T.B. Sheets

Van Morrison

Now listen, Julie baby,
It ain't natural for you to cry in the midnight.
It ain't natural for you to cry way into midnight through,
Until the wee small hours long 'fore the break of dawn,
Oh Lord, huh uh ha. Ha.Now Julie, an' there ain't nothin' on my mind
More further 'way than what you're lookin' for.
I see the way you jumped at me, Lord, from behind the door
And looked into my eyes.
Your a little star struck innuendos
Inadequacies an' foreign bodies,
And the sunlight shining through the crack in the window pane
Numbs my brain,
And the sunlight shining through the crack in the window pane
Numbs my brain, oh Lord.Ha, so open up the window and let me breathe.
I said open up the window, shh shh shh shh shh and let me breathe.
I'm looking down to the street below, Lord, I cried for you,
Ha ha, I cried, I cried for you, ha ha. Oh, Lord.The cool room, Lord is a fool's room.
The cool room, Lord is a fool's room.
And I can almost smell your T.B. sheets
And I can almost smell your T.B. sheets
On your sick bed.I gotta go, I gotta go
And you said, "Please stay, I want to, I want to,
I want a drink of water, I want a drink of water,
Go in the kitchen get me a drink of water."
I said, "I gotta go, I gotta go, baby."
I said, "I'll end, I'll send somebody around here later.
You know we got John comin' around here later
With a bottle of wine for you, baby - but I gotta go."The cool room, Lord is a fool's room,
The cool room, Lord, Lord is a fool's room, a fool's room.
And I can almost smell your T.B. sheets,
I can almost smell your T.B. sheets, T.B.I gotta go, I gotta go.
I'll send around, send around one that grumbles later on, babe.
We'll see what I can pick up for you, you know.
Yeah, I got a few things gotta do.
Don't worry about it, don't worry about it, don't worry.
Huh uh, go, go, go, I've gotta go, gotta go, gotta go, gotta go,
Gotta go, gotta go, huh uh, all right, all right, huh huh huh.I turned on the radio,
If you want to hear a few tunes, I'll turn on the radio for you.
There you go, there you go, there you go, baby, there you go, huh.You'll be all right, too, huh huh, ha ha, yeah.

I know it ain't funny, it ain't runny at all, baby,
Always laying in the cool room, man, laying in the cool room,
In the cool room, in the cool room.

Songwriters
HOOKER, JOHN LEEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/