

Come On In My Kitchen

Robert Johnson

Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm mmm You better come on in my
kitchen, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors
When a woman gets in trouble, everybody throws her down
Lookin' for yo' good friend, none can be found
You better come on in my kitchen, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors Nnn, the woman I love, took
from my best friend
Some joker got lucky, stole her back again
She better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors
(spoken: Mama, can't you hear that wind howl?
Oh how the wind do howl!)
You better come on in my kitchen, baby, it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors
Nnn, the woman that I love, I crave to see
She's up the country, won't write to me
Then, you better come on in my kitchen, goin' to be rainin' outdoors
I went to the mountain, far as my eyes could see
Some other man got my woman, lonesome blues got me
But she better come on in my kitchen, 'cause it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors My mamma dead,
papa well's 1 to be, ain't got nobody to love and care for me
She better come on in my kitchen, 'cause it's goin' to be rainin' outdoors
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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