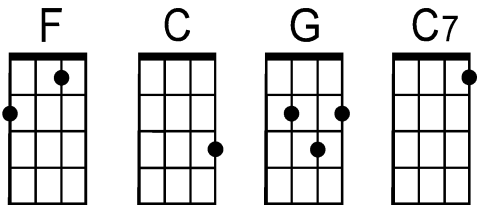


Richland Woman Blues

By Mississippi John Hurt



^F Gimme red lipstick and a bright poppy rouge. ^C A single bob haircut and a shot of good booze. ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}

^F Now, I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet. ^C My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat. ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}

^F I'd like to fashion shop, and get the one looks best. ^C Your only sweet mama, wants a brand new dress. ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}

^F The red rooster said, "Cocka-doodle-do-do." ^C The Richland woman said, "Any dude'll do." ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}

^F Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low. ^C Don't think I'm a sport? Keep on watchin' me go. ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}

^F With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet. ^C Turkey red bloomer, with a rumble seat. ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}

^F Every Sunday mornin', church folk watch me go. ^C My wings sprouted out, the preacher told me so. ^G
^F Hurry down sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn, ^C If you come too late, ^G sweet mama will be gone. ^C ^{C7}