

Church Bells Blues - Luke Jordan (take 1)

The Church Bells are ringin', the secretary's singin'

The preachers preachin, can't you hear the sisters shouting

Children in the pulpit, mama's trying to learn my song

Now that low down dirty Deacon done stole my gal and gone

Says oh, my brother had 'em, my sister had 'em

My auntie had 'em, my mother died with them

Woke up this mornin', the family had the worried blues

And I peeped over in the corner, poor grand mammie had 'em too

I did more for you woman way last winter

Laid in into four men when I scuffled through the summer

I did more for you woman, than the good lord had ever done

Came downtown and bought you a good hair, the lord hadn't given you none

You better stop your nappy-head woman from eatin' my meat

Drinkin' my wine, spending all my money

You better stop your gal, bud from ticklin' under my chin

You're gonna run home some of these mornings, partner swear you can't get in