

Inflation Blues

B.B. King

Hey, Mr. President
All your congressmen too
You got me frustrated
And I dont know what to doIm trying to make a living
I cant save a cent
It takes all of my money
Just to eat and pay my rentI got the blues
Got those inflation bluesYou know, Im not one of those high brows
Im average Joe to you
I came up eating cornbread
Candied yams and chicken stewNow you take that paper dollar
Its only that in name
The way that buck has shrunk
Its a lowdown dirty shameThats why I got the blues
Got those inflation blues
'Cause I haveMr. President, please cut the price of sugar
I wanna make my coffee sweet
I wanna smear some butter on my bread
And I just got to have my meatWhen you start rationing
You really played the game
And things are going up and up and up and up
And my check remains the sameThats why I got the blues
Got those inflation blues

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