

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Original Talking Blues

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If you want to get to heaven,  
Let me tell you how to do it:  
Grease your feet in a little mutton suet,  
Slide right out of the devil's hand,  
And ooze right over in the Promised Land,  
Go easy. Make it easy. Go greasy.

Standin' in the corner by the mantelpiece,  
Up in the corner by a bucket of grease;  
I greased my feet with a little axle grease,  
Went slippin' up and down that mantelpiece.  
Huntin' matches. Cigarette stubs. Chewin' tobacco. Left overs.

Make up the beds, gal, make 'em up nice,  
Clean out the house, and chase out the mice,  
Set up the table, and set it up right,  
'Cause old Preacher Johnson's gonna be here tonight.  
He's a chicken eater. Loves cakes. Loves the sisters, too.

Standin' on the corner, standin' like a man,  
Standin' on the corner with a bucket in my hand.  
Standin' on the corner with a bucket in my hand  
Waitin' for sop from the white folk's hand.  
'Lasses. Sweetlin' potatoes. Cold biscuits.

Down in the wildwood, settin' on a log,  
My finger on the trigger and my eye on a hog.  
I pulled that trigger and the gun said "blip,"  
Jumped on that hog with all my grip.  
Earin' hog eye. Love chittlins.

Behind the henhouse the other night  
It was awful dark and I had no light.  
The farmer's dog run out by chance  
And he bit a big hole in the seat of my pants.  
I jumped gullies. Robe bushes. Plowed ground. Felt funny.

Behind the henhouse on my knees  
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze;  
Only a rooster sayin' his prayers  
And givin' out hymns to the hens upstairs.  
Just preachin'. Hens a-singin'. Little young chickens just a-hopin'.

They put me in the jailhouse on my knees  
All they give me was a pan of peas.  
The peas was red and the meat was fat,  
And I got stuck on the jailhouse just for that.  
Go sassy. Impudent. Wanted to fight.

Now I been here and I been there,  
I rambled round 'most everywhere.  
Purtiest little gal I ever did see  
A-walkin' up and down by the side of me.  
Mouth wide open. Catchin' flies. Knows I'm crazy.

There ain't no use of me workin' so hard  
I got a woman in the white folk's yard.  
When she kill a chicken she saves me the head,  
She thinks I'm workin' but I'm lyin' in the bed.  
Sleepin'. Havin' a good time. Dreamin' about her.

There ain't no use of me workin' so hard  
I got a woman in the white folk's yard.  
When she kill a chicken she saves me the feet,  
She thinks I'm workin' but I'm loafin' the street.  
Havin' a good time. Talkin' about her. To two other women.

From the singing of John Greenway. Folkways FH 5232.  
JBT