

Ahmad's Blues

Deborah J. Carter

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 mornin' on the corner so sedated
That you 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
Oh, it's a world full of cocktails at nine
Dinners and wine and very late shows
And where the crowd goes I'm a girl with a world of her own
A queen on her throne
Till every thing's gone and then I wake up to find that I'm a stranger
In a world where I have never been before
I look for the man who held my hand
But now I know that he'll be coming back no more
I'm telling you 'bout this bag of blues
It's payin' dues, but I got news
Gimme that, I really want that
Speakin' 'bout bag of blues
Mister, I'm payin' dues
Listen I'm changin' shoes
I'm gonna make me some changes
I walk in a daze and then I'm back to my apartment
Where I'll grab another wink
And doze on the sofa till eleven
Then get up and pour myself another drink
Then back at the party, I'll be hearty
While waitin' for some better news
But now in the meantime
I'll just sit right here and cool it
We're gonna cool it now
And listen to the rhythm
Ahmad's blues

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