

## A Beatband

### "Ragdoll Blues"

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Ragdoll blues by A Beatband  
Ragdoll blues  
I got brand new shoes  
I got hotel, hotel  
But I ain't got no place to go

Inside, outside  
Baby take me down  
Spill my name on your sacres ground  
Bring your friends  
Bring 'em 'round  
Make them hear how their life would sound  
With a bad case of Ragdoll Blues

Pour me coffee  
Baby it smells so fine  
It brings me back from crying time  
I got brandy  
I got candy  
I'm a superstar  
Yeah I'm a stumbling right out of my whiskey bar  
With my Ragdoll Blues

Hey, I know momma  
I know I'm wrong  
And life's not to waste  
And death won't be long  
But I got me this picture  
Of the precious taboo  
And they got me convicted Yeah I'm a crying my blues  
I'm a not being sober  
I'm a not being true  
I got hearts  
I got cards  
I got Valentine's Charts  
I got them banging from the street up the sidewalk  
They are hanging from a tree on the junkyard  
They are flying to the stars  
Driving cool cars  
They are stumbling right out of whiskey bars  
with my Ragdoll Blues

It's not your perfume  
It's not your style  
It's the way you drive me out of my head  
You drive me wild  
By looking sober  
By looking clean  
I see you wiggling your ass down on the cool-dude-  
scene  
Oh I got Ragdoll Blues  
Just another bad case of Ragdoll Blues

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