

Mobile Line

Papa Harvey Hull - 1927

(Jim Kweskin - 1963)

(Also known as: Hey! Lawdy Mama or The France Blues)

Acoustic Guitar
C harp
Stomp box
Tambourine

G	G	G	G7	
C	C	C	G	G
D7	D7	G	G	

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

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

Well I packed my suitcase, bundled up my clothes
Hey lawdy mama mama, hey lawdy papa papa,
hollerin' 'bout bundlin' up the clothes
When I got there she was laying on a cooling board

Well I took my baby, honey, to the burying ground
Hey lawdy mama mama, hey lawdy papa papa, hollerin' 'bout the buryin' ground
You oughta heard me hollerin' when they let her down

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

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

Well the boat's up the river, babe, and she won't come down
Hey lawdy mama mama, hey lawdy papa papa,
hollerin' 'bout she won't come down
Well I b'lieve to my soul, babe, this boat is water bound

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

Hello heaven, daddy want to use your telephone
Hey lawdy mama mama, hey lawdy papa papa, hollerin' 'bout the telephone
So he can talk to his daddy anytime when he is gone