

What a Shame

Foghat

Room 57 in the midnight hour
I'm fresh out of coffee and the cream turned sour
I'm thinkin' 'bout the people I've been talkin' to
Been here a long time and nobody knew
Ain't it shame, ain't it a pity
The bluebird's gone from the windy city
What a shame, what a shame
What a shame, what a shame
Good music on the radio,
A whole lotta people don't wanna know
They say that black is black and white is white
You can't cross over 'cause it don't seem right
Ain't it shame, ain't it a pity
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