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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