The Crude Oil Blues

Jerry Reed

Well now, listen people let me tell you some news
I'll sing a song called the crude oil blues
We're low on heat 'n' all
We're low on gas
And I'm so cold I'm about to freeze myself
We got the crude oil blues
Cause the winter time sure gets cold to the bottom of my shoes
Well my hands are shakin' and my knees are weak
But it ain't because of love
It's from lack of heat
I'm gonna tell you a story about this drunk I know
He kept his basement full of homemade brew
But the winter got so bad it screwed up the boy's thinkin'
He got so cold he had to burn all his drinkin'
He's got the crude oil blues
He said the wintertime can sure get cold to the bottom of your shoes
He said, burnin' this booze just destroys my soul
But there's one thing about it honey
When you're cold, you're cold
I've got the crude oil blues
Well, when we made this record there was a little bit of doubt
Whether or not the ting was ever gonna come out
I said, "Hey chief, you reckon this record will be released?"
He said, "Son, we ain't got enough oil to keep the pressed greased"
We got the crude oil blues
And son, if we can't make records then we don't need you
I said, "What am I gonna do if I can't sing and pick?"
He said, "Well just keep yourself warm playin' all them hot licks"
We got the crude oil blues.
Oh mama, don't forget to bring in the brass monkey
And remember what Albert Einstein said "That coolin' is conducive to cuddlin'"
Honey I love ya but pass the duck down
Hey I read a sign on the pump at my favorite gas station the other day
It said uh, "He who expecteth nothin' ain't gonna be deceived"

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