

Walking Blues

Bonnie Raitt

I woke up this mornin'
Feelin' round for my shoes
Know bout at I got these
Old walkin' blues

Woke up this mornin'
Feelin' round oh for my shoes
But you know bout at I got these
Old walkin' blues

Lord I feel like blowin' my
Whoa old lonesome home
Got up this mornin', my little
Bernice was gone, Lord

I feel like blown my
Lonesome home
Well, I got up this mornin'
Whoa all I had was gone

Well ah leave this mornin' if I have to
Whoa ride the blind ah
I've feel mistreated and I
Don't mind dyin'

Levin this mornin' ah
I have to ride a blind
Babe, I been mistreated
Baby, I don't mind dyin'

Well, some people tell em that the worried
Blues ain't bad
Worst old feelin' I most
Ever had

Some people tell me that these
Old worried, old blues ain't bad
Its the worst old feelin',
I most ever had

She got a
Elgin movement from her head down
To her toes
Break in on a dollar most anywhere
She goes, oh oh
To her head down to her toes

Oh honey
Lord, she break in on a dollar
Most anywhere she goes