

Walkin' Blues

D D D D G G D D A G D (walkd C/B/Bb) A

Intro: D x8

Well 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 for my shoes
But you know 'bout 'at, I got these old walkin' blues

Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad
Well it's the worst old feelin' mama, I most ever had, some
People tell me that these old worried old blues ain't bad
Well it's the worst old feelin', mama, I 'most ever had

Solo

Lord, I feel like blowin' my old lonesome horn
Got up this mornin', my little Bernice was gone
Lord, I feel like blowin' my lonesome horn
Well I got up this mornin' all I had was gone

Well leave this morn', I had to go ride the blinds
I've been mistreated and I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this morn', I have to ride a blind
Babe, I been mistreated, baby, and I don't mind dyin'

Solo

She got an Elgin movement from her head down to her toes
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes
She got an Elgin movement from her head down to her toes
God she break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes

End: Tag A G D D A G D D A G D C/Db/D