

The Allman Brothers Band, Leave My Blues At Home

by Gregg Allman

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I been trapped inside four walls, feel like I can't call to no one
ah, way out on the outside.

Well livin' alone is easy, but too long just don't seem really
quite the thing to do, no.

Think I'll drink up a little more wine, to ease my worried mind.

And walk down on the street, and leave my blues at home. All behind.

The landlord is on my line, I can't get no peace of mind.

But I know there's something better.

I can't stay and I can't run, can't keep waitin' for someone
to find and go roll.

Well I'll gather up all my four leaf clovers.

Don't leave, I'm on my way over.

A walk down on the street, and leave my blues at home. All behind.

And I feel I have to scream

whenever I get the notion.

And though I try so hard,

I can't hold back my emotions.

But I... love you, but I can't have ya. Won't you sit by my side.

You don't work, the man don't pay ya.

There ain't no saint to come and save ya, oh, puttin' your toll down.

Well, if you ride you pay the fare... with Satan on your back.

And he don't care where you come from or where you goin'.

And before I get myself all down, I jump up and kick the door down.

And walk down on the street, and leave my blues at home. All behind.