

# Walking Blues

**Bonnie Raitt**

I woke up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes  
You know by that I got these old walkin' blues  
Woke this mornin' feelin' round for my shoes  
Well you know by that, I got these old walkin' blues I feel like blowin' my old lonesome horn  
I got up this mornin', all I had was gone  
Well I feel like blowin' my lonesome horn  
You know I got up this mornin', all I, all I had was gone Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blinds  
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'  
Leavin' this mornin', if I have to ride the blind  
Babe, I've been mistreated, baby and I don't mind dyin' Some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad  
Worst old feelin' I most ever had  
Some people tell me these old worried old blues ain't bad  
You know they're the worst old feelin', I most ever had

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