

# Backwater Blues

Bessie Smith • 1927

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark at night,

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trou-ble's tak - in' place in the low - lands at night.

I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door, (*twice*)  
That's enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she want to go.

Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the farm, (*twice*)  
I packed all my clothes, throwed them in, and they rowed me along.

When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow, (*twice*)  
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go.

Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill, (*twice*)  
Then looked down on the house where I used to live.

Backwater blues done caused me to pack my things and go, (*twice*)  
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more.

Mm-mm, I can't move no more, (*twice*)  
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go.