

TWO NINETEEN BLUES

Words and Music by
Bob Gibson

Go-in' down to the riv-er gon-na take a-long my rock-in' chair— An' if the
blues don't get me gon-na rock Gon-na rock a-way— from
here I'm gon-na lay my head down on some lone-some rail-road line An' let the
two nine-teen come a-long It's gon-na pac-i-fy my mind— I keep
mov-in' on down that rail-road line I got a heav-y load— I got a
wor-ried mind— Try'n'-ta find a place to set-tle down—
Well now there's just one thing that I'd like to know an' that's where in the hell— can a
poor man go when he's ti-red of mov-in' a-round from town to town—
Well they ar-rest-ed me in a town down south, I had emp-ty pock-ets, I was
down in the mouth— They locked me up an' threw a-way the key
I had worm-y food an' a dir-ty cell, so I hit that guard an' I
run like hell Sher-iff he's still ask-in' 'round a-bout me— Go-in'

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