Buddy Guy, Don't Tell Me About The Blues

Yeah, you're a down and dirty blues man
Look-a-here
You play blues on blue guitar
According to the news man
As far as blues goes you a star
I'll admit you gettin' down there
But I'm down much deeper then you are

Yeah, you sing those songs of sorrow
But to me you just don't sound real
You say you're down enough to borrow
I must be down enough to steal
Now the blues ain't what you're singin'
The blues is what I feel

You tell me your love light is dimmin'
And how your old lady cheats
You go backstage with all the women
While I go back out on the street

Well, you know that you're a winnner
And you tell me you were born to lose
But please, please, please, don't tell me about the blues

You tell it like you're barefoot
And you're wearin' those hondred dollar shoes
Yeah, you can shuck and jive me all you wanna
But please, please don't tell me about the blues

Yeah, you tell me you a poor man
While you flashin' those ruby rings
But on a million dollar tour
Man, you can flash more than a goddamn thing
But it's me who's payin' my dues
So please, man, don't tell me about the blues