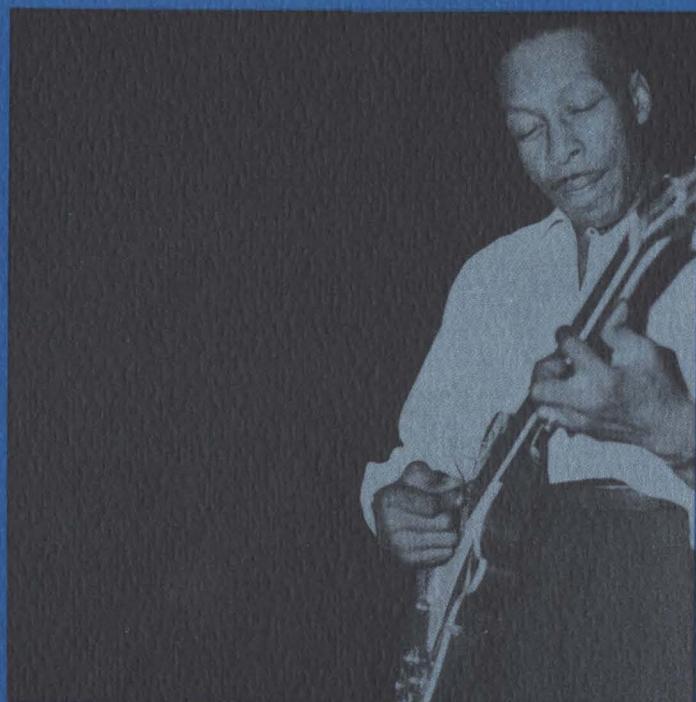


BLUES BY JAZZ GILLUM
SINGING AND PLAYING HIS HARMONICA
WITH ARBEE STIDHAM (VOCALS AND GUITAR)
AND MEMPHIS SLIM (ORGAN AND PIANO)
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 3826



JAZZ GILLUM

ARBEE STIDHAM

MEMPHIS SLIM

SIDE I

VOCALS BY JAZZ GILLUM:

Band 1: THE RACE OF THE JIM LEE AND THE KATY ADAM
Band 2: A SMALL TOWN THEY CALL BESSEMER
Band 3: WALKIN' THE BLUES AWAY
Band 4: MY LAST LETTER
Band 5: KEY TO THE HIGHWAY
Band 6: HARMONICA BOOGIE (Instrumental)

SIDE II

VOCALS BY ARBEE STIDHAM

Band 1: I WONDER WHY
Band 2: YOU'VE GOT TO REAP JUST WHAT YOU SOW
Band 3: LET IT BE ME
Band 4: I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU
Band 5: YOU'VE GOT TO MEET ME HALF-WAY
Band 6: GILLUM BLUES (Instrumental)

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BLUES BY JAZZ GILLUM

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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WITH ARBEE STIDHAM (Vocals and Guitar)

AND MEMPHIS SLIM (Organ and Piano)

NOTE:

Facts and dates in the following article are given unchanged, except for obvious errors, from a September 3, 1961, interview with Jazz Gillum by the writer and his wife, Iola Swan Flerlage. The notes were read back, corrected, and their final form verified by Gillum. There appear, however, to be inaccuracies owing to lapses of memory and other human frailties so often in evidence when recalling or reporting events that took place several decades ago.

JAZZ GILLUM SINGS AND PLAYS THE BLUES

by Iola and Ray Flerlage

William Gillum has had the blues ever since he was a little boy. His has been the kind of life from which the blues spring.

Orphaned in his infancy, starved and forced to beg by his church deacon uncle, at work as a field hand from the time he was eleven, threatened, shot at, beaten and discriminated against from the time of his earliest memories, Gillum has emerged as an important figure in the growth of the Southern blues tradition--but also as a bitter, suspicious, contentious and disillusioned individual who regards every man as his enemy or potential adversary.

Known since his twelfth year as "Jazz", Gillum was already a veteran performer on the mouth organ, having learned it partly from his brothers and partly from musicians around Indianola, Miss.

"I been playin' the harp ever since I can remember. I don't know when I learned -- seemed like I always knowed."

He started before he was old enough to wipe his own nose systematically.

"I used to play with it runnin' all down my nose--all up in the harp and everything. And they'd clap their hands and praise me--but I don't know when I learned!"

During the 1930's, Jazz Gillum began his association with Big Bill Broonzy, from which sprang another of the frequent authorship controversies so prevalent in the blues and jazz field (as well as in the field of folk music generally). Gillum claims authorship of Key to the Highway (included in this album), which is now generally credited to Broonzy. Gillum maintains to this day that Lester

Melrose asked him to write the song, and switched authorship to Broonzy--for his own purposes* - when the tune showed promise of being a big hit. It seems indisputable that Gillum was the first to record the song.

Samuel Charters, in The Country Blues, says flatly that "Keys to the Highway" (he adds an "s") was "Bill's own." Charters mentions Gillum's prior recording date, however.

"Gillum, added for "Keys to the Highway," recorded May, 1941, had previously recorded the song for Bluebird. Because of his first recording there was some confusion about the copyright, and a later recording by Brownie McGhee was credited to Gillum rather than Broonzy."

*To explain what he thought were "Melrose's own reasons", Gillum cited the example of the stockyards goat, who leads his fellows within the reach of the executioner, but quickly jumps aside himself, to avoid exposing his own throat to the knife.

William (Jazz) Gillum was born in Indianola, Mississippi, on September 11, 1904. His father, Irving Gillum, died while he was a baby; his mother, Celia Gillum, while he was still wearing infant's dresses. He was dressed in his "first pair of pants" for his mother's funeral.

"I was so little I didn't know nobody was sick or nuthin'."

His uncle, Ed Buchanan, was a church deacon and a property owner. Celia Gillum's brother, he had sworn on her deathbed that he would raise the orphan brood, and he took them all in. But his Christian charity did not extend to full meals. Before long, in order to get enough food to survive, William had started to bed at back doors. Within a few years, all of Celia Gillum's children had run or been sent away.

Buchanan had a small organ in his home, powered by foot pumps and with its volume controls operated by the knees--the performer spreading or bringing together his legs for this purpose (between "pumps" on the foot pedals). No one at the Buchanan house played the instrument, but William soon taught himself well enough that his uncle

forced him to attend all church functions.

"I had to be at Sunday school, BYPU, baptisms, funerals and everything at the church or anything the church did. And then there were the 'tents'. The kids used to have to walk on those--we couldn't ride. Sometimes we'd have to walk as far as four miles and back, holding up flags and everything."

No music other than church music was allowed in the house. "I was brought up singing church songs. Better not play no blues!"

But William was understandably drawn to the blues. Two of his brothers played mouth organs, and he'd heard many blues musicians in and around Indianola. Before very long the deacon's friends began to report unfamiliar organ sounds wafting out of the Buchanan windows.

"That was sure some good blues coming out of your house when I passed by this morning, Brother!" they'd say--and William would catch hell.

As Gillum recalls it, he was only about seven when he escaped from the starvation regime of his uncle Buchanan and went to live with other relatives. If his memory is correct, his first seven years had been highly productive to put it mildly, bringing him to a state of musical accomplishment sufficient for performance on both the organ and the harmonica in front of audiences of one kind or another. It is, on the other hand, quite possible that over the years certain events have become telescoped and their time duration and sequence confused.

In any event, Gillum's next stop, after Indianola, was Charleston, Miss., where he stayed (as he recalls it now) until his eleventh year. Around 1915 he ran away again, winding up in Minter City, Miss. Already "on his own", he got a job as a field hand and stayed for three years. Around 1918 he shook off the dust of the Minter City fields and went to Greenwood, Miss., where his career as a performing musician gradually began to take shape.

From around his twelfth year, Gillum had been called by the name of "Jazz." He never quite knew why, but he feels now that it must have been because of his attempts at sartorial elegance--in other words, he was "jazzy" in his dress. My own feeling is that it was more likely his performing style--whether on harmonica, pipe organ or vocals--that suggested the appellation to his admirers.**

** Some researcher with greater qualifications and opportunities than mine may determine just what, in Minter City and Greenwood, Miss., the connotations of the word "jazz" were around 1916--1919.

Jazz got a job at McIntyre's Drug Store, where he remained for several years. After work he would play and sing on the Greenwood street corners for coins the passer-by would toss him. In those days he "thought it was fine--I could do something the other kids couldn't do; I felt like

the money was almost like a gift." But in his later years this memory too soured, and he began to resent the deep indignity he sensed in it. It began to seem now that the coins had not been tossed to him but thrown at him.

Then there were the crackers who would ask him if he could dance. When he replied that he could, they'd take him 'way out on some forsaken dirt road and start him playing and dancing. When his energy began to flag, they'd take out a pistol and begin shooting into the ground in the vicinity of his feet.

"They wanted to scare me so I'd give them everything I had in me!"

Some would take him home to play and dance for their wives.

It was around 1923, as Gillum recalls it, that he lit out for Chicago.

"I'd been treated so bad I wanted to go somewhere if somebody hits you you can hit 'em back. In Mississippi, if somebody hits you got to run. You can't walk out of Mississippi, you got to run--walkin' is 'most too slow.'***

***Here Gillum echoed the lines from Key to the Highway, whose authorship he claims.

It was in Chicago that Gillum got his first professional jobs. He met Big Bill Broonzy--probably during the '30s--, beginning one of the most fruitful and yet controversial associations of his strife-filled career. Bill was playing both violin and guitar in those days, and was already an established blues singer, with recordings to his credit under the Champion, Superior, and Paramount labels (as well as several subsidiaries).

It was in 1934 that Big Bill started recording for Bluebird.

Sometime during the 1930s, Gillum started recording for Bluebird himself, along with Big Bill, Washboard Sam (Bill's half-brother), Black Bob, Lil Green, Dr. Clayton, Lonnie Johnson, Tampa Red, Memphis Minnie, Blind John, Big Maceo, Sonny Boy Williamson and many others.

According to Gillum, this group of musicians habitually used Tampa Red's big house in which to rehearse for their respective recording sessions. There were seven large rooms and two pianos. The musicians would start rehearsing in the back of the house (those with several days remaining before their "date" would start with single musician or two-or-three-men group practice sessions), and gradually work up to the front room, where shortly before their "date" all those recording together would rehearse as a unit. On the day of a Bluebird session, all those scheduled to record--whether to gether or singly or in separate groups--would go down to the studio together, wait for the time of their own waxing, complete it, and then wait for all the others to finish. When all members of the coterie had been recorded, they would all leave together as they had come--"like goin' to church", in Gillum's phrase.

(Only those making records that day would come, but all who did come would be very much up to date on what the others were doing.)

Jazz Gillum and Big Bill Broonzy made records together for some time. When the tune to be recorded was Gillum's, Gillum would take the vocal and Big Bill would accompany with guitar or violin. When the tune to be recorded was Bill's, Gillum would accompany on harmonica while Bill handled the vocals and guitar.

Gillum remembers the following as tunes he recorded with Big Bill:

Baby, I'm Crazy About You (Gillum)
It Ain't What You Used to Be
(It's What You Are Today) (Gillum)
Key to the Highway (Broonzy? Gillum?)

The controversy about Key started almost as soon as the tune was recorded. According to Gillum, Big Bill and he varied their procedure a little this time. Gillum recorded the song first, after which Big Bill recorded his version. Shortly afterwards, Gillum says,

"Mr. Melrose 'gave' the song to Bill, and claimed he had written it. I never got a cent **** for it--not a penny!"

**** In royalties.

Actually, says Gillum, Melrose had asked him to do a "highway" song shortly after another tune called Highway 61 hit its phenomenal peak of popularity.

"Gillum, what can you do with a highway?" he quotes Melrose as asking.

"I told him I'd think it over and let him know when I had my next meeting with him. I'd had a tune in my head--parts of a tune--for more than thirty years--you know, the rise and fall of my voice and all. As inconclusive as the phraseology sounds, this is the way he said it. I began to think about it, and the experiences I'd had--how I'd been treated so bad in Mississippi, and how you can't walk out of there--'walkin' is most too slow'.

"The next time I saw Mr. Melrose, I told him, 'I've got your "highway"--I've got the Key!'"

"Everybody else has recorded Key to the Highway, and tried to make it sound like me--and some of them did make it sound something like it. But I don't care how they try, nobody can do it like me--the rise and fall of the voice--the pitch. And if they gets part of it, they can't get the other--nobody can play the harp like me. Nobody can play it like we 'aid."

Other than Big Bill, Gillum recalls recording with only two other artists on an equal footing--Black Bob and Blind John. Other titles he remembers with particular enthusiasm are I Couldn't Help it (I Hit Her With My Stingaree) and War Is Ravin' in Europe (both composed by himself) and Washboard Sam's Go Back to the Country.

He was taken into the army during World War II, at which time he recalls that, "When I was in Ft. Lennonwood, in 1942, my records was all I heard."

But the army failed to recognize his potential morale-building talents until he was up for his honorable discharge.

"When they found they'd had Jazz Gillum in their army they wanted me to stay!" But Jazz Gillum had had enough of the army, and was anxious to be out.

Many times since, he has wondered why. His contract with RCA (Bluebird) had expired and was not renewed. The "scene" had changed. No royalties were being paid for the many blues he had written, none on the records he had made. Nothing remained of the old fame except the talent upon which it had been built, and the friends who had helped to build it were either gone or were no longer friends.

"Nobody put nuthin' in my way! If I didn't get out and scuffle it up for myself, I didn't have nuthin! I worked WPA, CWA, FWA and every kind of 'A' there was--every way you can work--movin', haulin' stuff, scufflin'..

* The listener is left with the strange sense of confusion that comes with the feeling that by "we", Jazz Gillum, consciously or unconsciously, refers to his former friend and arch-rival--Big Bill Broonzy--, AND himself!

And since his release from the army, says Gillum, he had never made another recording--and never had another musical job (!) --until he came to the Folkways studios in New York with Memphis Slim* and Arbee Stidham.

*From whom he became alienated during that single recording session.

The disappointments of vanished fame and the memories of a hard, unrewarded life have left their marks on Jazz Gillum, who gives the immediate impression of being a very suspicious, bitter man. Yet sometimes for a brief moment, during conversation, a crack will appear in the hard shell. A memory of the church days will bring contradiction to his manner, a glimpse of the poet who might have written Key to the Highway will glimmer through the harsh exterior.

"Some people think you live like a snake and die like a worm", observes Gillum, "But I think that there is somebody up there" (pointing skyward with his index finger) "who is my friend--the only friend I've got in the world.

"A long time ago I did have a friend who was a friend. This girl--she was a friend but not, like you say, a girl friend--this girl would do anything for me--and I'd do anything for her or her family. She'd give me anything I needed ('Just take it!' she'd say) and I'd give her anything I had.

"I didn't have a phone in those days" (as he doesn't have one now) "and she'd moved and I didn't know where she lived now. Well, Pearl (her name was Pearl Ellis--I'll never forget her)--

she had to go to the hospital. They tried to get her to eat only certain things, but she said she'd eaten corn bread, turnip greens and ham hocks all her life and she was gonna eat them 'til she died.

"So Pearl wouldn't eat any of the special hospital food they said was good for her, and after a while she died.

"The day she died she called a friend of mine to her. She told him to go right out and find me.

"Tell Jazz to come right away!"

"Well, I didn't have a phone, and maybe I was out when he came by, and maybe he didn't come by--he didn't realize how sick she was--but he didn't see me for three or four days, and I never did get the message 'til after she was dead and buried. I never did find out what she wanted to say to me or see me about.

"When my friend did give me the message he didn't know that Pearl had died--he didn't know how sick she was. We figured she was back home by now, but he didn't know where she had moved either. So I started out to look for her, but nobody could tell me where she lived now. The closest I ever did get was when a man pointed to a street about a block away and said, 'She lives over there.' But he didn't know the number and I never did find her."

But one night when he'd been out playing with the boys, his eyes started to close as he was driving home and he pulled over to the side of the road for a nap. When he looked out of the window, he saw two people approaching him along a deserted country road.

"It seemed like I was 'way out on a country road--' way out. I saw her as plain as I see you sitting here!"

"I saw this woman coming toward me, walkin' along the road, with all those things shinin' in her hair. I got out of the car and walked toward them.

"She was standin' there with this tall angel, holdin' her by the hand. This little woman was standin' there--she was no bigger than a child--no higher than that table.

"Her face was turned away, and I leaned forward and looked into her face and said,

"'Pearl?....Is it you, Pearl?'"
"Yes, Baby--yes it is," she answered.
"What are you doin' 'way out here, Pearl?'" I asked her.
"I don't know, Baby," she said. 'I don't know.'
"Is there anything I can do to help you, Pearl?'" I asked.

"I reached my hand in my pocket to give her a dollar and then all of a sudden she wasn't there any more.

"It was a long time after that I found she was dead."

Glimpses of a happier, more positive Jazz Gillum appear unexpectedly now and again. His intense love of life bursts forth in the rhythmic dances with which he sometimes listens to music, or which he often intersperses between choruses when playing himself. At such times he is apt to cry. "Most people do what

they can do; I do what I want to do!" chuckling the while.

In another moment he is apt to revert to the sad mood and say, "When you get kinda blue and disgusted, you can't get the harp tuned up--kinda' like nuthin' goes right." Or, explaining why he drops the discussion of certain topics, "I don't say anything and get full of tears. I've had too many tears!"

But then, without warning, he will once again strike the positive vein, making plans for the future--explaining in detail, for example, what he plans to do in his next Folkways albums.

First, he plans an album of church songs--reaching back into his childhood memories for some of the older tunes he used to play and sing in Mississippi. After that album has been released, he plans to do an album of folk songs.

He talked at some length, however, about the difficulties any highly individual (and strong minded) artist encounters in finding side men suitable either for regular or recorded performance.

"They want to do it their way, but it's my song and I know how I want it--after all, it's my song! But you tell them, 'This is the way I want it', and they'll say 'OK' and start WHAMATY-BAMBAM--just the way they want to do it --too fast and all that.

"It's like if you said,

'THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD I SHALL NOT WANT' as fast as you could.

"Sure, all the words are there, but it don't make any sense. "But if you say,

'THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD
'AND I SHALL NOT WANT'--to give the feeling--the meaning it has--it makes sense."

Then he sang Back Water Blues so expressively, unaccompanied, and gave harmonica demonstrations of the differences between train sounds and just plain "lonesome" sounds that were so eloquent that we suggested his doing an album by himself, with no side men who might change his mood or thwart his purpose. But Jazz Gillum, characteristically, found a number of things wrong with that idea too.

But he will do other albums that will include musical and spoken reminiscences from a life of mixed memories. They will be marked by the individual style of a blues performer who has, with his sometimes harsh, sometimes poetic style --with its expressive delayed beat and strong rhythm, and its bitterness tinged with nostalgia--left his mark on America.

TEXTS OF JAZZ GILLUM RECORDINGS

SIDE I, Band 1:

THE RACE OF THE JIM LEE AND THE KATY ADAM.

Gillum, vocal & harmonica
Memphis Slim, elec. organ

Oh, well, the Jim Lee and the Katy-A(2)
Oh, well the two boats had a race, (2)
And the Katy throwed the water,
All in the Jim Lee's face.

Now big Katie Adam left Memphis
Just about five o'clock,
Big Katy Adam had left Memphis,
It was just about five o'clock,
And when she got down to Helena
Oh well uh, she stopped at Eagle
Rock.

I'm gonna ride Katy Adam,
I'm gonna ride her until she stops,
(Ooh well) I'm gonna ride her until
she stops,
I ain't gonna lay around here
(Oh well, well) An' be no stumblin'
block.

SIDE I, Band 2:

A SMALL TOWN THEY CALL BESSEMER

Gillum, vocal & harmonica
Memphis Slim, elec. organ

Man,
Don't mess with me
'Cause I'm all shook up!
You don't know me!
You know I'd rather be
In a pistol poppin'
Than to be in a molasses soppin'!
(Play some blues for me!)

A small town they call Bessemer,
'Way down in Alabama
A small town they call Bessemer,
'Way down in Alabama
It ain't no great big city--
Only twelve miles from Birmingham.

Oh well, me and my buddy,
And they call him Buddy Sam--
Oh well, me and my buddy,
And they call him Buddy Sam,
He used to live in Bessemer,
Well, well they moved to
Birmingham.
The next woman I get
She's gotta treat me like a lamb--
The next woman I get
She's gotta treat me like a lamb,
Because I may get mean and evil,
And I'll go back to Birmingham.

SIDE I, Band 3:

WALKIN' THE BLUES AWAY

Gillum, vocal & harmonica;
Memphis Slim, Elec. organ.

If I had listened
To what my mamma said,
I'd a'been at home now sleepin'
In a featherbed,

REFRAIN:
That's why I'm walkin'--
Tryin' to walk my blues away;
Yeah, but that's all right,
Well, I will be up some day.

Give me water when I'm thirsty,
Give me liquor when I'm dry,
Sweet woman to love me,
Give me heaven when I die;

(REFRAIN)

Keep on walkin',
Tryin' to walk my blues away;
Yay, but that's all right,
I will be up some day.

It ain't but one thing
That's ever grieved my mind--
When I left my babe
Standin' at the depot cryin'

(REFRAIN)

I kept on walkin'
Tryin' to walk my blues away;

Yay, but that's all right,
I will be up one day.

Now, I walks by myself,
An' I sleeps by myself--
On account a' the woman I love,
She's lovin' someone else;
I keep on walkin',
Tryin' to walk my blues away;
Yay, but that's all right,
I will be up some day.

SIDE I, Band 4:

MY LAST LETTER

Gillum, vocal & harmonica
Memphis Slim, piano.

I named you my Baby,
Everybody call you Baby too,
I named you my Baby,
Everybody call you Baby too,
I'm writing you this letter, (oh),
Because I'd like to hear from you.
We have been in love
Ev'ry since that we were kids.--
We have been in love
Ev'ry since that we were kids;
Why try to keep it a secret?
There's no need to keep it hid.
Because you is my Baby
(Oh well) 'An I'm your Baby too,
Oh well you'se my Baby,
An' I'm your Baby too;
I'm writin' you this letter, oh,
I'm now askin' you,
Baby, how is you?
Oh, well, bye bye, Baby,
This is my last bye-bye to you--
Oh, well, bye bye, Baby,
This is my last bye-bye to you;
This is my last letter, oh,
Well, now you know that I'm through.

SIDE I, Band 5:

KEY TO THE HIGHWAY

Gillum, vocal & harmonica.
Memphis Slim, piano.

I got the key to the highway,
Billed out an' bound to go;
I'm gonna leave here runnin',
Because walkin' is most too slow.
I'm goin' back to the border,
Honey, where I'm better known,
Because you haven't done nuthin'
But drove a good man away from home.
Gimme one more kiss, Mamma,
Jest before I go,
'Cause when I'm leavin' here,
I won't be back no more,
When the moon
Creep over the mountain,
Honey, I'll be on my way--
I'm gonna walk this highway
Until the break of day.
Well, (it's) so long,
So long, baby,
I must say goodbye,
I'm gonna roam this highway,
Until the day I die.

SIDE I, Band 6: HARMONICA BOOGIE

Gillum, harmonica;
Memphis Slim, piano.

SIDE II, Band 1:

I WONDER WHY

Stidham, vocal & guitar;
Memphis Slim, elec. organ;
Gillum, harmonica.

I wonder why,
Baby, you're so mean to me--

I wonder why,
Baby, you're so mean to me;
If I done you wrong,
I hope that you'll forgive poor me.
Just tell me, baby
What in the world I've done wrong--
(Oh) Just tell me, baby,
What in the world I've done wrong--
Sayin' it's no matter how hard I try,
Seems we just can't get along.
You know I love you, baby,
More than words can say--
(Yes) You know I love you, baby,
(I mean) More than words could ever say;
I guess I'll keep on lovin' you
Until my dyin' day.

SIDE II, Band 2:

YOU'VE GOT TO REAP JUST WHAT YOU SOW
(STIDHAM)

Stidham, guitar & voice;
Memphis Slim, elec. organ;
Gillum, harmonica.

There's somethin', baby,
I want you to know
Yes, you've got to reap, mamma,
Just what you sow--
Yeah, you got to reap it
Just what, just what you sow.

I gave you my money
All the summer and all the fall
Then let you spend Christmas
In my overall
Yes, you've got to reap, baby,
Just what, just what you sow.

When I had you, baby,
Had your diamonds on;
Now that I quit you, mamma,
You got them on an' gone;
Yeah, you got to reap, baby,
Just what, just what you sow.

You been goin' around talkin'
'Bout how smart you are--
You got alla' my money, baby,
An' my big, fine car--
But that's all right, baby,
Because you gotta reap, Darling,
Just what you sow.

SIDE II, Band 3:

LET IT BE ME (STIDHAM)

Stidham, vocal & guitar;
Memphis Slim, elec. organ;
Gillum, harmonica.

I know you're getting someone new
to love,
Someone to make me feel hot and good
And I'm begging you, Darling,
And pleading, please, please,
Let it be me.
I will treat you like a queen,
There will be no more misery--
(Ah) If you're gonna take another
chance on love,
Darling, please let it be me.

I would always be true to you,
In each and every way,
I would love, hug, kiss and pet you,
Drive all your blues and troubles
away.
And, Darling, please, please don't
pass me by,
Darling, please open your eyes and see,
Because if you're wantin' love and
affection,
Darling, please, let it be me.
Darling, please don't pass me by,
Darling, please open your eyes and
see,
If you're wanting love and affection,
Darling, please let it be me.

SIDE II, Band 4:

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU

Many many long years ago
Just you said goodbye, darling, you're
through
But I try to hard to forget
But it seems I always remember you

So many nights I sit alone, dear
Alone, worried and blue
You make me regret the day I was
born, darling,
And you make me regret the day I met
you

You made me forget how old are my
clothes
Even forgotten what was two and two
I almost forgot how to write my
name darling
But I still remember you

I looked and searched the year dear
I find daily no one I can love like
you
I have you always on my mind
I guess I'll always remember you.

SIDE II, Band 5:

YOU'VE GOT TO MEET ME HALF-WAY

(Stidham & Memphis Slim)

Come over here and sit down baby
Daddy wants to talk to you
There's some of these changes made
Here's what we are going to do.

I don't want to spend a dollar of my
money
Because it don't make sense
From now on if I buy the groceries
You have to pay the rent.

You've got to meet me half-way,
You've got to meet me half-way,
I'll see where you want to stay.

Now you work every day
Just like I do
But every time I turn around
It's "Daddy I want some money."

I say I'll pay all the bills
Buy food and clothing
Now you know what happens to my
money
But I never know what happens to
yours.

You've got to meet me half-way
You've got to meet me half-way
You've got to meet me half-way
Regardless where you want to stay

Now you better listen to me babe
This is all I got to say
If you want to live in this house
You've got to meet me half way.

Now if I want to go downtown
To buy a hat and shoes
If they cost more than four dollars
You got to get two of the two.

You've got to meet me half-way,
You've got to meet me half-way,
You've got to meet me half-way,
In this house if you want to stay.

SIDE II, Band 6:

GILLUM BLUES (Instrumental)

Jazz Gillum: Harmonica
Arbee Stidham: Guitar
Memphis Slim: Piano