

RAILROAD BLUES

LYRIC BY
HAVEN GILLESPIE &
HOWARD WASHINGTON

MUSIC BY
C. LUCKEYTH ROBERTS

SONG



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HOWARD WASHINGTON
and HAVEN GILLESPIE

RAILROAD BLUES SONG

Music by
C. LUCKEYTH ROBERTS
Edited by Roy Bargo

Slow Drag

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, marked 'Slow Drag'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes. The vocal line enters in the second system with the lyrics 'My lov-in' sweet-ies gone, There is a tie that binds,'. The piano part has a 'VAMP' section marked 'mf' and 'p'. The vocal line continues with 'My lov-in' sweeties gone a - way, Yes, he's gone an' run a - way; Got the blues, got the blues, been a - cry-in' all the whole day through; All I blues, Lawd, the blues, comes from walk-in' in your weary shoes; An' them'. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment, including some chromatic movement in the bass line.

My lov-in' sweet-ies gone,
There is a tie that binds,

My lov-in' sweeties gone a - way, Yes, he's gone an' run a - way; Got the
Them lit-tle rails that wind an' wind, Yes, them rails that wind an' wind; But the

blues, got the blues, been a - cry-in' all the whole day through; All I
blues, Lawd, the blues, comes from walk-in' in your weary shoes; An' them

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want - ed was my kiss - in', but mah ba - by is a miss - in' once a -
ties that is a bind - in' rails is caus - in' me to lose mah lov - in'

gain, On a choo - choo train. Oh! I would - n't feel so bad,
man, Yes, mah lov - in' man. Oh! There is a choo - choo train,

but he was all I ev - er had, He was all I ev - er had. Now he's
that's gon - na fol - low him a - roun', Gon - na fol - low him a - roun'. An' I'm

boun', out of town, but I'm gon - na try to run him down; I was
broke, yes, I'm broke, but I'll hoof it till I run him down; Tho' my

wait-in' for my squeezin' when he started in to tease'n' Rolled a- way, Yes, he rolled a - shoes may go to up - pers, an' my up-pers go to noth-in' I'll be there Yes, I'll be

way there En jine whis-tles blow-in', Ding - dong, now he's go - in'.

CHORUS

I've got the feel-in' bad, — I've got the feel-in' bad, —

— I've got the feel-in' called the Rail-road Blues, He did -n't tell me why, —

— he did-n't say good - bye, — Got ev-ry-thing I had ex-cept my shoes; He

left me flat just where I'm at an' blew, that bird has
flew. Now all I do is think,— can't ev-en sleep a wink,—
— A-think-in' of the things he done for me,— An' ev-'ry night it's cold,
or else I'm get-ting old,— an' all he left me was a mem-o-ry,— Oh!
he was mine till the train pulled in with the blues, them Railroad Blues. Blues.

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