

World of Contradictions

Johnny Winter

I make my living feeling rotten
But I feel good when I play blues
Man, I make my living feeling rotten
But I feel good when I play blues
In this world of contradictions
What can a poor boy do?

Some folks say you can't sing blues
When you're feeling good
I guess when things are lousy
I ought to knock on wood

I make my living feeling rotten
But I feel good when I play blues
In this world of contradictions
Man, what can a poor boy do?

I guess the worst things get
The better they must be
This mixed up way of thinking
Man, is killing me

I make my living feeling rotten
But I feel good when I play blues, yes, I do
In this world of contradictions
What can a poor boy do? Yeah, what can I do? Oh

Well, if I feel a little bit better
I'll probably go broke
It's enough to give a man the blues
And man, that ain't no joke

I make my living feeling rotten
I feel good when I play blues
Well, in this world of contradictions
What can a poor boy do?