

Milk Cow Blues

“Sleepy” John Estes (1930)

Now I asked sweet mama, let me be her kid
She says I might get buggy, like to keep it hid
Well, she looked at me, she begin to smile
Says I thought I would use you for my man a while
But you just don't let my husband catch you there
Now, just don't let my husband catch you there

Now, went upstairs to pack my leaving trunk
I never saw no whiskey, the blues done made me sloppy drunk
Say, I never saw no whiskey, blues done made me sloppy drunk
Now, I never saw no whiskey, but the blues done made me sloppy drunk

Now some say they dream, some said it was a disease
But it's the slow consumption, killing you by degrees
Lord, it's the slow consumption, killing you by degrees
Now, it's a slow consumption, and it's killing you by degrees

C, C
C, C
F, F, C, C
G, G, C, C