

The Blues Don't Care

Waylon Jennings

I come from the country
Grew up over [Incomprehensible]
There are places I ain't welcomed
And I had to loot and cry
I slipped in the back door
Still I never got my share
But the blues don't care
My best friend had to tell me
What I could never see
What that woman did the best
Was run around on me
I had to learn the hard way
That all in love ain't fair
But the blues don't care
The blues don't care
Now the blues don't care
You can curse and complain
Till it drives you insane
But the blues don't care
I tried to reach for higher ground
Never dream that I could fall
I believed that I could fly
High above it all
Talk about hitting bottom
Brother I have been there
And the blues don't care
I laughed and talked with Jesus
Told it all to Him
I am afraid I told Him too much
For Him to let me in
Chances are He'll lose my number
When the roll is called up there
But the blues don't care
But the blues don't care
No, the blues don't care
You can curse and complain
You can say it just ain't fair
But the blues don't care
The blues don't care

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