

Turpentine Blues

Woe is me, Woe is me
Going From Tree To Tree
Troubled Mind, in the hot sunshine
Working this turpentine

Hole in my pockets
Holes in my shoes
Got them working this turpentine blues

Boss Man, Boss Man
Have a Good Heart
Don't shorten my pay
Cause my skin is dark
Boss Man, Boss Man
Get my pay right
Gonna go juckeing
This Saturday night

Ain't Got no house
Just a little ole shack
But that's how it is when your face is black
Got a little woman waitin in the shack
Come sun down she's gonna wash my back

Eat blackeyed peas and cornbread too
Done run outa bacon
Done run outa stew
Woe is me, it'll have to do
Got them workin this turpentine blues

Woe is me
Got trouble and strife
Been workin this turpentine all my life
Ain't got no money
Ain't nowhere to go
Workin this turpentines all I know

Set on a log sharpen my hack
Pain in my neck pain in my back
Boss man, Boss man
I ain't too bright
Cause I can't read and I can't write

Holes in my pockets
Holes in my shoes
Got them workin this turpentine blues

**For Doctor Laurie Sumner
Valdosta State University
Written by: W. C. (Dub) Tomlinson 2003**