

Perpetual Blues Machine

Keb' Mo'

You had style, you had class
you had everything to make a love last
you had grace, you had charm
you had me hanging on your arm
when I found out you were a fake
you rared up and bit me like a snake
and I was ready to let go
and let all my feelings show.

Tell me why you wanna be so cold
why you wanna be so mean
you've gone and let your true colors show
you're a perpetual blues machine.

We could've been just fine
if you'd have only been all mine
'cause I was for real, but you did not know
that you were steppin' on my heart
as you were walking out the door.
But now I know who you are
and it's a damn good thing we didn't get too far
'cause I'm not the one who's right for you.
You need a man to do your rolling
like you want him to do.

Tell me why you wanna be so cold
why you wanna be so mean
you've gone and let your true colors show
you're a perpetual blues machine.

Now you've gone, and I'm glad
that we didn't let it get too bad
you know I tried to make it go
but there was just no way to tell you so.

Tell me why you wanna be so cold
why you wanna be so mean
you've gone and let your true colors show
you're a perpetual blues machine.