

Blues Deluxe

Joe Bonamassa

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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