

## Got To Leave My Woman

Tampa Red

Meet me down in the bottom  
Mama, bring my shoes and clothes  
Meet me down in the bottom  
Mama, bring my shoes and clothes  
I ain't got very many  
But I got so far to go

And the only one thing  
That keep me so worried in mind  
Now, the only one thing  
That keep me so worried in mind  
I've got to go leave  
The woman I love behind

Now, I don't mind leaving  
But I got to be gone so long  
I don't mind leaving  
But I got to be gone so long  
They got me 'cussed of murder, mama  
An' I ain't done nothin' wrong

Big sky's folding  
And it can't be long 'fore day  
Big sky's a folding  
And it can't be long 'fore day  
Oh, goodbye baby  
I must be on my way

When I write you a letter, mama  
Mama, answer me in a telegram  
When I write you a letter  
Mama, answer with a telegram  
'Cause I will not be contented, mama  
Until I get you where I am