

Future Blues

Canned Heat

Who'll tell your future, I can't tell my past,
Who'll tell your future, I can't tell my past,
Seem like every minute lord is sure gonna be my last,
Gonna who do ya baby, got you on my mind,
Who do ya baby, got you on my mind,
Wait a few months darlin' it will drive you right outta your mind,
'Cause your a crazy little mama and you know you can't be beat,
I got somethin' for ya baby that is awful sweet,
Come on little mama gonna knock ya right off your feet.
See that picture baby hangin' up on your mama's shelf,
See that picture baby hangin' up on your mama's shelf,
I'm gettin' tired, tired, tired lord of sleepin' all by myself,
Who'll tell your future, I can't tell my past,
Who'll tell your future, I can't tell my past,
Seem like every minute lord is sure gonna be my last,
Tho the past was sour lord the future can be mighty sweet,
We finally found a home and our love just can't be beat,
You know it's forever and I'm never never gonna leave.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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