

# Perpetual Blues Machine

Keb' Mo'

You had style, you had class  
you had everything to make a love last  
you had grace, you had charm  
you had me hanging on your arm  
when I found out you were a fake  
you rared up and bit me like a snake  
and I was ready to let go  
and let all my feelings show.

Tell me why you wanna be so cold  
why you wanna be so mean  
you've gone and let your true colors show  
you're a perpetual blues machine.

We could've been just fine  
if you'd have only been all mine  
'cause I was for real, but you did not know  
that you were steppin' on my heart  
as you were walking out the door.  
But now I know who you are  
and it's a damn good thing we didn't get too far  
'cause I'm not the one who's right for you.  
You need a man to do your rolling  
like you want him to do.

Tell me why you wanna be so cold  
why you wanna be so mean  
you've gone and let your true colors show  
you're a perpetual blues machine.

Now you've gone, and I'm glad  
that we didn't let it get too bad  
you know I tried to make it go  
but there was just no way to tell you so.

Tell me why you wanna be so cold  
why you wanna be so mean  
you've gone and let your true colors show  
you're a perpetual blues machine.