

Robert Johnson (1911-37), *Cross Roads Blues*, take 1 (recorded 1936)

I went to the crossroads, fell down on my knees.
I went to the crossroads, fell down on my knees.
Asked the Lord above, "Have mercy, now save poor Bob if you please."

Yeoo, standin' at the crossroads, tried to flag a ride.
Ooo eee, I tried to flag a ride.
Didn't nobody seem to know me, babe, everybody passed me by.

Standin' at the crossroads, baby, risin' sun goin' down,
Standin' at the crossroads, baby, eee, ee, risin' sun goin' down,
I believe to my soul, now, poor Bob is sinkin' down.

You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown
That I got the crossroads blues this mornin', Lord, babe, I'm sinkin' down.

And I went to the crossroads, mama, I looked east and west
I went to the crossroads, baby, I looked east and west,
Lord, I didn't have no sweet woman, ooh well, babe, in my distress.