

Same Old Blues

Popa Chubby

Morning rain keep on falling
Like the tears that fall from my eyes
And as I sit in my room
Staring out at the gloom
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

I can't help, I can't help but remember
Have the sun that would shine on my back door
Now the sun turned to rain
All my laughter turned to pain
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

Sunlight, lord I can still remember
Used to shine so sweetly on my back door
Now the sun turned to rain
And my laughter turned to pain
No, that's the rain in the same old blues
Just the rain in the same old blues