

# Backwater Blues

Amerikanisches Volkslied

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night. When it  
 rains five days and the skies turn dark as night. There's  
 trou-ble ta-kin' place in the low-lands at night.

When it rains five days and the skies  
 turn dark as night  
 When it rains five days and the skies  
 turn dark as night  
 Then trouble's takin' place in the  
 lowlands at night

Then they rowed a little boat about  
 five miles 'cross the pond  
 Then they rowed a little boat about  
 five miles 'cross the pond  
 I packed all my clothes, throwed  
 them in and they rowed me along

Then I went and stood upon  
 some high old lonesome hill  
 Then I went and stood upon  
 some high old lonesome hill  
 Then looked down on the house  
 were I used to live

I woke up this mornin', can't even  
 get out of my door  
 I woke up this mornin', can't even  
 get out of my door  
 There's been enough trouble to make  
 a poor girl wonder where she want to go

When it thunders and lightnin' and  
 when the wind begins to blow  
 When it thunders and lightnin' and  
 the wind begins to blow  
 There's thousands of people  
 ain't got no place to go

Backwater blues done call me  
 to pack my things and go  
 Backwater blues done call me  
 to pack my things and go  
 'Cause my house fell down  
 and I can't live there no more

Mmm, I can't move no more  
 Mmm, I can't move no more  
 There ain't no place for  
 a poor old girl to go.