

There's A Million Ways To Sing The Blues

The Features

I hear you whining on the radio
I see you whining on TV
Maybe your mother made you cut the lawn
Maybe she made you eat your greens

There's a million ways to sing the blues
And this ain't one of them
But I guess I'd have to be in your shoes
To really understand, yeah

If I were you I'd probably to get away
Find a quiet place to run
Maybe realize it's just a phase
While you're lying in the sun

There's a million ways to sing the blues
And this ain't one of them
But I guess I'd have to be in your shoes
To really understand, oh

Don't want to hear you cry
Don't want to hear you pout
Don't really want to know
What it's all about

There's a million ways to sing the blues
And this ain't one of them
But I guess I'd have to be in your shoes
To really understand

Na na-na na-na na-na-na-na
Na na-na na-na na-na
Na na-na na-na na-na-na-na
Na na-na na-na na