



I remember the way it was.  
I remember.  
Not so many of us left now.  
Count em on one hand. Specially my hand.  
Roman Rebus, Old Willy Lowman, the Jones Brothers, Squeaky Joint and Gooseneck, Blind Pete, the Shawcross Brothers.  
Annie Divine, Red Rolly...  
He dead.  
Rolly dead?  
The cancer. Last year.  
Declare.  
Taken some good ones. Taken some heels.  
Ha. Lou Washboard Miller, Hank the Horn, Seven Finger Tucker...  
Thas me.  
Jus sayin. You still with us.  
Yes. For a little while longer. Yourself.  
Well. That white boy, sang like a big bander, deep voice.  
Don' know who you mean.  
Big guy, gassed back hair, white hair almos'. Sang 'Chicken Finger Blues.' Sang 'Write Em Right.'  
'Mississippi Low down Blues.'  
That was Guy Jimmy, dead these sixteen years. Dead of the drink.  
Yes.  
Fucked Big Bill's gal, skinny do nothin.  
Bill shot him, oh yeah. Bill shot him till he was dead.  
Whas his name?  
Don' know.  
You know him.  
Nope.  
Hillbilly somethin'.  
You thinkin a Hillbilly Thomas. Not the same cat. Hillbilly sang with Big Bill, played slide with a thimble. Died a broken man, died in Philly.

Naw.  
I'm tellin you.  
How he die?  
Broken.  
You said that. How?  
Woman took off on him, couden play no more, voice gone. Sat down an died. I'm told.  
Huh. Didden know.  
Yeah.  
So whom I thinkin of?  
Who?  
Big white guy, gassed back hair. Sang 'Write Em Right.' Sang 'The Gal Messed Me Up, She Messed Me Up Good.'  
Don' know that one.  
What?  
That las one. 'The Gal Messed Me Up...'  
You know it.  
Naw.  
'The gal messed me up.  
She messed me up good.  
The gal messed me up.  
She messed me up good.  
Well, that gal messed me up...'  
You know?  
Don' recollect it.  
Tucker. You righteous fool.  
Right, right. You playin? You playin tonight?  
Hah. Where dat be? Newby's? Club 666? They gonna open those doors wide for me. You?  
Got me a gig.  
You don' say.  
Sure. Playin at a church, a white church.  
Yeah.  
Payin. Thas what I know. Wanna resurrect the ol days, they say. Wanna make up for the in-justice. I say, you payin?  
Ha. Yeah, yeah. You need backin? You need somebody?  
Aw, don' need nobody, Mister. You hurtin?  
Naw. Itchin to play is all.  
You got your guitar?  
I get one.  
Sure. Yeah, sure. You come play with me, you come tonight, Mister.  
You sure?  
Sure. Yeah.  
What you know?  
The ol ones, the good tunes.  
You doin 'Silver Dollar?' You doin 'Her Ass Moves I Moan?'  
I ain't doin Her Ass, naw. I do 'Silver Dollar.'  
Good, good.  
You wanna get somethin to eat? You hungry?  
Sure. Where to?  
Mickey's wife always cookin.  
So I hear.  
Haw, haw. You right there.  
White Bobby Hawkins.  
Who dat?  
White Bobby Hawkins. The cat with the hair, the big white guy.  
Not to be confused with Black Bobby Hawkins.  
Thas the guy.  
Sang 'Write Em Right.'  
Yeah.  
He dead.

Naw.  
Yeah, the blood or somethin. Dead long time.  
Huh.

Thought you said Bill shot him?  
Thas some other guy.  
You hungry?  
Yeah, I could eat.  
Wanna go to Mickey's.  
Mickey aint there. Mickey, he's in Cincinnati.  
Yeah.  
Haw, haw.  
Wanna go now.  
Sure. Sure now.