

Further On Up the Road

Roy Buchanan

By Mary McCreary I've been working so hard,
Just came home from my job.
Looked down in my wallet,
Good God, I've been robbed. Now where can my money be,
All my hard-earned pay?
What am I going to do now?
I got my bills to pay. You got me singin' the blues,
And I'm paying all my dues.
You got me singin' the blues,
Ain't got nothing to lose. I got to tell you I got the blues down in my pockets.
People, what did I say?
Bills are gonna rob me tomorrow,
Why I need my ten dollars today. Chorus Ain't no way to get even
Because, you know what I mean,
Every time I make me some money
Somebody's going to take it from me. Chorus Chorus

Songwriters

DON ROBEY, M VEASEY JOE Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>