

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor

Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor

Make me a pallet on your floor
Make me a pallet on your floor
Make it soft, make it low, so my good gal won't know
Make me a pallet on your floor.

(Verses attributed to Joe Parrish)

I know that I'd be satisfied,
If I could hop that train and ride
If I make Atlanta with no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor

cho: Make me a pallet on your floor,
Make it right down to the door,
Make it long, make it low, so my good gal won't ever know,
Make me a pallet on your floor

Give everybody my regards,
I'm goin' if I have to ride the rods,
And if I make Atlanta with no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor

I'm tired and I cant work no more (2x)
Well Im tired, lonesome, weary and I cant work no more,
Pretty baby now, make me a pallet on your floor

(additional verses contributed by severl folks)

Come all you good time friends of mine,
Come all you good time friends of mine.
You're all around me now, well, now I'm doing fine,
But where were you when I only had a dime.

Where are all them good-time friends of mine? (repeat)
When I had a dollar bill they treated me jus' fine;
Where are they no I don't have a dime?

I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine-- (2x)
This New York water tastes like turpentine--
I'm goin' where the water taste like wine.

I'm goin' where them chilly winds don't blow; (2x)
When I get to Mussel Shoals, without no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Honey make me down a pallet on your floor (x2)
Honey make it down make it soft and low
Then maybe my good gal she wouldn't know

I'm goin' up the country through the sleet and snow (x3)
Ain't no tellin' just how far I'll go

I get my breakfast here and my dinner in Tennessee (x3)
I told you I's a comin' so you better look for me

Honey I can't lay down 'cross your bed
No I can't lay down 'cross your bed
No you know I can't lay down cross your pretty bed
'Cause my good gal she might kill me dead

(from Mississippi John Hurt)

Make me down a pallet on your floor, (2x)
Make me a pallet down soft and low,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Up the country, where there's cold, sleet and snow
Up the country where there's cold, sleet and snow,
I'm goin' up the country where there's cold, sleet and snow,
No tellin' how much further I may go.

Way of sleepin', my back and shoulders' tired,
Way of sleepin', my back and shoulders' tired
This way of sleepin', my back and shoulders' tired
Goin' turn over and try it on the side.

Don't you let my good girl catch you here
Please don't let my good girl catch you here
Or she might shoot you, might cut and stab you, too,
No tellin' what she might do.

(and some more verses)

Worried blues are everywhere I see
These worried blues are everywhere I see
These blues are all around me, they're everywhere I go
Make me a pallet on your floor.

I'd be more than satisfied

If I could take that train and ride
When I reach Atlanta, with no place to go
You can make me a pallet on your floor.

(from Hoyt Axton)

If I could hop that freight and ride (2x)
I'd ride through the night 'till I came you your door
Make me a pallet on the floor.

Soft talk don' do a gal no good (3x)
If it could I surely would,

note: A fine tune. You can sing it blugrass, country, blues,
whatever. And plug in whatever verses suit. RG

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