

Blues Trip Me This Morning

Tommy McClennan

Now, the blues grabbed my both legs Sunday mornin'
The chair near throwed me down
The blues grabbed my bootleg this mornin'
A chair near throwed me down
Lord, I wouldn't hate it so bad
But the news ain't good all over town
Now, look-a-here, baby
Yeah, where did you stay last night?
Look-a-here, babe
Where'd you stay last night?
Oh, when you come home
You know you wadn't smellin' just right
I had a blue 'bout that, baby
On one Sunday morn'
I had blues 'bout that, baby
On one Sunday morn'
Lord, I hate to hear my baby
Way in the night when she groans
Look-a-here, mama
I ain't 'on fools wit' you no mo'
'Take yo' time, play your blue right'
Look-a-here, mama
Fool wit' you no mo'
Well, ev'rytime I fool wit' you
You've got to make me love you mo' and mo'
Now, my babe got something
Never told what it is
My baby, she got something
I ain't never told what it is
Ev'ry time that polka, shakes an' shimmy
Lord knows, I can't be still