

Ernest Tubb

"Mr. Blues"

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When I come home at night
I find him sitting there
Looking at the paper
In my favorite chair

He's drinking up my coffee
Wearing my house shoes
He's the fellow they call Mr. Blues

Since you went away
He's been living here with me
Wish that he'd go home
Wherever that may be

I don't mean to be unkind
But he's got nothing I can use
So won't you come on back, sweetheart
And run off Mr. Blues

Now when I go to bed
Into my room he creeps
Repeating all the gossip
He's picked up on the street

All through the night he tells me
That things they say you do
He knows that I still love you
And I hate this kind of news

But since you went away
He's been living here with me
Wish that he'd go home
Wherever that may be

I don't mean to be unkind
But he's got nothing I can use
So won't you come on back, sweetheart
And run off Mr. Blues

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