Singing the Blues

Ruthie Foster

Trying to find a new home,
Trying to write a new song,
Trying to find a rhythm, thatâ€™ll help me
Ooh, wanna get through it,
Hmm, keep singing the blues.

Everybodyâ€™s saying:
â€œYou gotta get a way in!
Go deal with the real stuffâ€•.
And I-I-I, itâ€™s gotta be true enough
Yeah, keep singing the blues.

Well, you know?! Iâ€™m just passing on,
Singing the same old song.
Sometimes it feels so right and I donâ€™t feel all alone
But when the music fades and the crowd drives away
Iâ€™m starring at the mirror, yeah
Singing the blues.

Ohh, staring at the mirror, yeah.
Still singing the blues.

I got a little up with reggae
And I can lift and appreciate
But I rather be high-old and
Singing the blues.
Yeah, Iâ€™ve been in and out of soul
Even rock and roll.
But a little baby blue play
Never, never gets old and I realized
Boy, I gotta have me some blue blues.
Yeah.

You know?! Iâ€™m just passing on,
Singing the same old song.
Sometimes it feels so right and I donâ€™t feel all alone
But when the music fades and the crowd drives away
Iâ€™m starring at the mirror
Oh, still Singing the blues.

Yeah, staring at the mirror,
Still singing the blues.

Yeah, Iâ€™m just passing on,
Singing the same old song.
Sometimes it feels so right and I donâ€™t feel all alone
But when the music fades and the crowd drives away
Iâ€™m staring at the mirror, yeah
Oh, starring at the mirror.

Still singing, still singing, singing
Still singing the blues, singing the blues.
Ooh, yeah.
Singing the blues, singing the blues,
Singing the â€“
Blues.
Yeah.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/