

## Wo Goddam Blues

The Rubettes

I've been working these fields too darn long  
All my boys are soldiers they've upped and gone  
And my good lady Sapphire she's passed on  
Here I stand with my head gone grey  
From a bull that won't pull and a hen that won't lay  
And that doggon. Dog on the front porch  
I can't teach him no new tricks  
And that doggone log of the guitar  
He won't play me no new licks  
He just goes

Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam I thought you were my friend  
But everytimes I get the blues  
You play that tune again  
Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues, them blues again

I look my guitar to the mangrove swamp  
But he wouldn't play that alligator stromp  
So I threw him in to let those gators chomp  
I turned my head aside to shed a tear  
I'm better off at home than weeping here  
But that dad blame O lordy lordy  
I was shakin' like a leaf  
Three gators wrestling for my guitar  
Caught the strings up in the teeth  
And he went

Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues always me frown  
Cause every time I threw you in you played that same old sound  
Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues again  
Wo goddam blues again