

Poor Elijah – Tribute to Johnson

The Black Crowes

Poor Elijah, living on the bayou way. Poor Elijah, he had to take over raising fourteen kids When his daddy got caught stealing chickens from a neighbor one day. Work on Elijah, work on.

Poor Elijah, born the son of a slave. Poor Elijah, he was damn near blind when he died last week From working in the sun for the man like a dog all day. Work on Elijah, work on.

Poor Elijah. Poor Elijah. Poor Elijah. Poor Elijah.

I'm going to sing you a song, listen to me. I said it's all about a man. Nobody, I said nobody hardly knows him. Say it with me: nobody hardly knows him. Say it one more time: nobody hardly knows him.

Good morning Robert Johnson son. You built your life before your song was sung. People agree and now you're number one. So sad to think we had to wait so long.

It keeps on getting better every day, And maybe someday soon, people will say, Ain't nobody here but good people. Ain't nobody here but good people. Ain't nobody here but good people.

No, nobody here. No, nobody here. No, nobody here. No, nobody here.

Just drinking your wine and then loving in slow motion.