

Dyin' Flu

[Albert Collins](#)

Well I'm dyin' with the flu, oh, an' I don't know what to do
Well I'm dyin' with the flu, oh, an' I don't know what to do
Well my doctor gave me up, he said, "I can't do no more for you" Please call my girlfriend, tell her I'm goin' on
home
Yes, please call my girlfriend, tell her I'm goin' on home
Yeah, you tell 'em that flu is chillin', an' I don't want her to weep an' moan Alright
Well it's gettin' dark, ev'rything seem to fade out
Well it's gettin' dark, ev'ything seem to be fadin' out
Well I hate to leave this old world but I found out what dyin' is all about

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