

# B.B. King, Backwater Blues

It rained five days  
The sky has turned black as night  
Oh, it rained five days  
And the sky has turned black as night  
And there's trouble takin' place  
Way down in the lowlands tonight  
I woke up this mornin'  
And I couldn't get out of my front door  
I woke up this mornin'  
And I couldn't get out of my front door  
It was so much trouble  
Make a poor man wonder where he wanna go  
They rowed a little boat  
About five miles