

Baddest Blues

Beth Hart & Joe Bonamassa

My love has come along
My dreams become air so
My days have arrived, yea sunny
Funny why all so blueThe man is like a drug
In the late night when I can't get enough
Love in all its splendor
Surrender its every blowWhere is the blues that I know?This is love, what was I thinking?
This is love, what the hell am I, am I gonna do?
And that man, he got me sinking
To the bottom of the blueIt's what I choose
Love is the baddest bluesThe joy versus the kind
No, my joy, it ain't the same
So I put it plain and simple
Just like front page newsLove is the baddest blues
Love is the baddest bluesThis is love, what was I thinking?
This is love, what the hell am I, am I gonna do?
And that man, he got me sinking
To the bottom of the blueGuess that I, I'll lose
Love is the baddest blues

Songwriters

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