

# Smalltown Blues

Ruthie Foster

Whoa, I call my baby up a quarter to three  
Said you better come on down and rescue me  
I got to leave this town and I've to leave right now  
Whoa, I ain't gonna be held responsible for the things going on in my mind  
Whoa, they said I need to rest but I can't agree  
Ever since I got here right on even sleep  
I've got to leave this town and I've got to leave right now

Mmmm

I don't care who, what, when or where  
Won't you get me out some how  
Oh, I've got the lowdown dirty living in the small town blues  
But, I'm running out of things to do  
Whoa, you know I don't need no pity, just drop me in a city  
I gotta feel the rhythm, feel the rhythm running in my shoes

Hey-y-y, hey

Yes I do

Whoa, I do do do

Well, I do do do

Well, I do do do

Small town blues

Yea, Oh I do do do

Well, I do do do

I don't care who, what, when or where  
I want cha to get me out some how  
Oh, I got the lowdown dirty living in the small town blues  
And, I'm running out of things to do  
Whoa, you know I don't need no pity just drop me in a city  
I gotta feel the rhythm, feel the rhythm running in my shoes

Yes I do

Whoa, I do do do do

I got the small town blues

End

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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