

Cross Road Blues (Take 2)

1. Strophe:

I went to the crossroad, fell down on my knees
I went to the crossroad, fell down on my knees
Asked the Lord above "Have mercy, save poor Bob, if you please"

2. Strophe:

Mmmmm, standin' at the crossroad, I tried [to flag a ride](#)
Standin' at the crossroad, I tried to flag a ride
Didn't nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by

3. Strophe:

Mmmm, the sun goin' down, boy, dark gon' catch me here
Oooo, ooeeee, boy, dark gon' catch me here
I haven't got no lovin' sweet woman that love and feel my care

4. Strophe:

You can run, you can run, tell my friend-boy¹ Willie Brown²
You can run, tell my friend-boy¹ Willie Brown²
Lord, that I'm standin' at the crossroad, babe, I believe I'm sinkin' down

Gitarrensolo nach **3. Strophe:**

Nach Gitarrensolo **1. Strophe:** wiederholen! Dann **4. Strophe:** Schluss mit Gitarre.

Note 1: friend-boy is a dialectic synonym for "boyfriend" when used between men;

Note 2: this could either be the close friend of Son House named Willie Brown with whom he played together when Robert Johnson first began to play, or the younger Willie Brown who did some recordings for the Library of Congress or yet another completely unknown Willie Brown, who knows(?);

Note: did Robert Johnson sell his soul to the devil at the crossroads?. Read about it at [The Mudcat Café](#).

In the [Delta of the Mississippi River](#), where Robert Johnson was born, they said that if an aspiring bluesman waited by the side of a deserted country crossroads in the dark of a moonless night, then Satan himself might come and tune his guitar, sealing a pact for the bluesman's soul and guaranteeing a lifetime of easy money, women, and fame. They said that Robert Johnson must have waited by the crossroads and gotten his guitar fine-tuned.