

Burton Cummings, Creepin' Peepin' Baby Blues

He had the creepin' peepin' baby blues,
Nothin' much left to lose,
Livin' just for fantasy,
Be just what you want to be,
Front page news, front page news...

Sleepin' in a bed of lies,
Know it's time to fantasize,
Like a million other guys,
With the creepin' peepin' lyin' eyes.
Sold them up the river for a nickel or dime,
Sold them uptown in the shoeshine line,
Sold them to his lover for one more time
Creepin' around...

I heard it on the radio,
Lovin' was the way to go.
The radio was good to me,
Be just what you want to be...
Nothing like the radio
Take you where you want to go,
Love it on the radio
Lovin' was the way to go
He had the creepin' peepin' baby blues
Nothin' much left to lose
Like a million lovin' lies
Tellin' mama grown-up lies...
Woh I'm so glad
That I didn't go mad,
And I bought this guitar
And I'm singing like a star,
Yeah a shootin' star,
With the creepin' peepin' baby blues.

I heard it in a song before,
Folks yellin' "ONE MORE..."
I obliged, I sang till five...
I had the creepin' peepin' lyin' eyes
Knew it was time to fantasize
Just like the other guys
With the creepin' peepin' lyin' eyes...
Hey hey I'm so glad that I never went mad
And I bought this guitar and I'm singin' like a star,
Yeah I bought this guitar, got me singin' like a star,
Yeah you're a shootin' star,
With the creepin' peepin' baby blues.