

## **Waits Tom**

### **"Fumblin' With The Blues"**

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Friday left me fumblin' with the blues  
And it's hard to win when you always lose  
Because the nightspots spend your spirit  
Beat your head against the wall  
Two dead ends and you've still got to choose

You know the bartenders  
They all know my name  
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame  
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my  
head  
When I should be living clean instead

You know the ladies I've been seeing off and on  
Well they spend your love and then they're gone  
You can't be lovin' someone who is savage and cruel  
Take your love and then they leave on out of town  
No they do

Well now fallin' in love is such a breeze  
But its standin' up that's so hard for me  
I wanna squeeze you but I'm scared to death I'd break  
your back  
You know your perfume  
Well it won't let me be

You know the bartenders all know my name  
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame  
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my  
head  
When I should be living clean instead

Come on baby  
Let your love light shine  
Gotta bury me inside of your fire  
Because your eyes are 'nough to blind me  
You're like a-looking at the sun  
You gotta whisper tell me I'm the one  
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one  
Gotta whisper tell me I'm the one  
Come on and whisper tell me I'm the one

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