

Snitchin' Gambler Blues

Memphis Jug Band (1928)

Banjolin intro (12-bar blues)

People in this town, Lord, they ain't no friend to you
Oh, they'll do you a favor, go around and tell lies about you

If I only had me a brick house of my own
I wouldn't allow snitchin' and gamblin' people around my home

I hate a snitcher, yes and the good Lord hates the sin
If they ever give me any trouble, soon be on my way to the pen

If I only had me a shelter of my own
I wouldn't allow snitchin' and gamblin' people around my home

Now it's eighteen hundred, and it's ninety-one
That's when the snitchin' work, people, Lord, had just begun

Now it's eighteen hundred, and it's ninety-two
The snitchers in this town, Lord, it just won't do

Now it's eighteen hundred, and it's ninety-three
I got arrested off of Beale Street

I went 'fore the judge, I said judge, what is my fine?
A hundred dollar fine, and do eleven twenty-nine

Now look-a-here, judge, can't you hold up off of that fine?
He said, go ahead on, boy, that ain't no great long time

Oh, don't I hate a snitcher, yes and the good Lord hates the sin

Now it's eighteen hundred, and it's ninety-four
The white people rolled me in the workhouse door

It's eighteen hundred, and it's ninety-five
These people in this down don't do nothing but tell dirty lies

Now it's eighteen hundred, and it's ninety-six
That's when the snitchers got all-all their little snitching work fixed

It's nineteen-hundred, and it's twenty-seven
They snitch so bad they're trying to snitch their way into heaven

It's nineteen-hundred, and it's twenty-eight
I left the snitchers standing at the workhouse gate

It's nineteen-hundred, and it's twenty-nine
I left all the snitching people way behind

Oh, don't I hate a snitcher, yes and the good Lord hates the sin

verse:
E, E7
A, Am

chorus:
B7, B7
E-A, E