

# Willie Dixon, Groaning The Blues

I'm so tired of moaning, trying to groan away my blues  
I'm so tired of moaning, trying to groan away my blues  
I keep weeping and crying every time I think of you

I would rather die of starvation, perish out in the desert sun  
I would rather die of starvation, perish out in the desert sun  
Than to think of some other man holding you in his arms.

My heart gets so heavy, Lord I shakes down in my bones  
My heart gets so heavy, Lord I shakes down in my bones  
I can't hurt a murderer, oh Lord, but I'm forced to weep and moan