

Bobby Sox Blues

Roosevelt Sykes

Bobby Sox, baby, I've got to let you go
Bobby Sox, baby, I've got to let you go
 You've got a head full of nothin'
But stage, screen and radio You chase autographs every night
 You write fan mail through the day
 You keep your great big head in the scrapbook
Yes, and you throw the cookbook away Bobby Sox, baby, I've got to let you go
 You've got a head full of nothin'
But stage, screen and radio Now you treat me like a stranger
 You don't have a word to say
 I ask you if you love me
 You say, "What would Frankie say?"

Songwriters

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