

Tracy Nelson

"Victim Of The Blues"

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My man left this morning, just about half past four
My man left this morning, just about half past four
He left a not on his pillow, said he couldn't use me no
more

Well I grabbed my pillow, turned over in my bed
Well I grabbed my pillow, turned over in my bed
And I cried about my baby 'til my cheeks turned
cherry red

It's awful hard to take it, it's such a bitter pill
It's awful hard to take it, it's such a bitter pill
If the blues don't kill me, my man and mean treatin'
will

Too sad to worry, too mean to cry,
Too slow to hurry, too good to lie
My man he left me, done said goodbye
Too sick to stay here, too well to die
People think I'm crazy, I'm just a victim of the blues

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