

## 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?