

Robert Johnson, Traveling Riverside Blues

If your man get personal, want you to have your fun
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Just come on back to Friars Point, mama, and barrelhouse all night long
I got womens in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee
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But my Friars Point rider, now, hops all over me
I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth crowned with gold
I ain't gon' to state no color, but her front teeth is crowned with gold
She got a mortgage on my body, now, and a lien on my soul
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side
We can still barrelhouse baby, on the riverside
Now you can squeeze my lemon 'til the juice run down my...
(spoken) 'til the juice run down my leg, baby, you know what I'm talkin'
You can squeeze my lemon 'til the juice run down my leg
(spoken) That's what I'm talkin' 'bout, now
But I'm goin' back to Friars Point, if I be rockin' to my head