

# Lonesome Desert Blues

[Maria Muldaur](#)

A fly will stick to jelly and wood will stick to glue,  
But a man won't stick to a woman no matter what she do!  
The wrong way, I'm bound to sue! That man o' mine is triflin' and he don't treat me right,  
He's got another sweetie, he sees her late at night,  
That is why I've got those desert blues. I'm gonna travel to the desert, out in the western land,  
I'm gonna hid my troubles in the burnin' sand. Temptation I can't refuse,  
For that man o' mine I'm bound to lose;  
My mind is like a row boat out on a stormy sea,  
He's with me right now, in the mornin' where will he be? Lore-oh, lore-oh, lore-oh!  
Lore-oh, lore-oh, lore-oh!  
I'm so nervous, I'm quakin' in my shoes,  
I'm burnin' up, I've got those lonesome desert blues!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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