

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Cocaine Blues 3

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(Luke Jordan)

Every time me and my baby go uptown,
Police come and they knock me down.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Yeah, baby, come here quick,
This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Yonder come my baby, dressed in red,
She's got a shotgun, says she's gonna kill me dead.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Early one mornin', half past four,
Cocaine knockin' at my door.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

You take Mary, I'll take Sue,
Ain't no difference 'twixt the two.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Yeah, baby, come here quick,
This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Started down Beall Street and I'm turnin' up Main,
Lookin' for a gal that sells cocaine.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Well, I reached into my pocket, grabbed my poke,
Note in my pocket said, ""No more coke.""
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Cocaine's for horses, not for men,
They tell me it'll kill me, but they won't say when.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

Yeah, baby, come here quick,
This old cocaine 'bout to make me sick.
Cocaine run all 'round my brain.

The following note on Luke Jordan is from a review of the Global Village CD - VIRGINIA TRADITIONS: Western Piedmont Blues. "Any fan of the pre-war blues will be familiar with Luke Jordan and his constant pursuit of cocaine. His two tracks were cut in 1929 and are followed by a hiatus that lasts until James Lowry cut his three offerings at a radio station in 1953.RB

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