Joe Tex, These Taming Blues

Phosphorescent

Is it ever gonna not be so hard to see you around?
Am I really really really really gonna have to really gonna have to really have to leave town?I mean I called upon a bunch of angels calling angels ain't you supposed to come and take away these blues?I mean we came upon a bunch of rabies and there is nothing all us little animals can do.All five kinds of rains
All nine kinds of thunder and
Eighteen white horses who will not ever come to me!Don't plant your feet, love, in that garden of blame.
Don't break me no more, love.
I'm already tame.Is it ever gonna stop this trouble of just being around my friend?
Am I really really really really gonna have to really gonna have to really have to leave town again?I mean I lay myself upon the water calling water ain't you supposed to come and save us all from all these flames?
I mean we're caught among the awful branches and you know they're burning us and yes they're burning all of us's names.And I stood on the shore.
All wilted and wondering,
"Ain't you got nobody, ain't you still sweet tonight?"So don't plant no more feet, love, in that forest of blame.
Don't break me no more, love.
I'm already tame.(Hey there!)

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