

Backwater Blues traditional

Backwater Blues Amerikanisches Volkslied

When it rains five days and the skies turn dark as night. When it
 rains five days and the skies turn dark as night. There's
 trou-ble ta-kin' place in the low-lands at night.

C
F7
C(½) B(½) C(½) B(½) C(½) B(½) Bb(½) C7(½)
 Well it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night
C
F7
C(½) B(½) C(½) B(½) C(½) Fm(½)
 When it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night. There was
G7(½)
Am7(½)
Bm(½)
G7(½)
F7(½)
G7
 trouble takin' place in the lowlands that
C(½)
F7(½)
C(½)
B(½)
G7(½)
 night

C
F7
C(¾) C/B(¾) C7
 Well it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night
F7
F7
C
C
 When it rained five days and the skies turned dark at night. There was
G7
F9(½)
F7(½)
C(¾)
Dm(¾)
C/E(¾)
F(½)
C/E(¾)
G9(¾)
C(½)
 trouble takin' place in the lowlands that night.

I woke up this mornin' couldn't even get out of my door
 I woke up this mornin' couldn't even get out of my door
 Enough trouble to make a poor woman wonder where she's gonna go

They rowed a little boat about five miles across the farm
 Said they rowed a little boat about five miles across the farm
 I packed up all of my clothes, threwed them in and they rowed me along

Where it thundered and lightnin' and the wind began to blow
 Said it thundered and lightnin' and the wind began to blow
 There was thousands of people, they had no place to go

I went out and stood up on a high old lonesome hill
 I went out and stood up on a high old lonesome hill
 I looked down on the house where I used to live

Back water blues that calls me to pack my things and go
 Back water blues that calls me to pack my things and go
 'Cause my house fell down and I can't live there no more

Ooh, I can't live there no more.
 Ooh, I can't live there no more
 There ain't no place for a poor woman to go