

Louis Jordan "Roamin' Blues"

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Left Chicago in the summer, New York in the fall,
Detroit in the winter didn't prove a thing at all
I got those roamin' blues
Yes I got those roamin' blues
Can't find no place to settle
Woo I got those roamin' blues
Joined a club in old Saint Louis, that G.I. free loot club
Stood in line so long man, wore my legs down to a nub
I hit the road again
Yes I hit the road again
Can't find no place to settle
So I hit the road again
I thought I'd made it Jack in good old Albuquerque'
I was on the wrong track, you know they tried to make
me work
- ain't that a killer?
I hit the road right quick
Yes that judge was much too slick
Can't find no place to settle
Woo I hit the road right quick
Then Las Vegas was the next stop, that fast town left
me weak
The dice man made twelve passes and I was up the
well-known creek
Those gamblers put me down
Yes I had to walk right out of town
Mm-mm, that ain't no place to settle
Mmm, I had to walk right out of town
Ah but I hit the greatest town of all, Frantic Frisco
Got me a gal with plenty gold and she just won't let me
go
I think I've found a place
Yes I got my boots all laced
Found me a home, don't have to roam, it's good news,
I've lost those roamin' blues

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