

Blues my naughty sweetie gives to me

**There are blues that you get from worry,
There are blues that you get from pain.
There are blues when you're lonely for your one and only
Those blues you can never explain.
There are blues that you get from longing,
But the bluest blues to me,
Are the only blues that's on my mind, they're the very meanest
kind,
The blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.**

Patter Chorus

**There are blues you get from wimmin when you see 'em goin'
swimmin', and you haven't got a bathing suit yourself.**

**There are blues you get much quicker when you hide a lot of
liquor, and your lady goes and swipes it off the shelf.**

**There are blues that come from waitin' on the dock, wondering
if the boat is gonna rock,**

**And there's blues that come from gettin' in a taxicab and frettin'
everytime you hit a bump and jump the clock.**

**There are blues you get from tryin' when you save a guy from
dyin' and he afterwards forgets you in his will.**

**But the blues much worse than this is when you're walkin' with
the missus and some chorus lady shouts out, "Hi there Bill!"**

**But the blues that make me crazy mad and sorer than a bunion,
till I feel like goin' out and stabbin' someone with an onion**

Are the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.