

# Blues with out Blame

## Steve Miller Band

I ask my baby for a nickel  
She gave me a twenty dollar bill  
I ask her for a drink of whiskey  
And she gave me a liquor still Whoa, yeah yeah yeah  
What can a poor boy do  
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard  
When you have to live the blues I call my baby on the telephone  
She said come on over Stevie I'm all alone  
I said I can't get my car started mama Whoa, yeah  
What can a poor boy do  
When he has to live the blues And while my baby's makin' it with my best friend  
I know I'm being used, yeah yeah yeah Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy on me  
Lord have mercy  
Lord have mercy on me, yeah I'm tryin' to find my babe  
Won't somebody please, yeah yeah  
Won't somebody please bring her home to me

Songwriters

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