

Procol Harum

"Seem To Have The Blues All The Time"

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(brooker / reid)*

The landlord's knocking on my door, he says he wants
the rent

I'm sitting in the kitchen wondering where the money's
spent

A whole lot of people treating me unkind
I seem to have the blues most all the time

I'm lying in my bed hatching million-dollar schemes
The cops are using radar trying to intercept my dreams
A whole lot of people treating me unkind
I seem to have the blues most all the time

I went to get a job 'cos I badly needed the pay
I got a warm reception: they said 'bum! go away!'
A whole lot of people treating me unkind
I seem to have the blues most all the time

Well I owed a lot of money; I was weak and easily led
I tried to rob a bank: the cashier shot me dead
A whole lot of people treating me unkind
But it don't matter now, 'cos I got peace of mind
Nothing matters now 'cos I got peace of mind.

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