

Country Boy Blues

Jaryd Lane

Low down in Goergia.
In a run down saloon.
Broken joker.
Tired of runnin on fumes.
Smokin lights.
Fill an empty tip jar.
Baby this life I been chasin aint gettin me too far.
She says.
Hey cowboy.
Tell me what you tryin to proove.
Don't need no fame and fortune to make this woman love you.
Sattle up and take the first train straigh back to me.
Those jew joint bars aint no place to be hangin these days.
Come on home baby.
Let me kill those low down ramblin country boy blues.

Low down Florida.
Somewhere coccanut grove.
Spent a whole month's worth a pay on a flight and hotel room.
For some big wig music man to tell me boy I'm gunna make you a star.
We gunna take your act to Vegas.
Jus give me five hundred dollars more.
And she says.
Hey cowboy.
Tell me what you tryin to proove.
Don't need no fame and fortune to make this woman love you.
Sattle up and take the first train straigh back to me.
Those jew joint bars aint no place to be hangin these days.
Come on home baby.
Let me kill those low down ramblin country boy blues.

Low down in.
California.
On twelfth avenue.
At a ridzy bar servin caviar.
They don't give a damn about you.
I'm usin ma last dime baby.
To let you know how it's gone.

And the man I wana be.
Still seems so far.
She says.
Hey cowboy.
Tell me what you tryin to proove.
Don't need no fame and fortune to make this woman love you.
Sattle up and take the first train straigh back to me.
Those jew joint bars aint no place to be hangin these days.
Come on home baby.
Let me kill those low down ramblin country boy blues.

Instrumental break

I'm headin down to louisiana.
To kill these low down ramblin.
I've got these.
Country boy blues.....

Lyrics submitted by dreux.

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