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Bad Feeling Blues

Blind Blake

D **E7** **A7** **D** **D7**
I got the bad feeling blues, keeps me worried all the time
G7 **A7** **D**
I got the bad feeling blues, keeps me worried all the time
A7 **E7** **A7** **D**
I can't get along with that high brown gal of mine

Look a here mama, you done throwed your papa down
Look a here mama, you done throwed your papa down
I wouldn't hate it so bad but the news all over town

Look a here mama, what you want me to do
Look a here mama, what you want me to do
I work all the time bring my money home to you

Lord Lord, your papa done going to stay
Lord Lord, your papa done going to stay
I never thought you would treat your daddy this a-way

I got the bad feeling blues, keeps me so lowdown
I got the bad feeling blues, keeps me so lowdown
I'm going to pack my grip leave this lonesome town

Blind Blake

I said, "Sister, I'll soon be gone
Just gimme that thing you sitting on"
My Diddie Wa Diddie
I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means

Rag Mama Rag

Blind Boy Fuller

C7

I'm goin' uptown, hat in my hand

F7

Lookin' for the woman ain't got no man

A#7

Just as well be lookin' for a needle in the sand

D#

Lookin' for a woman ain't got no man

C7 F7 A#7 D#

Oh rag, rag, oh do the rag, mama rag

Wouldn't have thought my gal treat me so
Love another man stayed in my back door
Mind, mama, what you sow
You got to reap just what you sow

Oh rag, rag, oh do the rag, mama rag

Now if you get you one woman, better get you two
One for your buddy, one for you
Got me a wife and a sweetheart too
Wife don't love me, my sweetheart do

Oh rag, rag, oh do the rag, mama rag

Yeah, skouda-bouda-douda-bm-badadmbabaw
Bedeedm-beededm-beedadm-bebaw
Bedeedm-beededm-beedadm-bebaw

Oh rag, rag, oh do the rag, mama rag

My gal hollered, "Murder!" I ain't raised my hand
Pistol in my pocket, blackjack in my hand
Took my gal under the willow tree,
Ought'a hear her hollerin', "Don't murder me!"

Oh rag, rag, oh do the rag, mama rag

Rope Stretchin' Blues

Blind Blake

Bm

I caught a stranger in my house

F#7 **Bm** **D7**

and I busted his head with a club

G

I caught a stranger in my house,

A7 **D** **A7** **D**

I busted his head with a club

A **C** **A7** **D** **A7** **D** **A7**

then I lay him out cold with his heels in a tub

I saw the sheriff comin' and I jumped for the door

I saw the sheriff comin', then I jumped for the door

But I jumped too slow, the sheriff had done jumped before

They buried a man on Thursday, just two short days you see

They buried a man on Thursday, just two short days you see

And it makes me wonder what they gonna do to me

Mmm rope a-stretchin' all day long

That will never happen no more

Blink Blake

A E
I met a gal in a cabaret
A E
Said Daddy come home with me
A E
Her man knew what I was all about
B7 E
Waiting back at home just to throw me out

A E
He broke my nose, he split my chin
A E
Said don't you come over here again
A E
Chased me out of the kitchen door
B7 E
Hit me with a chair till my head got sore

A F#7
That'll never happen no more,
B7 E A
That'll never happen no more

Live in Chicago, winter and fall
Cause me to wear my overalls
I got drunk, it was my fault
I was drinking tequila and leaving the salt

I met a woman in a big mink coat
Fancy car and a forty foot boat
Pulled out a gun and she took my dough
I didn't holler, I didn't get sore

That'll never happen on more
That'll never happen on more

Went to a party the other night
I got to drinking, I was feeling alright
Lit up a cigar and had some gin
Sitting back, waiting for the fun to begin

A pretty girl comes up to me
Sayd Daddy come home with me
Woke up in an empty bed
Pockets empty, had a pain in my head

That'll never happen on more
That'll never happen on more

Blind Blake

There's something about her I just can't understand
She treats me like a boy but I'm a fullgrown man
I'm wild about my tootie, only thing I crave
I'm wild about my tootie, only thing I crave
Sweet patootie gonna carry me to my grave