

Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

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There are blues that you get from worry
There are blues that you get from pain
There are blues when you're lonely for your one and only
Those blues you can never explain
There are blues that you get from longing
But the bluest blues that be
Are the only blues that's on my mind, they're the very meanest kind
The blues my naughty sweetie gives to me

There are blues you get from wimmin when you see 'em goin' swimmin'
And you haven't got a bathing suit yourself
There are blues you get much quicker when you hide a lot of liquor
And somebody goes and swipes it off the shelf
There are blues that come from waitin' on the dock
Wondering if the boat is gonna rock
And there's blues that come from gettin' in a taxicab and frettin'
Everytime you hit a bump and jump the clock
There are blues you get from tryin' when you save a guy from dyin'
And he afterwards forgets you in his will
But the blues much worse than this is when you're walkin' with the missus
And some chorus lady shouts, "Hello there Bill!"
But the blues that make me crazy mad and sorer than a bunion
'Till I feel like goin' out and stabbin' someone with an onion
Are the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me

There are blues that you get from worry
There are blues that you get from pain
There are blues when you're single and just want to mingle
And blues when you have to abstain
There are blues that you get from sleepless nights

But the bluest blues to me
Are the blues that make me hot and cold and make me want to shiver
And make me want to end it all by jumping in the river
Are the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me, gives to me
The blues my naughty sweetie gives to me

