

## Blues Trip Me This Morning

Tommy McClennan

Now, the blues grabbed my both legs Sunday mornin'  
The chair near throwed me down  
The blues grabbed my bootleg this mornin'  
A chair near throwed me down  
Lord, I wouldn't hate it so bad  
But the news ain't good all over town  
Now, look-a-here, baby  
Yeah, where did you stay last night?  
Look-a-here, babe  
Where'd you stay last night?  
Oh, when you come home  
You know you wadn't smellin' just right  
I had a blue 'bout that, baby  
On one Sunday morn'  
I had blues 'bout that, baby  
On one Sunday morn'  
Lord, I hate to hear my baby  
Way in the night when she groans  
Look-a-here, mama  
I ain't 'on fools wit' you no mo'  
'Take yo' time, play your blue right'  
Look-a-here, mama  
Fool wit' you no mo'  
Well, ev'rytime I fool wit' you  
You've got to make me love you mo' and mo'  
Now, my babe got something  
Never told what it is  
My baby, she got something  
I ain't never told what it is  
Ev'ry time that polka, shakes an' shimmy  
Lord knows, I can't be still