

Dyin' Flu

Albert Collins

Well I'm dyin' with the flu, oh, an' I don't know what to do
Well I'm dyin' with the flu, oh, an' I don't know what to do
Well my doctor gave me up, he said, "I can't do no more for you
"

Please call my girlfriend, tell her I'm goin' on home
Yes, please call my girlfriend, tell her I'm goin' on home
Yeah, you tell 'em that flu is chillin', an' I don't want her t
o weep an' moan
Alright

Well it's gettin' dark, ev'rything seem to fade out
Well it's gettin' dark, ev'ything seem to be fadin' out
Well I hate to leave this old world but I found out what dyin'
is all about