a death-writ on his door

Here come the Judgement train
Git on board!
And turn that big black engine home
O let's roll!
Let's roll!
Down the tunnel
The terrible tunnel of his world
Waiting at his final station
Like a bigger blacker third bird
O let's roll!
Let's roll!

O his road is dark and lonely
He don't drive no Cadillac
O his road is dark and holy
He don't drive no Cadillac
If that sky serves as his eyes
Then that moons a cataract

Let's roll!
Yeah let's roll!

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