

One Room Country Shack

Buddy Guy

Sittin' here a thousand miles from nowhere
People, I'm in my one room country little shack
I'm sittin' here a thousand miles from nowhere
People, I'm in my own own one room country little shack All my worries and companion
Is an old is an old 'leven foot cotton sack I'm wanna leave oh early in the mornin'
People because I'm 'bout to go out on my mind
I'm gonna leave you early in the mornin'
People because, just because I'm 'bout to go out on my mind I'm gonna find me some kind of
good woman
Even if she's dumb, deaf, crippled or blind
Play your piano
Yeah, yeah
Lord you make me feel so good this morning, do it again
Have mercy, have mercy on me, have mercy on me
Alright
Yes, yes, yes
Oh Lord have mercy You don't know
You don't know how how I feel Lord have mercy down in this cotton field You don't know
People, people you don't know how I feel Have mercy in this cotton field I know you're out there
havin' a good time
Why don't you, why don't you make connection with me and give me some good deal Let me
have a little bit of Otis Spann please
So many ways
So many ways you can get the blues
So many ways
So so many ways you can get the blues Yes, when you're down here on one of these cottonfields
Lord, you ain't got nothing to lose.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>