

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Dry Land Blues

Dry Land Blues

(Furry Lewis)

I can look through muddy water, baby, and spy dry land.  
If you don't want me, honey, let's take hand in hand.

I'm going so far, can't hear your rooster crow.  
I'm going so far, can't hear your rooster crow.

This is my last time ever knocking at your door.  
My last time ever knocking at your door.

You won't cook me no dinner, baby. You won't iron me no clothes.  
Baby, you won't do nothin' but walk (work?) the Haunly (?) grove.

Mens, if you love your woman, better mash it in her cup.  
So she had not quit you, boy, won't leave you in tough luck.

Man, you can take my woman, but you ain't done nothin' smart,  
For I got more'n one woman playing in my back yard.

Windstorm come and it blowed my house away.  
I'm a good ol' boy but I ain't got nowhere to stay.

And it's trouble here, and it's trouble everywhere,  
So much trouble floating in the air.

What you gonna do, when your trouble get like mine?  
What you gonna do, your trouble get like mine?

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