

Clara Smith

"Awful Moanin' Blues"

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I feel bad, always sad
Trouble, trouble's driving me mad
Good old days of long ago
All have gone to come no more
That is why you always hear me hum

Mmmmmmm
Mmmmmmm
How my heart ache, soon it will break
I'm almost through, what can I do
Just to cure these awful moanin' blues

I've got no friend, I can't trust men
Everything's in soak and always broke
There's no place where I can get a loan
Even no place I can call my home
That is why you always hear me moan

Mmmmmmm
Mmmmmmm
How my heart ache, soon it will break
I'm almost through, what will I do, Lord
Just to cure these awful moanin' blues

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