

# Robert Johnson, Hellhounds on My Trail

I got to keep moving, I got to keep moving  
Blues falling down like hail, blues falling down like hail  
Mmm, blues falling down like hail, blues falling down like hail  
And the day keeps on remindin' me, there's a hellhound on my trail  
Hellhound on my trail, hellhound on my trail  
If today was Christmas eve, if today was Christmas eve  
And tomorrow was Christmas day  
If today was Christmas eve and tomorrow was Christmas day  
All I would need is my little sweet rider  
Just to pass the time away, to pass the time away  
You sprinkled hot foot powder, mmm, around my door  
All around my door  
You sprinkled hot foot powder, all around your daddy's door  
It keeps me with ramblin' mind rider  
Every old place I go, every old place I go  
I can tell the wind is risin', the leaves tremblin' on the tree  
Tremblin' on the tree  
I can tell the wind is risin', leaves tremblin' on the tree  
All I need is my little sweet woman  
And to keep my company, hey, hey, hey, hey, my company