

## Itching Heels

Fu' de peace o' my eachin' heels, set down;

Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.

Don' you see how dat melody stuhs me up

An' baigs me to tek to de flo'?

You knows I's a Christian, good an' strong;

I wusship f'om June to June;

My pra'ahs dey ah loud an' hymns ah long:

I baig you don' fiddle dat chune.

I's a crick in my back an' a misery hyeah

Whaih de j'int's gittin' ol' an' stiff,

But hit seems lak you brings me de bref o' my youf;

W'y, I's suttain I noticed a w'iff.

Don' fiddle dat chune no mo', my chile,

Don' fiddle dat chune no mo';

I'll git up an' taih up dis groun' fu' a mile,

An' den I'll be chu'ched fu' it, sho'.

Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo', I say,

An' fiddle it loud an' fas':

I's a youngstah ergin in de mi'st o' my sin;

De p'esent's gone back to de pas'.

I'll dance to dat chune, so des fiddle erway;

I knows how de backslidah feels;

So fiddle it on 'twell de break o' de day

Fu' de sake o' my eachin' heels.