SONNY TERRY  J. C. BURRIS  STICKS McGHEE

ON THE ROAD

harmonica, bones and guitar

Wail On
Better Let it Go
Poor Man and Good Man Blues
Body Slaps
Bones Solo
Wine Blues

My Baby's Leaving
Easy Rider
Whooping and Hollering Blues
Jail House Blues
I've Been a Long, Long Ways
Boys in My Room
Keep on Dogging Me
Pete's Jump

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2369
ON THE ROAD
Sonny Terry · J.C. Burris · 'Sticks' McGhee

SIDE I, Band 1: MY BABY LEAVING

Words & Music by Sonny Terry

Well, that train is leaving, and my baby gotta go,
Well, that train is leaving, and my baby gotta go,
Well, her mother is sick, and her daddy's very low.

Well, I watched that train, til it went around the bend,
Well, I watched that train, til it went around the bend,
Well, I say I would never, see my baby's face again.

Well, that old dirty fireman, and that cruel engineer,
Well, that old dirty fireman, and that cruel engineer,
Well, that old dirty conductor, waved that train from here.

Every time I hear that whistle, Lord, I just can't help from crying,
Every time I hear that whistle, Lord, I just can't help from crying,
Well, that old dirty train, got that little gal I call mine.

(Old train going way around the bend, you know.
Old whistle blows lonesome way back at you like this, you know.)

Yes, I could holler, just like a mountain jack,
Lord, if I could holler, just like a mountain jack,
I'd go way up on that mountain, call my loving baby back.

I'll call her back, I'll call her back, I'll call her back.

SIDE I, Band 2: YOU KEEP ON DOGGING ME

Words & Music by Sonny Terry

Dang, I on-ly want you near,
There's no sweet-er lit-tle voice to hear.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 2369
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**SIDE I, Band 2: WHOOPING AND HOLLERING**

Darlin', I only want you near,
Your soft, sweet a little voice to hear;
Babe, I only want to know you're there,
Those eyes won't seem to all the way stare.

Oh, you keep on dogging me,
Keep on dogging me,
You keep on dogging me,
Keep on dogging me,
Just a keep on doggin' a poor, poor boy around.

Never do I want you to feel so blue,
Cause you know baby, that I will be true;

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**SIDE I, Band 3: JAIL HOUSE BLUES**

Slow blues

How the Pearl-y Gates have o-pen
for me at last,

Be more care-ful in the fu-ture
than I have been in the past.

Know the life of a racketeer!

Know the life of a crook,

Know the life of a no-good woman,

Blow the light from a pole.

Till I got you,— God nev-er doubt a friend—

— Well, now I'm free at last, Won't nev-er let them take me a-quin—


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"Only want you to have my heart,
Then you'll know its yours, each and every part.

(Chorus)

Now I don't want you to feel forsaken,
Now if you do baby you'll feel mistaken;
Take what little I have to give,
Then I'll know you'll be happy as long as you live.

(Chorus)

I only want to share with you,
Your fears, joys, and troubles too;
I only want to feel you're near,
Then softly tempt you with my fingertip."
Now the prison gate have opened, for me at last,
Be more careful in the future, than I have been in the past,
Know the life of a racketeer, know the life of a crook,
Know the life of a no-good woman, like a title's open book,
Now the jail house got me, put down here without a friend.
Well now I'm free at last, won't never let them take me again.

Had a girl one time, wouldn't work or steal,
Broad came right out of Mississippi cotton fields,
She wouldn't steal, But she'd get you busted, wouldn't get you out.

(CHORUS)
Come down to your jail, think you're all rich,
Not to go your bail, see how much time you're gonna get.

When the judge sentence you, mighty near a smile,
Know you'll be gone, for a long, long while.

(CHORUS)
After you're up the river, bout a month or more,
You receive a letter, from that gal youse know,
Bout three feet wide, nine pages long,
Whole lot of talking, bout what's going on.

(CHORUS)
The letter said, daddy, the things I hear,
Have gotten mighty tight,
I had to rob two guys,
Before I could eat last night.

Meant to send you some money,
Felt a mild surprise,
I had already sealed your letter,
One love more had died.

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Come down to your jail, think you're all rich,
Not to go your bail, see how much time you're gonna get.

I've been a long, long way, long, long way,
By myself, by myself, oh Lord!
My baby she done left me—caught that train and gone.

I've been a long, long way, long, long way,
By myself, by myself so long,
My baby she's done left me, cause that train is gone.

Well, I know I can go, know I can go,
Just as far, just as far as I can see,
Well, that man has my woman, blues sure has poor me.

Well, I know I can go, know I can go,
Just as far, just as far as I can see,
Well, that man has my woman, blues sure has poor me.

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SIDE I, Band 4: I'VE BEEN A LONG, LONG WAYS
Words & Music by Sonny Terry, J.C.
Burris, Sticks McGhee

SIDE I, Band 5: EASY RIDER
Words & Music adapted and arranged by Sonny Terry
Easy rider, now what you done done,
Easy rider, now what you done done,
Made me love you, now your man done come,
I'm singing hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

If I was a catfish, swimming in the deep blue sea,
If I was a catfish, swimming in the deep blue sea,
I have all them pretty women, diving in there after me,
Singing, hey, etc.

If you catch me stealing, please don't tell on me,
Catch me stealing, please don't tell on me,
Stealing for my rider, back to my used to be.
Singing hey, etc.

Easy rider, now what you done done,
Make me love you baby, now your man come home,
Make me love you, now your man done come,
Singing hey, etc.

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Music by J. C. Burris
and Sonny Terry

SIDE I, Band 6 JUMP FOR TWO HARMONICAS AND BONES

SIDE I, Band 7 BONES BLUES

Music by J. C. Burris
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SIDE II, Band 1 PETE'S JUMP
(Dedicated to Pete Seeger)

Music by Sonny Terry, J.C. Burris, Stick McGhee

Slow Harmonica
Voices (falsetto)
I'll tell y'all about this song. Sticks McGhee on the guitar. My nephew J.C. Burris on the harmonica. We all gotta do this thing awhile, now. You know. ...I hear you, Sticks. Give 'em a little of that boogie, how you do it down there.

SIDE II, Band 2

**Drink of Wine, Mop Mop**

Words & Music by Sticks McGhee

Down in New Orleans where ev'rything's fine,
Drink-in' that mess is their delight.

All of them cats a-dancin', drinkin' that wine, Drink-in' that mess is when they get drunk start fightin' all night, Knockin' on windows and their delight.

When I get drunk start singin' all night I drinka

wine, spoo-dee-o-dee, drinka, wine, spoo-dee-o-dee, drinka.
Down in New Orleans town, everything's just fine, all the cats a drinking that wine,
Drinking that mess is their delight, when they get drunk start singing all night.
A drink of wine, spo-dee-oo-dee, drink of wine (mop, mop,
A drink of wine, spo-dee-oo-dee, drink of wine (mop, mop) Pass that bottle to me.
Drinking that mess is their delight, when they get drunk start fighting all night,
Knocking down windows and tearing down doors, drinking half-gallons and calling for more.

CHORUS:
(mop, mop, mop) Elderberry, (mop, mop, mop) Port or Sherry;
(mop, mop, mop) Blackberry, (mop, mop, mop) Sweet Lucy,
(mop, mop, mop) Oh, boy, pass that bottle to me.

Well, now, I woke up this mornin', I was all alone,
I got a message that my baby gone home; got weak in my knees, heart skipped a beat.
Tell by that just what she's doin' to me, I started whal-in' an' sail-in' an' mov-in' down that...
Sail on.
I woke up this morning, I was all alone.
I got that message that my baby gone home,
Got weak my knees, heart skipped a beat,
Tell by that what she's doing to me.

I started wailing and sailing, and moving down
down that line,
I'm going to keep on wailing until I find that
gal of mine.

Well, now, Richmond Virginia, was the next in line,
Braked to a stop to see that gal of mine,
Over the hollows, up on the hill,
I found out I had to roll some still.

Well, now, over hills and hollows, down to
Tennessee,
I found out she was waiting there for me,
I got there, my trouble didn't end,
My gal had gone, she had left with my best friend.

Well, now, Washington I made a stop
I was tired, and the car was hot,
Got so hungry, boys, I could not eat,
Thinking how far it was to Tennessee.

Well, now, over hills and hollows, down to
Tennessee,
I found out she was waiting there for me,
I got there, my trouble didn't end,
My gal had gone, she had left with my best friend.

Well, now, jumped on the Turnpike, paid my toll,
Tell by that, boy, I really got to roll,
Cars was passing on the left and right,
Tell by that I'm going to have her tonight.

(Chorus)

Well, now, Richmond Virginia, was the next in line,
Braked to a stop to see that gal of mine,
Over the hollows, up on the hill,
I found out I had to roll some still.

(Chorus)

Well, now, Richmond Virginia, was the next in line,
Braked to a stop to see that gal of mine,
Over the hollows, up on the hill,
I found out I had to roll some still.

Well, now, over hills and hollows, down to
Tennessee,
I found out she was waiting there for me,
I got there, my trouble didn't end,
My gal had gone, she had left with my best friend.

(Chorus)
Lord, I woke up this morning, well, the blues all around my bed,
Oh, I woke up this morning, well, the blues all around my bed;
Well, you know I went to eat my breakfast, all I found was the same thing in my bed.
Lord, you know she left me this morning, Lord when that old clock was striking four,
Well, you know she left me this morning, Lord when my old clock was striking four,
Oh, Lord, you know when a pretty woman walk out,

I help you, baby, you come help yourself.
Now you're on your feet, loving someone else.
I'm a poor man, but a good man, been treated wrong.
I walked down to the station, I looked up on the wall,
My money was too light, I didn't go nowhere at all.

(CHORUS)
I'm a poor man, but a good man, been treated wrong.
I'm a poor man, but a good man, ain't got no home.
I'm a poor man, but a good man, no love of my own.

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