

Groaning the Blues (Take 3)

Otis Rush

I'm so tired of moaning, trying to groan away my blues
I'm so tired of moaning, trying to groan away my blues
I keep weeping and crying every time I think of you
I would rather die of starvation, perish out in the desert sun
I would rather die of starvation, perish out in the desert sun
Than to think of some other man holding you in his arms
My heart gets so heavy, Lord, I shakes down in my bones
My heart gets so heavy, Lord, I shakes down in my bones
I can't hurt a murderer, oh Lord, but I'm forced to weep and moan
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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