

Gary Moore, Story Of The Blues

My baby she left me, my baby she's gone.
My sweet little angel has spread her wings and flown.
Can't think of a reason for going on.
>From this day I will play the blues.

She said it was over, this time it's the end.
Bad luck and trouble gonna be my only friend.
I still can't believe it, after all we've been through.
Everyday I will play the blues.

Everybody knows what the blues is all about.
It's a pain you can't live with.
It's a woman you can't live without.
She came from Chicago.
She read me the news.
In the headlines was a story of the blues.

They say a broken heart can always mend.
Time is the healer and sadness will end.
But I've done so much crying, when will I laugh again?
Till that day I will play the blues.

Everybody knows what the blues is all about.
It's a pain you can't live with.
It's a woman you can't live without.
Could have cried me a river
when they told me the news.
On that day was a story of the blues.