

## Beck Jeff "Blues Deluxe"

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I don't know too much about love, people,  
But I sure think I've got it bad.  
I don't know too much about love, people,  
But I sure think I've got it bad.  
Some people say love is just a gamble.  
But whatever it is, it's about to drive poor me mad.  
I sit here in my lonely room,  
Tears flowing down my eyes.  
As I sit here in my lonely room,  
Tears flowing on down my eyes,  
I wonder how you could treat me so low-down and dirty.  
You know what? Your heart must be made out of iron,  
And it ain't no lie.  
Sometimes, I get so worried, people,  
I could just sit right down and cry.  
Sometimes, I get so worried, people,  
You know I could sit right down and cry.  
Because I don't know too much about love, people,  
But I sure think I've got it bad.

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