

## Jerry Reed "Crude Oil Blues"

Visit "[Crude Oil Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

CRUDE OIL BLUES

Writer Jerry Reed

Well now, listen people let me tell you some news  
I'll sing a song called the crude oil blues  
We're low on heat .n all  
We're low on gas  
And I'm so cold I'm about to freeze  
myself  
We got the crude oil blues  
'Cause the winter time sure gets cold to the bottom of  
my shoes  
Well my hands are shakin' and my knees are weak  
But it ain't because of love  
It's from lack of heat  
I'm gonna tell you a story anout this drunk I know  
He kept his basement full of homemade brew  
But the winter got so bad it screwed up the boy's  
thinkin'  
He got so cold he had to burn all his drinkin'  
He's got the crude oil blues  
He said the wintertime can sure get cold to the bottom  
of your shoes  
He said, burnin' this booze just destroys my soul

But there's one thing about it honey  
When you're cold, you're cold  
I've got the crude oil blues  
Well, when we made this record there was a little bit of  
doubt  
Whether or not the ting was ever gonna come out  
I said, "hey chief, you reckon this record  
will be released?"  
He said, "Son, we ain't got enough oil to  
keep the pressed greased"  
We got the crude oil blues  
And son, if we can't make records then we don't need  
you  
I said, "what am I gonna do if I can't sing  
and pick?"  
He said, "well just keep yourself warm  
playin' all them hot licks

We got the crude oil blues.  
Oh mama , don't forget to bring in the brass monkey  
And remember what Albert Weinstein  
said that coolin' is conducive to  
cuddlin'  
Honey I love ya but pass the duck  
down hey I read a sign on the pump at my  
Favorite gas station the other day  
It said uh, "he who expecteth nothin' ain't  
gonna be deceived.

Visit [Jerry Reed](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.