

Buddy Guy, Everyday I Have The Blues

Everyday, everyday I have the blues
Everyday, everyday I have the blues
Because in worries and trouble, woman ah, baby, it's you I hate to lose
Whoa, nobody loves me, nobody seems to care, yeah
Oh, but nobody loves me, nobody seems to care
Because worries and trouble woman, baby you know I've had my share

I'm gonna pack my suitcase, I'm gonna move on down the line
Yes, pack my suitcase, I'm gonna move on down the line
Where there ain't nobody worried baby, and I know ain't nobody crying

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