

# Blues de Luxe

Jeff Beck

I don't know much about love, people  
But I sure think I've got it bad, yeah  
I don't know too much about love, people  
But I sure think I've got it bad Some people say love is just a gamble  
But whatever it is, it's about to drive poor me mad, yes, it is I sit here in my lonely room  
Tears flowing on down my eyes, come on, baby  
As I sit there, sit there, sit there in my lonely room  
You know the tears flowing on down my [Incomprehensible] eyes, oh yeah I wonder how you could treat me so  
low down and dirty  
You know what? Your heart must be made out of iron  
No, it ain't no lie, come on, baby Don't you worry  
Oh yeah Over here, sometime I get so worried  
You know I could sit down and cry, yeah, take this  
You know sometimes, I get so worried, people  
You know and only you know I could sit down and cry  
And it ain't no lie Because I don't know too much about love, people  
But I, but I sure think I've got it bad

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