

B.B. King, Inflation Blues

Hey Mr. President
All your congressmen, too
You got me frustrated
And I don't know what to do
I'm trying to make a living
I can't save a cent
It takes all of my money
Just to eat and pay my rent
I got the blues
Got those inflation blues
You know, I'm not one
Of those high brows
I'm average Joe to you
I came up eating cornbread
Candied yams and chicken stew
Now you take that paper dollar
It's only that in name
The way that buck has shrunk
It's a lowdown dirty shame
That's why I got the blues
Got those inflation blues
Mr. President
Please cut the price of sugar
I wanna make my coffee sweet
I wanna smear some butter on my bread
And I just got to have my meat
When you start rationing
You really played the game
And things are going up
And up and up and up
And my check remains the same
That's why I got the blues
Got those inflation blues