

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

