

## Mobile Line

Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band (1963) from Hull/Reed (1927)

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

### **Intro: washboard, whistle, guitar**

Did you ever take a trip, baby on the Mobile line  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the Mobile line  
It's the road to ride to ease your troubling mind

Well I got a letter, this is the way it read  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the way it read  
Come home, come home, the girl you love is dead

So I packed up my suitcase, bundled up my clothes  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the bundle of clothes  
When I got there she was lying on the cooling board

### **Harmonica solo**

Now they took my baby honey to that burying ground  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the burying ground  
And you oughta heard me holler when they lay her down

Hello babe, gonna, babe, gonna stop by France  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout stop by France  
Gonna stop by France just to give them women a chance

Now when I die, don't bury your daddy at all  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the bury at all  
Just pickle daddy's bones, baby in alcohol

### **Harmonica solo**

Now when I die, put your daddy's picture in a frame  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the picture in a frame  
So when he's gone you can see him just the same

Hello heaven, daddy wants to use the telephone  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the use the telephone  
So he can talk to his daddy any time when he's gone

*Original version:*

Have you ever took a trip, babe on the Mobile Line  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the Mobile line  
That's the road to ride, baby, ease your troubling mind

Well I got a letter, baby this is the way it read  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the way it read  
Come home, come home, baby, girl you love is dead

Well I packed up my suitcase, bundled up my clothes  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the bundle up the clothes  
When I got there she was laying [sic] on the cooling board

Now they took my baby honey to that burying ground  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the burying ground  
And you oughta heard me holler when they lay her down

Well they took my baby honey to that burying ground  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the burying ground  
You oughta heard me hollering when they laid her down

Well they took my baby honey to that burying ground  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the burying ground  
You oughta heard me hollering when they laid her down

Well there's two black horses standing on the burying ground  
Well I turned around *those horses* run on down

When you go to heaven, gonna, babe, gonna stop by France  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout stop by France  
Gonna stop by there just to give these girls a chance

Baby when I die, don't bury daddy at all  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout bury daddy at all  
Well pickle daddy's bones, baby in alcohol

Well the boat's up the river, baby and she won't come down  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout she won't come down  
Well I believe to my soul that the boat is water bound

Baby when I die, put daddy's picture in a frame  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout in a frame  
So when daddy's gone you can see him just the same

Hello heaven, daddy wants to use your telephone  
Hey lordy mama mama, hey lordy papa papa hollerin' 'bout the telephone  
So he can talk to his daddy any time when he's gone