

# 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  
Half filled with rain.

O Sycamore, Sycamore!  
Stretch your arms across the storm.  
Down fly two greasy brother-crows  
They hop'n'bop hop'n'bop 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 moon's a cataract.

Let's roll!  
Yeah let's roll!

[Ad lib]