

# Nick Cave, Blind Lemon Jefferson

Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming  
Tap tap tappin with his cane  
Blind Lemon Jefferson is a-coming  
Tap tap tappin with his cane  
His last ditch lies down the road of trials  
Down the road of trials  
Half filled with rain

O Sycamore, Sycamore!  
Stretch your arms across the storm  
Down fly two greasy brother-crows  
They hop'n'bop They hop'n'bop They hop'n'bop  
Like the tax-man come to call  
They go knock knock! Knock knock!  
Hop'n'bop hop'n'bop  
They slap a death-writ on his door

Here come the Judgement train  
Git on board!  
And turn that big black engine home  
O let's roll!  
Let's roll!  
Down the tunnel  
The terrible tunnel of his world  
Waiting at his final station  
Like a bigger blacker third bird  
O let's roll!  
Let's roll!

O his road is dark and lonely  
He don't drive no Cadillac  
O his road is dark and holy  
He don't drive no Cadillac  
If that sky serves as his eyes  
Then that moons a cataract

Let's roll!  
Yeah let's roll!