

# Perpetual Blues Machine

## Keb' Mo'

You had style, you had class  
You had everything to make a love last  
You had grace, you had charm  
You had me hanging on your arm When I found out you were a fake  
You ran up and bit me like a snake  
And I wasn't ready to let go  
And let all my feelings show Tell me why you wanna be so cold?  
Why you wanna be so mean?  
You've gone and let your true colors show  
You're a perpetual blues machine We could've been just fine  
If you had only been all mine  
I was for real but you did not know  
That you were steppin' on my heart  
As you were walking out the door Now I know just who you are  
And it's a damn good thing we didn't get too far  
I'm not the one that's right for you  
You need a man to do your rolling  
Like you want him to do Baby why you wanna be so cold?  
Why you wanna be so mean?  
You've gone and let your true colors show  
You're a perpetual blues machine Now you've gone and I'm glad  
That we didn't let it get too bad  
You know I tried to make it go  
But there was just no way to tell you so Baby why you wanna be so cold?  
Why you wanna be so mean?  
You've gone and let your true colors show  
You're a perpetual blues machine Tell me why you wanna be so cold?  
Why you wanna be so mean?  
You've gone and let your true colors show  
You're a perpetual blues machine  
Perpetual blues machine

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