

Steve Miller "Blues With Out Blame"

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I ask my baby for a nickel
She gave me a twenty dollar bill
I ask her for a drink of whiskey
And she gave me a liquor still

Whoa, yeah yeah yeah
What can a poor boy do
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard
When you have to live the blues

I call my baby on the telephone
She said come on over Stevie I'm all alone
I said I can't get my car started mama

Whoa, yeah
What can a poor boy do
When he has to live the blues

And while my baby's makin' it with my best friend
I know I'm being used, yeah yeah yeah

Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy on me
Lord have mercy
Lord have mercy on me, yeah

I'm tryin' to find my babe
Won't somebody please, yeah yeah
Won't somebody please bring her home to me

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