

# Procol Harum, Seem To Have The Blues All The

The landlord's knocking on my door, he says he wants the rent  
I'm sitting in the kitchen wondering where the money's spent  
A whole lot of people treating me unkind  
I seem to have the blues most all the time

I'm lying in my bed hatching million-dollar schemes  
The cops are using radar trying to intercept my dreams  
A whole lot of people treating me unkind  
I seem to have the blues most all the time

I went to get a job 'cos I badly needed the pay  
I got a warm reception: they said 'Bum! Go away!'  
A whole lot of people treating me unkind  
I seem to have the blues most all the time

Well I owed a lot of money; I was weak and easily led  
I tried to rob a bank: the cashier shot me dead  
A whole lot of people treating me unkind  
But it don't matter now, 'cos I got peace of mind  
Nothing matters now 'cos I got peace of mind.