

## Twelve Bar Blues

John Anderson

Well I'm lookin' for my woman, she slapped me in the face  
She walked out on me, running towards that big rat race  
I've searched a dozen places trying to find the one she'd choose  
It's a quarter past eleven, Lord, and I've got the twelve bar blues

Well I should be home a-  
thinkin', with my phone book and my chair  
Let my fingers do the drinkin' call and ask if she's been there  
It would have saved me 30 dollars, Lord, saved the soles on my new shoes  
Saved a half a pound of Tylenol and a gauge of the twelve bar blues

Well I counted on her lovin' and I tell it on my friends  
Counted boys on all my fingers when I bent the two cents in  
Askin' everybody and finally found someone who knew  
She was down in Club 13, Lord, and I've got the twelve bar blues  
Since she was down in Club 13, Lord, and I've got the twelve bar blues