

George Thorogood, Blues Hangover

Lord I wanna walk it out
Ain't nobody here but me
All these empty bottles on the table here
I know I didn't drink all this by myself
I must have a blues hangover

What's this?
My check?
I don't have change for a grasshopper
And that's two crickets
Here come Bro
Send him and his donkey
But he ain't got no money
Look like he done lost everything he evers had
Hear me
I done gave my baby twenty dollars
For a Christmas present
And all I got was this slice of jelly cake
And Santa done ate that up
And that's a whoop jelly

Well, I believe I'll go back on the step now
With James, Rudolph, and Tomcat
Get my head bad again
Don't seem like nothin' goin' right for me today
Here I go
Same old thing again
Look out now