

# Melancholy Blues

Whiskey Myers

Old guitar is what I choose  
Empty pack of smokes says man sing the blues  
Got your foot out the door and you head to the hole  
Close your eyes you see me no more

Ah see me no more  
Ah see me no more

Down on the corner for a ride  
I drop to my knees when you pass by  
The street is wet and so are my clothes  
Thought you were mine but no one knows

Ah now no one knows  
Ah now no one knows  
Ah now no one knows  
Ah now no one knows

Thinking of you keeps me up all night  
So I went with some friends but it wasn't right  
I wish you were here, so do I  
They ask me about you so I tell them a lie

Oh I tell em lies  
Oh I tell em lies  
Oh I tell em lies  
Oh I tell em lies

So pour me a drink or two or three  
And toss them back till I stop begging please  
You know my stomach hurts and my brain is dead  
Now sleep wont come but I lay in bed

Oh I lay in bed  
Oh I lay in bed  
Oh I lay in bed  
Oh I lay in bed