

# Ahmad's Blues

## Red Garland

I go through the strangest kind of changes  
Tryin' to find myself a way to pay my dues  
And would you believe it I'm so urban  
My suburban friends don't know my bag of blues  
I'm up in the morning on the corner so siditty That you'd hardly know it's me  
And late in the evening when I'm mellow  
There's my fellow with the world for me to see  
It's a world full of cocktails at nine  
And dinners and wine very late shows  
And where the crowd goes I'm a girl with a world of her own a queen on her throne  
Till everything's gone and then  
I wake up to find that I'm a stranger  
In a world where I have never before  
I look for my man who held my hand But now I know that he'll be coming back no more  
I'm telling you 'bout this bag of blues  
Paid a whole lotta dues baby  
Gonna change my way of livin' talkin' bags of blues  
Mister don't you see I'm paying dues  
Gonna change me some shoes baby

Songwriters

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