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 goI'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 throneI'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, ohI'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, ohDon'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 wordsI'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, ohI'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, ohI'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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