

Eddie Burns Blues Band

"Inflation Blues"

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I have ten kids / at home got to eat
And eight of those kids / need shoes on their feet
Now listen mister President / and all you Congressmen
too

I have ten kids / that I got to clothe and feed

Things are gettin' worse in the city
Things are gettin' worse in the city
Things are gettin' tough
And I got those mean inflation blues

My landlord rang / my front door bell
And I just let it ring / for a long long spell
I asked him to tell me / what was on his mind
He said you gotta pay up or move young man / Your
rent is too far behind

Things are gettin' worse in the city
Things are gettin' worse in the city
Things are gettin' tough
And I got those mean inflation blues

I don't make much money / I can't save a cent
It takes all I can make / just to eat, I can't pay the rent
I got lots o' other bills / and they're all behind
When you see me laughin' people / I'm laughin' to keep
from cryin'

Things are gettin' worse in the city
Things are gettin' worse in the city
Things are gettin' tough
And I got those mean inflation blues

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