

Bastard Son Of A Thousand Blues

Poison

Well, it's four o'clock in the mornin'
An' I'm knockin' on her door
She said she's tired of me
Don't want me here no more
She said, "Stop your pissin', moanin' and groanin'
Or sleep outside with them dogs"
Now honey, let me please explain
'Cause I didn't mean you no wrong
I didn't mean to hurt you, baby
I wouldn't do that to you
She said, "Bite your lip, now, sweet child
You're the bastard son of a thousand blues"
Well, my daddy was gone by the day I was born
And my mama I have never seen
I was born in the back of a black Cadillac
And raised by a Gypsy queen
And as a child I was hell gone wild
Raised in the eye of a storm
By the time I was ten, I was doing time again
'Cause I knew what that gun was for
Oh no no, I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues
Oh no no, don't know what I'm gonna do
Oh no no, I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues
Oh no no, tell me mama, what am I gonna do?
Ladies have come and ladies have gone
But there's one I remember quite well
Years have gone past but her memory lasts
But the stories I cannot tell
Well, I've lived and I've lied
And I've loved and I've tried
To put my soul to good use
Guess I'm shit out of luck
'Cause that name, it just stuck
I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues, dig
Oh no no, I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues
Oh no no, don't know what I'm gonna do
Oh no no, I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues
Oh no no, tell me, what am I gonna do?
Oh no no, I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues
Oh no no, I don't know, what am I gonna do?
Oh no no, b-b-bastard's, bastard's son, bastard son, baby
Oh no no, I don't know what I'm gonna do
Oh no no, I'm the bastard, bastard, bad, bad [incomprehensible]
I'm the bastard, I'm the bastard son of a thousand blues

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