

Tuff Luck Blues

Big Maceo

It's too bad, things are going so tuff with me
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I'm blue and disgusted as any poor man could be I used to have a car and it was painted white an black
I used to have a car and he was painted white an black
I couldn't keep up the payments and the man, he took it back I used to smoke cigars the very best in town
But bad luck an trouble is bound to tear me down It's too bad, things are going so tuff with me
I guess I go back to my plow and start hollerin'
(Whoa, haw, gee) Play 'em for me boy, play 'em for me You know my gal quit me I'm sho' in hard luck Get it
and get it good, now Yes, I know I have so much trouble The women that I'm lovin' is followed me all around
I can tell by her action, she 'bout to put me down It's too bad, things are goin' so tuff with me
You have heard my story, peoples, what'ch you think a me? Whoa, haw, gee
Mules and horses, whoa, stop
Haw, go left, gee, go right

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