

I Hate The Blues

Dead Moon

You know my life would be easy
If people would leave me alone
Stop steppin' on my fingers
That I've been working to the bone
Maybe then I could come back to you
God damn I hate the blues

I've tried to put them in a bottle
Some people put 'em in their arm
Either way they're gonna kill you
Slowly eat away your heart
If only I could stop the thought of you
God damn I hate the blues

I never learned to listen
To the promises I made
I never thought you'd stay away
leaving me to take the blame
I never thought you'd follow through
God damn I hate the blues