

Joe Bonamassa, Twenty-Four Hour Blues

Every morning when I wake up
Lord, I cry a pool of tears
Seven days now, since you left me
Well, it seems like seven years

Loneliness keeps hanging around my door
An unwanted friend I can't lose
Every day the same dog-gone thing
Twenty-four hour blues

Lonely minutes turn into hours
I keep waiting by the telephone
But you don't call me, I guess I'll be
Spending another sleepless night alone

I can't seem to get myself together
Without you it's all bad news
Every day the same dog-gone thing
Twenty-four hour blues

If you don't hurry on back to me
Then I have nothing left to lose
Just these four gray walls
Twenty-four hour blues

Every day the same dog-gone thing
Twenty-four hour blues