

Can't Even Get the Blues No More

Reba McEntire

I walk into the kitchen
The silverware is gone
The furniture is missing
I guess you got it all, uh huh

This is where it ought to hurt
Seems like every time you leave me
You try to think of something worse

I can't even get the blues no more
I try to worry like I did before
And nothing happens when I walk the floor
So what am I supposed to do?

I toss and turn but then I fall asleep
I'm going under but it's not too deep
You wanna hurt me but it's just no use
I can't even get the blues

This time ain't no different
The sun up in the sky
Sitting on the back porch
Clouds are rolling by

Oh, this is where it ought to rain
But it doesn't really matter
To me it's all about the same

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