

James Taylor, The Blues Is Just A Bad Dream

A tree grows in my back yard, it only grows at night.
Its branches they're all twisted, its leaves are afraid of light.
They say the blues is just a bad dream, they say it lives upside your head.
But when it's lonely in the morning, you're bound to wish that you was lying dead.

There's winds out on the ocean, they're blowing just as they choose.
But then winds ain't got no emotion, baby, they don't know the blues.
They say the blues is just a bad dream, they say it lives upside your head, mmmm.
But when it's lone, lonely in the morning you're bound to wish that you was lying dead.

My mind is rambling and rambling just like some rolling stone, no,
since that nightmare's come to stay with me, baby, my thoughts just don't belong.
They say the blues is just a bad dream, they say it lives upside your head.
But when they visit you around midnight, you're bound to wish that you were lying dead.