

Ahmad's Blues (A. Jamal); May 11, 1956

Miles Davis

I go through the strangest kind of changes
Tryin' to find myself a way to pay my dues
And would you believe it I'm so urban
My suburban friends don't know my bag of blues
I'm up in the morning on the corner so sidittyThat you'd hardly know it's me
And late in the evening when I'm mellow
There's my fellow with the world for me to see
It's a world full of cocktails at nine
And dinners and wine very late shows
And where the crowd goesI'm a girl with a world of her own queen on her throne
Till everything's gone and then
I wake up to find that I'm a stranger
In a world where I have never before
I look for my man who held my handBut now I know that he'll be coming back no more
I'm telling you 'bout this bag of blues
Paid a whole lotta dues baby
Gonna change my way of livin' talkin' bags of blues
Mister don't you see I'm paying dues
Gonna change me some shoes baby

Songwriters

AHMAD JAMALPublished by

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