

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