

Turpentine Moan

Canned Heat

My baby's gone she running round with some one else
My baby's gone she running round with some one else
She won't come back
I just can't help myself

She left last night just about half past nine
She left late last night just about half past nine
Why'd she leave me,
I just can't keep from crying

Now I'm gonna moan a little bit baby

Well what you gonna do when your troubles get like mine
Well what you gonna do when your troubles they get like mine
You take a mouth full of sugar, drink a bottle of turpentine

(Spoken: oooh I got trouble
Looks like bad luck follow me everywhere I go
Now I want you to remember this)

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