

## Moore Gary "King Of The Blues"

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(Gary Moore)  
He was born in Mississippi  
Nineteen twenty-four  
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Nineteen twenty-four  
Left his home with no money  
He had to pay his dues  
But he knew the time was comin'  
When he'd be king of the blues  
King of the blues  
Lost his heart to a woman  
Lucy was her name  
Lost his heart to a woman  
Lucy was her name, yes, it was  
When he hears her sing so sweetly  
He knows he just can't lose  
When he holds her in his arms he knows that  
He's the king of the blues  
He's a hunter with a crosscut saw  
Born under a bad sign  
Caught his baby messin' down the Laundromat  
He almost lost his mind  
Yeah!  
He was born in Mississippi  
In nineteen twenty-four  
He was born in Indianola, Mississippi  
Nineteen twenty-four, yes, he was  
He doesn't need no jester to keep him amused  
He's got Lucy by his side  
He's making headline news  
Doesn't need no palace  
Like Freddie down in Dallas  
You can call him what you like  
I call him king of the blues  
That's right, mister Albert King of the blues  
Yeah!  
King of the blues  
Let me hear you

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