

Cash Talkin' (The Workingman's Blues)

Albert Collins

Well, I walked down to my bank
Just to see what I could see
I asked the man behind the desk
I say "Ah, is there any money for me?" Now he didn't know just what to say
I say, "I need that money in a terrible way"
Now he didn't say, "Yeah" but he didn't say "No"
He just shook my hand and showed me the door Oh, Lord, the blues is killin' me
Oh, Lord, Lord, Lord, these blues is killin' me
Yes, sir Now my wife loves money and it bothers my mind
She runs to the store and she buys on time
TV's, radios, stereos and I got all kind a princess phones
A one of these days, y'all-a, I think they all gonna be gone My baby need clothes, my wife needs a car
It's a wonder y'all ha, I got this far, hey
Landlord knockin' and he wants some rent
Now I'm lookin' for the money that my wife just spent Oh, Lord, um hm, the blues is killin' me
Oh, Lord, Lord, Lord, these blues is killin' me
Tellin' ya Tax time ain't nothin' but a mess
Payin' Uncle Sam more and I'm gettin' less
The poor stay poor and the rich stay rich
An' I'm right here in the middle, now ain't that a Barely gettin' by makes me mean
'Cause the politicians I'm payin', are livin' real clean
Step down Mister Politician and live like I do
I want you to know the workin' man blues Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, these blues is killin' me
Oh, Lord, Lord, Lord, these blues is killin' me Payin' these taxes worry me to death
Buyin' new TV's and radios and stereos
Baby needs clothes
Wife need a old car to get around in Oh, it's a bitch bein' poor
I say, it's a bitch bein' poor

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