Words by

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The Worried Blues

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The Worried B. 2-1

1

My girl's done left me And went across the sea She left me drooping Like a willow tree.

3

If you don't love me Honey don't you try to stall, 'Cause there's forty other girls Waiting for your down fall.

5

Talk about your girls
You ought to see mine
She's low and squat
She'd make a weak-eyed man go blind.

7

A blonde-head woman

Make a preacher lay his bible down,

But a black-haired woman

Make a rabbit move his family to town.

9

I've got a girl
As tall as an elm tree
I love this girl
'Cause she's a fraction taller than me.

11

Honey, let me be your side track Until your main line comes I can do more for you Than your main line ever done.

13

O the Blues ain't nothin'
But a woman on your mind
Bothering you
And worrying you all the time.

2

I got a girl Built five feet from the ground, She's tailor-made She's not a "hand-me-down."

4

I'm goin to build myself a graveyard A graveyard of my own I'm goin' to fill it full of rounders If they don't leave my girl alone.

6

I got a range in my kitchen That ain't doin' me no good I need a sweet girl To burn my coal and wood.

8

I'm goin to Oklahoma

To marry an Indian squaw,
So I can have a big chief

For my daddy-in-law.

10

I love you honey
But your ways I do despise
I love you honey
But you tell too many lies.

12

You never can tell
What your girl has on her mind
She may be lovin' you
And quittin' you all the time.

14

When your heart strikes silence And your tears come rolling down That's the time You want your sweet girl around.

15

If I go to heaven when I die I'll sit on a stool So I can tell St. Peter All about these Worried Blues.