Too Blue

Leyla McCalla

I got those sad old weary blues.
I don't know where to go.
I don't know where to turn.
Nobody cares about you
When you sink so low.What shall I do?
What shall I say?
Shall I take a gun and
Put myself away?I wonder if
One bullet would do?
Hard as my head is,
It would probably take two.But I ain't got
Neither bullet nor gun--
And I'm too blue
To look for one.I wonder if
One bullet would do?
Hard as my head is,
It would probably take two.But I ain't got
Neither bullet nor gun--
And I'm too blue
To look for one.

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