

Roger Creager, Late Night Case Of The Blues

It's 2 am another motel room and the boys,
They'll be sleeping soon.
But I'm up and around and feeling blue
With not much of anything to do.

Maybe I'll walk down the hall.
See if I can find anyone at all
To get up and head out for a beer.
Or we could just sit and talk in here.
Oh it kills me all these slow nights paying my dues.
But, there ain't nothing wrong
Just a late night case of the blues.

Somewhere down in my soul
An angel lives but he lost control
And the devil, he gives the dice a roll
And he takes my heart for a spin.
But in the morning I'll be fine,
The birds will sing and sun will shine.

Cause I'm washed in the blood and born again,
But on nights like this I'd even question him.
Forgive me father for being so confused.
Let's just chalk it all up to a late night case of the blues.

The phone's been ringing loud and clear
About a thousand miles from here
And I wonder if she knows my fear
Or if she's even home.
Maybe I'll go walking around
Or take a taxicab downtown
Or lay a five-dollar bill on the ground by the wino
While he's sleeping.
I can't help but feel like I'm being used.
Lord. Help me get over this late night case of the blues