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 badSome people say love is just a gamble
But whatever it is, it's about to drive poor me mad, yes, it isI 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 yeahI 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, babyDon't you worry
Oh yeahOver 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 lieBecause I don't know too much about love, people
But I, but I sure think I've got it bad

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