

## Preachin' Blues (Up Jumped The Devil)

Robert Johnson

I's up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man  
I's up this mornin', ah, blues walkin' like a man  
Worried blues, give me your right hand

And the blues fell mama's child, tore me all upside down  
Blues fell mama's child, and it tore me all upside down  
Travel on, poor Bob, just can't turn you 'round

The blues, is a low-down shakin' chill  
(Yes, preach 'em now)  
Is a low-down shakin' chill  
You ain't never had 'em I, hope you never will

Well, the blues , is a achin' old heart disease  
(Do it now, you gon' do it? Tell me all about it)  
The blues, is a low-down achin' heart disease  
Like consumption, killing me by degrees

I can study rain, oh oh drive, oh oh drive my blues  
I been studyin' the rain and, I'm 'on drive my blues away  
Goin' to the 'stil'ry, stay out there all day