

Popa Chubby "Same Old Blues"

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Mornin' rain keep on falling
Like the tears fallin' from my eyes
As I sit in my room starin' out at the gloom
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

I can't help, I can't help but remember
How the sun, would want to shine on my back door
Now the sun turned to rain, all my laughter turned to
pain
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

Sunlight, Lord, I can still remember
Used to shine so sweetly on my back door
Now the sun turned to rain, all my laughter turned to
pain
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

It's the rain in the same old blues
Just the rain in the same old blues
Woah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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