

Ernest Tubb, Mr. Blues

When I come home at night I find him sitting there
Looking at the paper in my favorite chair
He's drinking up my coffee wearing my house shoes
He's the fellow they call Mr Blues
Since you went away he's been living here with me
Wish that he'd go home wherever that may be
I don't mean to be unkind but he's got nothing I can use
So won't you come on back sweetheart and run off Mr Blues
[guitar]
Now when I go to bed into my room he creeps
Repeating all the gossip he's picked up on the street
All through the night he tells me that things they say you do
He knows that I still love you and I hate this kind of news
But since you went away...