Ration Blues

Louis Jordan

Baby baby baby, what's wrong with Uncle Sam?
He's cut down on my sugar, now he's messin' with my ham
I got the ration blues, blue as I can be
Oh me, I've got those ration bluesI got to live on forty ounces, of any kind of meat
Those forty little ounces gotta last me all the week
I got to cut down on my jelly
It takes sugar to make it sweet
I'm gonna steal all your jelly baby
And rob you of your meat
I got the ration blues, blue as I can be
Oh me, I've got those ration bluesI like to wake up in the morning with my jelly by my side
Since rationing started baby, you just take your stuff and hide
They reduced my meat and sugar
And rubber's disappearing fast
You can't ride no more with poppa
'Cause Uncle Sam wants my gas
I got the ration blues, blue as I can be
Oh me, I've got those ration blues

Songwriters
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