

## Mr. Blues

Ernest Tubb

When I come home at night I find him sitting there  
Looking at the paper in my favorite chair  
He's drinking up my coffee wearing my house shoes  
He's the fellow they call Mr Blues  
Since you went away he's been living here with me  
Wish that he'd go home wherever that may be  
I don't mean to be unkind but he's got nothing I can use  
So won't you come on back sweetheart and run off Mr Blues  
Now when I go to bed into my room he creeps  
Repeating all the gossip he's picked up on the street  
All through the night he tells me that things they say you do  
He knows that I still love you and I hate this kind of news  
But since you went away...