

John Martyn

"Padlock On The Blues"

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I got a padlock on the blues
And I got the key to open up my mind
Unlock it what's inside me?
I never know just what I'll find
When it comes to my emotions
I got the blues of every kind

People ask, "Why don't you sing the blues
With a voice full of gravel and growl?"
I say, "I got my own style
And when I sing you're gonna hear that howl
I got to go with what I got
And what I got won't let me down"

Sometimes I stop to wonder
What some critics out there would have me do
But beware the green gods of envy
Pay no attention - see it through
That's why I'm depending on you, people
Yes, I mean you and you and you and you

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