

# Same Old Blues

## Popa Chubby

Morning rain keep on falling  
Like the tears that fall from my eyes  
And as I sit in my room  
Staring out at the gloom  
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

I can't help, I can't help but remember  
Have the sun that would shine on my back door  
Now the sun turned to rain  
All my laughter turned to pain  
No, that's the rain in the same old blues

Sunlight, lord I can still remember  
Used to shine so sweetly on my back door  
Now the sun turned to rain  
And my laughter turned to pain  
No, that's the rain in the same old blues  
Just the rain in the same old blues

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