

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Drive Away Blues

Drive Away Blues

(Blind Willie McTell)

I believe that if I had my sweet woman's heart in my hand,  
In my hand,  
I believe that if I had my sweet woman's heart in my hand,  
In my hand,  
I believe I could teach her how to treat a real good man.

I drink so much whiskey, mama, I can't hardly talk.  
Hardly talk, sweet mama, hardly talk.  
I drink so much whiskey, I can't hardly talk.  
Hardly talk.  
Well it's done addled on my brains, people. I can't hardly walk.

How my poor heart weak and wearied, baby, when you drove me away!  
Drove me 'way, sweet mama, you drove me away.  
How my poor heart weak and wearied, baby, when you drove me away!  
You will cry for Poor Boy McTell some old rainy day.

Goin' up on a lookout mountain, look down to Niagara Fall.  
Niagara Fall, sweet Mama, Niagara Fall.  
Goin' up on a lookout mountain, look down to Niagara Fall.  
Niagara Fall.  
Seem like to me I can hear my Atlanta mama call.  
Hear her call.

Don't fret 'n' worry 'n' don't grieve after me.  
Sweet mama, after me.  
Don't grieve 'n' worry 'n' don't fret after me.  
After me.  
Don't you scream and cry 'cause I'm goin' back to Tennessee.

(Aw, boy play the Drove Away Blues for me)

--Guitar interlude--

(That's all I know)

Can't read and write, can't even spell my name.  
Spell my name, I know, spell my name.  
Can't read and write, can't even spell my name.  
You drove me away and you drove my heart insane  
(but I won't be back no more, Mama).

Recorded by Blind Willie McTell on "Last Session," 1960.

