

Crude Oil Blues

Jerry Reed

Well now listen people let me tell you some news
I'll sing a song called the crude oil blues
We're low on heat'n oil we're low on gas
And I'm so cold I'm 'bout to freeze myself
We got the crude oil blues

Cause the winter time sure gets cold to the bottom of my shoes
Well my hands are shakin' and my knees are weak
But it ain't because of love it's from the lack of heat
I've got the crude oil blues

I'm gonna tell you a story bout this drunk I knew
He kept his basement full of homemade brew
But the winter got so bad it screwed up the boy's thinkin'
He got so cold he had to burn all his drinkin'
He's got the crude oil blues

He said the wintertime can sure get to the bottom of your shoes
He said burnin' this booze just destroys my soul
But there's one thing about it honey when you're cold you're cold
I've got the crude oil blues

Well when we made this record there was a little bit of doubt
Whether or not the thing was ever gonna come out
I said hey chief you reckon this record will be released
He said 'son we ain't got enough oil to keep the presses greased
We got the crude oil blues

And son if we can't make records then we don't need you
I said well what am I gonna do if I can't sing and pick
He said 'well just keep yourself warm playin' all them hot licks
We got the crude oil blues

Oh mama don't forget to bring in the brass monkey
And remember what Albert Winestein said
That coolin' is conducive to cuddlin'
Honey I love ya but pass the duck down
Hey I read a sign on the pump at my favorite gas station yesterday
It said uh he who expecteth nothin' ain't gonna be deceived