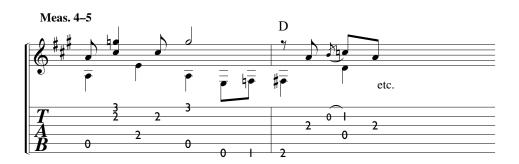
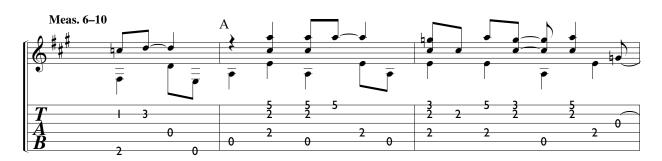
How Long Blues "Blues in A"

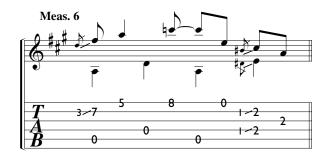


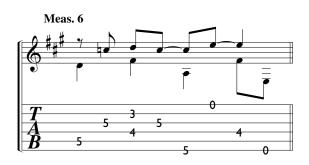
Variations





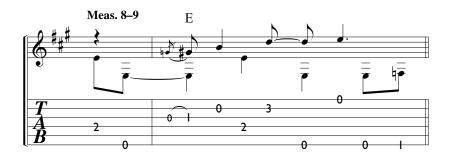


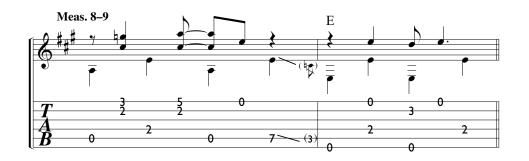


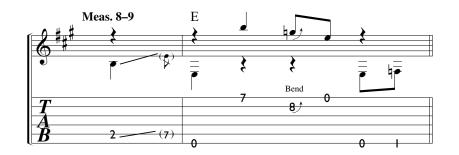








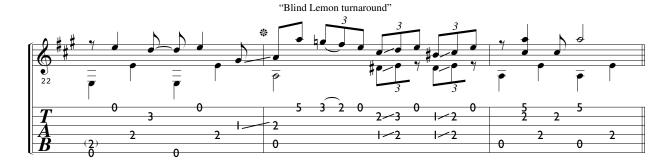




Every Day of the Week







*Alternate Turnaround, meas. 23



Well, I woke up this morning, clock it was striking four, Shoulda heard my baby calling, she said, Daddy, please don't go.

Well if you got you, got you one woman, I said you'd better get you five, Two might quit you and the other three, they just could die.

Well I got me a Monday, Monday woman, she works here on Fourth and Main, I got a Tuesday woman and she brings me all o' her change.

And I got me a Wednesday, Wednesday woman, never ever treats me right, Got a Thursday woman, and all the girl wants to do is fuss and fight.

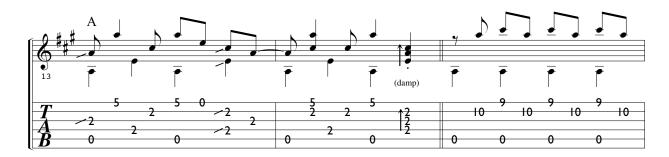
Yes, I got me a Friday, Friday woman, never ever treats me right, I got a Saturday woman, all that girl wants to do is fuss and fight.

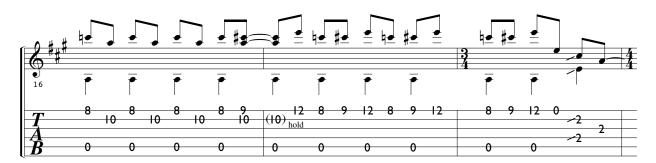
But that Sunday, Sunday woman, oh, she lays in my arms and sleeps, You know by that, brother, I got me a different gal for every day of the week.

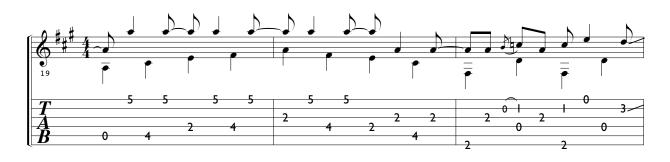
Texas Blues

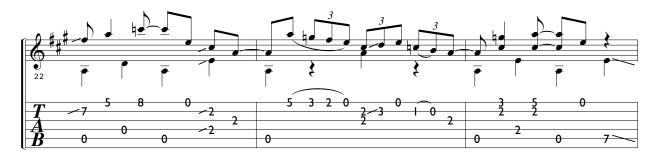
"Blind Lemon"





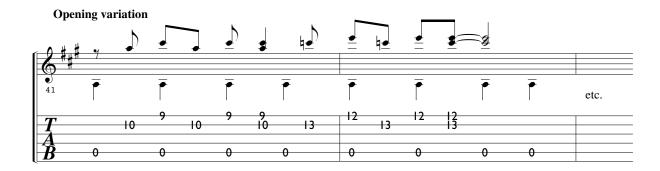












Way back in Texas, Blind Lemon sang the blues, (2x) Blind Lemon picked on his old guitar, that's all Blind Lemon could do.

They said Blind Lemon wondered, would a matchbox hold his clothes, He had so very few matches, so doggone far to go.

I'm sittin' here wonderin', would a matchbox hold my clothes, I got so very few matches, I got so doggone far to go.

But there's one kind favor, asked Blind Lemon if you please, When I'm gone, won't you see that my grave is kept clean.

Blind Lemon had the blues so bad, it hurt his feet to walk, Blues settled on Blind Lemon's brain, you know it hurt Blind Lemon's tongue to talk.

Way back in Texas, Blind Lemon had the blues.

New Age Woman Blues







She don't drink and she don't smoke,
I don't believe that the girl fools with dope,
Watch out, she's got them New Age ways.
Well, if her tarot cards don't tell her everything,
The girl throws coins and asks I Ching,
No need to talk with me 'cos she got him.
She knows I ain't got no maps of stars or moons,
No Chinese guru in my room,
Tea leaves on my cup to guide my way.
She's got a rabbit's foot and a mojo too,
God only knows which tells her what to do,
When I fly the coop she knows just where I flew.

She's got crystal balls and tea leaves too,
She said that the gypsy always knew
When it was time for her to stay, and time to leave.
She used to say, Roy, your moon's rising and your sun's going down,
Then she'd check my chart 'fore I left town,
'Fore I met that gal I often wondered how I ever got around.
'Cos I didn't have no maps of stars or moons,
No Chinese guru in my room,
Tea leaves on my cup to guide my way.
She don't drink and she don't smoke,
I don't believe that the girl fools with dope,

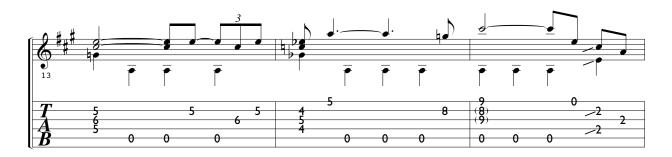
She's got a rabbit's foot and a mojo too, God only knows which tells her what to do, When I fly the coop she knows just where I flew.

Watch out, she's got them New Age ways.

Now I guess I'm gonna have to let that little girl go,
She's got too many friends that I don't know,
I wish I knew back then what I now know.
I still ain't got no maps of stars or moons,
No Chinese guru in my room,
Tea leaves on my cup to guide my way.
She don't drink and she don't smoke,
I don't believe that the girl fools with dope,
Watch out, she's got them New Age ways.

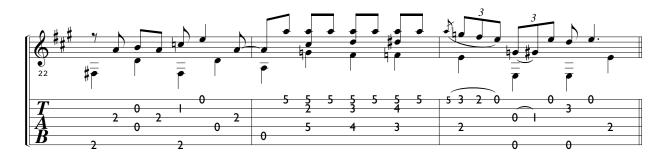
More Blues Stylings in A











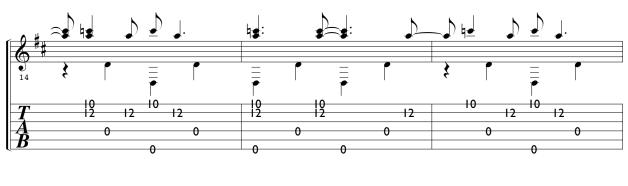
Polk City Ramble



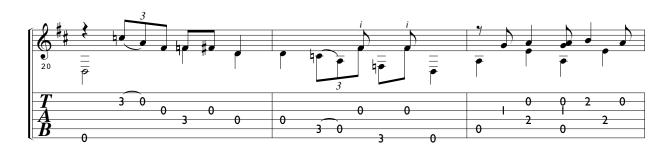


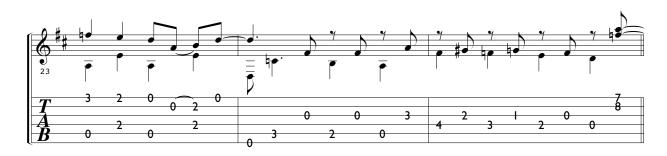
Anywhere You Go I Can Go There Too

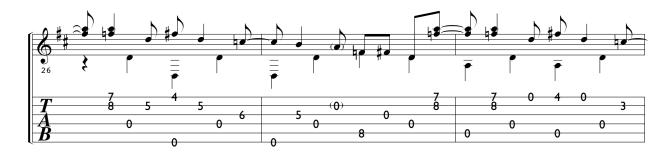




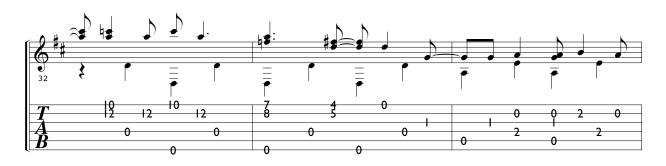


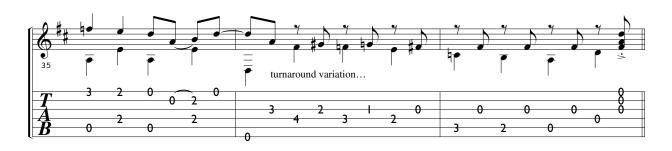






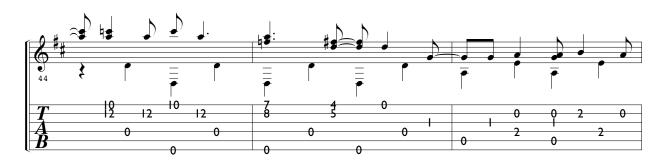


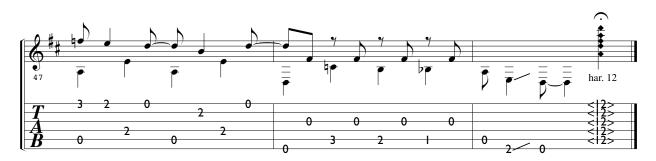












You might go to Shreveport or old Saint Lou,
I'll follow you like I said I'd do —
Anywhere you go, I can go there too.
I can love you, girl, like you know no-one else can do.

You might take a boat, could take a train, Drive in your car, mama, fly in your plane —

Ride on a camel 'cross the desert sand, Hop an alligator, swim away from land —

Now, don't be like a turtle and climb in your shell, The stuff I've got can surely make you well —

You might get religion, teach in school, I'll be dogging you, girl, I won't be no fool —

You might go to Panama, end up in Spain, I'll follow you, girl, through wind, snow, sleet and rain —

You can't hide in the ocean or run to the woods, I'll be huntin', I'll be fishin', I'm gonna catch you —

Repeat first verse —

Transcription: John Roberts Inscription: John Roberts