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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

## Diddie Wa Diddie

## Blind Blake

**D              A7              D**  
There's a great big mystery

A7 D D7  
And it sure is worrying me  
G D A7 D

## This Diddie Wa Diddie

A7 D

I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means

The little girl about four feet four  
Come on papa give me some more  
Of your Diddie Wa Diddie  
I wish somebody would tell me what

I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means

Went out and walked around

Somebody yelled "Look who's in town"

# Mister Diddie Wa Diddie

I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means

Went to church, put my hand on the se

Lady sat on it, said "Daddy, you sure is sweet"

## Mister Diddie Wa Diddie

I wish somebody would tell me what Diddie Wa Diddie means

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-beeeddm-beedaddm-bebaw

Bedeedm-beeeddm-beedaddm-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                            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

# Tootie Blues

Blind Blake

D      Bb7/B      D

Let me tell you what sweet patootie will do

Bb7/B      D

Take your money and stay all night with you

G                    D

I'm wild about my tootie, only thing I crave

G                    D

I'm wild about my tootie, only thing I crave

A7                    D

Sweet patootie gonna carry me to my grave

I went up on a mountain looked down in the deep blue sea

Big fat woman was trying to flirt with me

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

If I could holler just like a mountain jack

I'd climb up a mountain and call my sweet Patootie back

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

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