

Albert King, Match Box Blues

Now, this tune here should be easy for you to deal with
All you gotta do is, is remember back home, you know what I mean
When you was sitting out behind the house
Or practicing on your own guit feble

Tryin' to get things together
And you couldn't make in up your mind
You kinda half-way knew what you wanted to do
But, but you didn't have it all together, you know

But you didn't know you wanted to travel
Ain't that right!
Yeah, I remember them days real good
I know

Didn't have really many clothes
I didn't know nobody to call, to sing for you
So you had to get out there in no time
You know, so

You don't make no tiffanies, you say, "I'm goin'
And I know I got a great time, but I'm goin' anyway"
Whatever happens, what happens?
Whatever happens, I gotta pay my dues somewhere
Listen

Dreamed that I was lucky
But I woke up cold in hand, yeah
Hey, I dreamed that I was lucky, darlin'
But I woke up cold in hand, yeah, yeah

I dreamed I had you all by myself
But now I know you found you another man, yeah

Oh, that's why I wonderin'
Will a matchbox hold my clothes?
Hey, sometimes I wonder, darlin'
Will a matchbox hold my clothes? Yeah, yeah

You know I haven't got so many
But I got so far to go, yeah

Yes, you got a good woman
You better pin her to your side, yeah
Hey, if you gotta good lady, fellow
You better pin'er up to your side, yeah, yeah

Because if she flag my train, buddy
I'm bound to let her ride well

Oh, that's why I wonder
Will a matchbox hold my clothes?
Hey, sometimes I wonder, darlin'
Will a matchbox hold my clothes? Yeah, yeah

You know I haven't got so many
But I got so far to go, yeah, ain't that right?

I see you might do something with it
I hope so
Yeah, take it
You know, fix it like it you want