

Randy Newman, The Blues

He's gonna tell you 'bout his dear old mother
Burned up in a factory in Springfield, Mass.
He's gonna tell you 'bout his baby brother
Hustlin' down the city streets
And selling his ass for a dollar bag
He's gonna tell you 'bout his uncle Neddy
Locked up in a prison out in Oregon
He's gonna tell you 'bout his best friend Eddie
Killed in a bar fight with a pair of Marines
And a sailor

Oh

He's got the blues, this boy
He's got the blues
You can hear it in his music
He's got the blues, this boy
He's got the blues
You can hear it, you can hear it
When I was nine years old
My daddy ran away
With a woman he met on a train, oh
His little boy
Ran to the room
Where his piano
Lay in wait for him
He played and he played
He played and he played
He's got the blues, this boy
He's got the blues
You can hear it, you can hear it
He's got the blues, this boy
He's got the blues
A year ago, I met a girl
I thought we'd hit a massive groove
But she dumped me
And all we'd hit were the blues
He's got the blues, this boy
He's got the blues
You can hear it in his music
He's got the blues, this boy
He's really got the blues