Ramblin’ Blues (Charlie Poole)

I’ve seen the life of old gay Broadway
Old Market Street down by the ’Frisco Bay
Saw the Prado, I’ve gambled all these parts, in Paris, France
Now the seven wonders of this world I’ve seen
There’s many other different places I have been
Take my advice, folks, we’ve seen where Beale Street
was. It’s in Memphis, Tennessee

Oh, your Nehi mama browns, beautiful gowns
Make tailor-mades and your hand-me-downs
You’ll meet honest men and pickpockets, too
But your business never closes ’till somebody gets killed

Oh, your Nehi mama browns, chittlin’ cafes
Talk about your whiskey and your bygone days
Be not offend. I’ve got it to spend
You’ll find gold enough along to pave the new Jerusalem

If Beale Street could talk, if Beale Street could talk
Married men would have to pick their bed up and walk
All except one or two who never drink booze
And the blind man on the corner who sings the Memphis Blues

I’d rather be here than any place I know
I’d rather be here than any place I know
For it’s gonna take a sergeant for to make me go

Now we see the river, baby, by and by
See the river Mississippi, I’ll tell the reason why
For the river’s wet and Beale Street’s done gone dry, bone dry

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