

Back Water Blues

Chanson de Bessie Smith

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night
When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night
Then trouble's takin' place in the lowlands at night

I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
I woke up this mornin', can't even get out of my door
There's been enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she
want to go

Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the pond
Then they rowed a little boat about five miles 'cross the pond
I packed all my clothes, throwed them in and they rowed me along

When it thunders and lightnin' and when the wind begins to blow
When it thunders and lightnin' and the wind begins to blow
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go

Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill
Then I went and stood upon some high old lonesome hill
Then looked down on the house were I used to live

Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and go
Backwater blues done call me to pack my things and go
'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more

Mmm, I can't move no more
Mmm, I can't move no more
There ain't no place for a poor old girl to go

Backwater Blues

Bessie Smith, Bessie Smith

C7

1. When it rains five days and the
 2. I woke up this morn - in' can't
 3. Then they rowed a lit - tle boat a - bout
 4. When it thun - ders and light - nin' and the
 5. Then I went and stood up - on a

5 F7 C7 C7 F7

sky turns dark as night,
 e - ven get out my door,
 five miles 'cross the pond,
 winds be - gin to blow,
 high old lone - some hill,

when it rains five days and the
 I woke up this morn - in' can't
 then they rowed a lit - tle boat a - bout
 when it thun - ders and light - nin' and the
 then I went and stood up - on a

9 F7 C7 C7

sky turns dark as night,
 e - ven get out my door,
 five miles 'cross the pond,
 winds be - gin to blow,
 high old lone - some hill;

there is
 there's e -
 I packed
 there's
 then

19 C7 C7 F7 F7

when it rains five days and the sky turns dark as night,
 I woke up this morn-in' can't e - ven get out my door,
 then they rowed a lit - tle boat a - bout five miles 'cross the pond,
 when it thun - ders and light - nin' and the winds be - gin to blow,
 then I went and stood up - on a high old lone - some hill;

23 C7 C7 G7

there is trou - ble tak - ing place
 there's e - nough trouble to make a poor girl
 I packed all my clo - thes throwed 'em in and
 there's thou - sands of peo - ple ain't
 then looked down on the house where I

26 F7 C C

in the low lands at night
 won - der where she wan - na go.
 they rowed me a - long.
 got no place to go.
 used to live.

C C9/E F6 Ab7/F# G7 Ab9(13) G7(13)