

# The Blues

## Randy Newman

He's gonna tell you 'bout his dear old mother  
Burned up in a factory in Springfield, Mass.  
He's gonna tell you 'bout his baby brother  
Hustlin' down the city streets  
And selling his ass for a dollar bag  
He's gonna tell you 'bout his uncle Neddy  
Locked up in a prison out in Oregon  
He's gonna tell you 'bout his best friend Eddie  
Killed in a bar fight with a pair of Marines  
And a sailor  
Oh He's got the blues, this boy  
He's got the blues  
You can hear it in his music  
He's got the blues, this boy  
He's got the blues  
You can hear it, you can hear it When I was nine years old  
My daddy ran away  
With a woman he met on a train, oh  
His little boy  
Ran to the room  
Where his piano  
Lay in wait for him  
He played and he played  
He played and he played He's got the blues, this boy  
He's got the blues  
You can hear it, you can hear it  
He's got the blues, this boy  
He's got the blues A year ago, I met a girl  
I thought we'd hit a massive groove  
But she dumped me  
And all we'd hit were the blues He's got the blues, this boy  
He's got the blues  
You can hear it in his music  
He's got the blues, this boy  
He's really got the blues

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