

# John Hiatt, Wintertime Blues

I've been too long with my nose in a book  
I hope you sing just as good as you look  
Come on over baby, I got a song for you  
A little jump of something I call  
The wintertime blues

I wanna hear those mockingbird wings  
I want gravy on everything  
Lovin' in the kitchen  
What have we got to lose  
Just a nasty case of  
These ol' wintertime blues

Cold as snot with a big frozen smile  
Ain't foolin' nobody after a while  
Time to let the cat out  
I've got a real short fuse  
I'm just about to blow up  
These ol' wintertime blues

There's no spring  
There was never any spring  
Spring's a long gone thing  
There won't ever be a spring no more

At least that's the way it feels when your  
Skin is cracked and peeled  
And you've been livin' under  
sixty pounds of blanket  
And the snow's drifting up to your window  
And you're out of firewood  
And the wolf is howling at your door

Three hours of day light  
and all of them gray  
The suicide prevention group has all run away  
I'm running out of groceries  
I ain't got no rubber shoes  
Bring the bacon baby  
I got the wintertime blues

I could cut a hole in the floor  
Catch you a fish by a quarter to four  
But I'm stuck up this mountain  
Where I got a bird's eye view  
Of couple more months of these  
ol' wintertime blues

And it's a one, two  
My lips are turning blue  
Come on over baby  
What have we got to lose  
Just a nasty case of  
These ol' wintertime blues

And it's three, four  
I'm stiff as Al Gore  
Come on over baby  
What have we got to lose  
Just a nasty case of these ol'  
wintertime blues

Well, it's the same old drill  
For Punxsutawney Phil

If he sees his own shadow  
I'm shootin' to kill

Come on over baby  
I stand accused  
There's a man going crazy up here  
With the wintertime blues