

# New Blowtop Blues

Deborah Cox

I've got bad news baby  
And you're the first to know  
Yes, I've got bad news baby  
And you're the first to know Well, I discovered this morning  
That my wig is about to blow Well, I've been rocking on my feet  
And I've been talking all out of my head  
Yes, I've been rocking on my feet  
And I've been talking all out of my head And when I get through talking  
I can't remember a thing I've said Now, I used to be a sharpie  
All dressed in the latest styles  
But now I'm walking down Broadway  
Wearing nothing but a smile I see all kinds of little men  
Although they're never there  
I tried to push a subway train  
And poured whiskey in my hair I'm a gal who blew a fuse  
I've got those blowtop blues Last night I was five feet tall  
Today I'm eight feet ten  
Every time I fall downstairs  
I float right up again When someone turned the lights on me  
It like to drove me blind  
I woke up this morning in Bellevue  
But I've left my mind behind I'm a gal you can't excuse  
'Cause I've got those blowtop blues Well, I got high last night  
And I took my man to his wife's front door  
Yes, I got juiced last night  
And I took my man to his wife's front door Oh but she was a 45-packin' mama  
And I ain't goin' to try that no more

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