

Preachin' The Blues

Bessie Smith

Down in Atlanta, GA, under the viaduct ev'ry day, drinking corn
and hollerin' hooray
Pianos playing till the break of day
But as I turned my head, I loudly said, "Preach 'em blues, sing
them blues"
They certainly sound good to me
I've been in love for the last six months and ain't done worryi
ng yet
Moan'em blues, holler them blues
Let me convert your soul
'Cause just a little spirit of the blues tonight
Let me tell you, girls, that your man ain't treating you right
Let me tell you I don't mean no wrong
I will learn you something if you listen to this song
I ain't here to try to save your soul, just want to teach you h
ow to save your good jelly roll

Going on down the line a little further now
There's many a poor woman down
Read on down to chapter nine,
Woman must learn how to take their time
Read on down to chapter ten,
Taking other women's men, you are doing a sin
Sing'em, sing'em, sing them blues
Let me convert your soul
Now one sister by the name of Sister Green
Jumped up and done a shimmy you ain't never seen
Sing'em, sing'em, sing them blues
Let me convert your soul