Leaving Trunk

Taj Mahal

I went upstairs to pack my leavin' trunk
I ain't see no blues, whiskey made me sloppy drunk
I ain't never seen no whiskey, the blues made me sloppy drunk
I'm going back to Memphis babe, where I'll have much better luck

Look out Mama you know you asked me to be your King
She said you kiddin' man, if you want it, keep it hid
But please don't let my husband, my main man catch you here
Please don't let my main man, my husband catch you here
The blues are mushed up into three different ways
One said go the other two said stay
I woke up this mornin' with the blues three different ways
You know one say go "Baby I want to hang up", the other two said stay

Wake up mama I got something to tell you
You know I'm a man who love to sing the blues
Now you got to wake up baby, mama now, I got something; I got something to tell you
Well you know I'm the man, oh yes and I love to sing the blues
Come on baby, Come on

I went upstairs to pack my leavin' trunk, you know
I ain't see no blues or whiskey made me sloppy drunk
I ain't never seen no whiskey, the blues made me sloppy drunk
I go home baby and I lay down on the lawn

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