"Red Clay Blues" and "FB Eye Blues"

RICHARD WRIGHT READER

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Harper & Row, Publishers

New York, Hagerstown, San Francisco, London

Copyright acknowledgments appear on pages 883-886.

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Designed by C. Linda Dingler

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Wright, Richard, 1908-1960.

Richard Wright reader.

CONTENTS: Introduction. Nonfiction: Black boy (excerpt) Joe Louis uncovers dynamite. Blueprint for Negro writing. Letters: Richard Wright/Burton Rascoe. Richard Wright/David L. Cohn. Richard Wright/Antonio Frasconi. Review: Wars I have seen by Gertrude Stein. There's always another café. Black power (excerpt) Pagan Spain (excerpt) 12 million black voices. Poetry: I have seen black hands. Between the world and me. Red clay blues. The FB Eye Blues. Haikus.—Fiction: Long black song. Fire and cloud. Lawd today [excerpt] Native son [excerpt] The man who lived underground. The outsider [excerpt] Savage holiday [excerpt] Big black good man. The Long Dream [excerpt]

1. title.

77-76690 PS3545.R815A6 1978 813'.5'2

ISBN 0-06-014737-7

ISBN 0-06-014736-9 pbk.

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Red Clay Blues

I miss that red clay, Lawd, I Need to feel it on my shoes. Says miss that red clay, Lawd, I Need to feel it on my shoes. I want to see Georgia, cause I Got them red clay blues.

Pavement's hard on my feet. I'm Tired o'this concrete street. Pavement's hard on my feet, I'm Tired o'this city street. Goin' back to Georgia where That red clay can't be beat.

I want to tramp in the red mud, Lawd, and Feel the red clay round my toes.
I want to wade in the red mud, Feel that red clay suckin' at my toes.
I want my little farm back and I Don't care where that landlord goes.

I want to be in Georgia, when the Big storms start to blow. Yes I want to be in Georgia when that Big storm starts to blow. I want to see the landlords runnin' cause I Wonder where they gonna go!

I got them red clay blues.

The FB Eye Blues

That old FB eye
Tied a bell to my bed stall
Said old FB eye
Tied a bell to my bed stall
Each time I love my baby, gover'ment knows it all.

Woke up this morning
FB eye under my bed
Said I woke up this morning
FB eye under my bed
Told me all I dreamed last night, every word I said.

Everywhere I look, Lord
I see FB eyes
Said everywhere I look, Lord
I find FB eyes
I'm getting sick and tired of gover'ment spies.

My mama told me
A rotten egg'll never fry
Said my mama told me
A rotten egg'll never fry
And everybody knows a cheating dog'll never thrive.

Got them blues, blues, blues
Them mean old FB eye blues
Said I got them blues, blues, blues
Them dirty FB eye blues
Somebody tell me something, some good news.