

# Helpless Blues

## The Bamboos

Stepping on your monolog  
On the streets a corner of  
If I waited by the telephone  
Knowing that you'd never call  
Giving me the helpless blues  
Tied up in her up on news  
All the things that you know  
I'd rather doubt and let it go I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL TEAR IT UP  
I'll hit it up, catch you later  
I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL SPIT IT OUT  
Why, why, oh  
Found in the marigold  
In uniform and wooden boat  
Don't tell me you've been waiting for  
A moment to say the words  
Tell me now that you'll be true  
I wanna make a game of you  
And I can play you all along  
I will knock you off your throne I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL TEAR IT UP  
I'll hit it up, catch you later  
I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL SPIT IT OUT  
Why, why, oh I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL TEAR IT UP  
I'll hit it up, catch you later  
I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL SPIT IT OUT  
Why, why, oh  
I gaze in the street and I think of you  
I crash into oh, oh  
All the stars and miles have fallen, too  
Fallen, oh Don't tell me you've been waiting for  
A moment to say the words  
Don't tell me you've been waiting for  
A moment to say the words I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL TEAR IT UP  
I'll hit it up, catch you later  
I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL SPIT IT OUT  
Why, why, oh I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL TEAR IT UP  
I'll hit it up, catch you later  
I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL SPIT IT OUT  
Why, why, oh I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL TEAR IT UP  
I'll hit it up, catch you later

I'LL SET IT UP, I'LL SPIT IT OUT

Why, why, oh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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