

Newman Randy

"The Blues"

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He's gonna tell you 'bout his dear old mother

Burned up in a factory in Springfield Mass.

He's gonna tell you 'bout his baby brother

Hustlin' down the city streets

And selling his ass for a dollar bag

He's gonna tell you 'bout his Uncle Neddy

Locked up in a prison out in Oregon

He's gonna tell you 'bout his best friend Eddie

Killed in a bar fight with a pair of Marines

And a sailer

Oh

He's got the blues this boy

Has got the blues

You can hear it in his music

He's got the blues, this boy

He's got the blues

You can hear it, you can hear it

When I was nine years old

My daddy ran away

With a woman he met on a train, oh

His little boy

Ran to the room
Where his piano
Lay in wait for him
He played and he played
He played and he played
He's got the blues, this boy
Has got the blues
You can hear it, you can hear it
He's got the blues, this boy
Has got the blues
A year ago I met a girl
I thought we'd hit a massive groove
But she dumped me
And all we'd hit were the blues
He's got the blues, this boy
He's got the blues
You can hear it in his music
He's got the blues, this boy
Has really got the blues

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