Roadhouse Blues

Albert King

Two, three(Lord!)The moon is risin', an' it done got lonesome here
I said, the moon is risin', baby, an' it done got lonesome, here
Although you're a long ways from me
But baby, I wish you were nearIf I ever get lucky yeah, an' win my train fare home
Well, if I ever get lucky buddy, an' win my train fare home
Oh, the moment that I do, darlin'
You can say your man is comin' home, yeahIt's so hard, tryin' to make it all by yourself, yeah
I say, it's so hard, yeah yeah, tryin' to make it all by yourself, yeah
Oh an' the woman that you're really lovin'
She done gone off with someone else, um!There's no use ta cryin', oh
'Cause your cryin' won't help you none, woo!
Hey, I said it's no use ta cryin', buddy
Because your cryin' won't help you none
You'll fall in love again
An' she'll keep you always on the run, yeahI say, if I ever get lucky (yeah, that's my son!)
An' win my train fare home, ooo Lordy
Have you ever felt like that?
Oh, if I ever get lucky, buddy yeah
An' win my train fare home, yeah yeah
Oh, the day that I do, angel
You can bet your life, old Albert is gone, yeahOh when ya see me comin', baby yeah
I want ya to raise your window high, woo!
Hey, when ya see me comin' home, babe
I want ya to raise your window high, yeah yeah
But when I turn an' leave little girl
I want you to hang your head an' cry
Woo, Lord have mercy!Lord have mercy!Woo!
Thank you!
Thank you, for comin'

Songwriters
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