

# Ahmad's Blues

## Red Garland

I go through the strangest kind of changes  
Tryin' to find myself a way to pay my dues  
And would you believe it, I'm so urban  
My suburban friends don't know my bag of blues  
I'm up in the mornin' on the corner so sedated  
That you hardly know it's me  
And late in the evening when I'm mellow  
There's my fellow with the world for me to see  
Oh, it's a world full of cocktails at nine  
Dinners and wine and very late shows  
And where the crowd goes I'm a girl with a world of her own  
A queen on her throne  
Till every thing's gone and then I wake up to find that I'm a stranger  
In a world where I have never been before  
I look for the man who held my hand  
But now I know that he'll be coming back no more  
I'm telling you 'bout this bag of blues  
It's payin' dues, but I got news  
Gimme that, I really want that  
Speakin' 'bout bag of blues  
Mister, I'm payin' dues  
Listen I'm changin' shoes  
I'm gonna make me some changes  
I walk in a daze and then I'm back to my apartment  
Where I'll grab another wink  
And doze on the sofa till eleven  
Then get up and pour myself another drink  
Then back at the party, I'll be hearty  
While waitin' for some better news  
But now in the meantime  
I'll just sit right here and cool it  
We're gonna cool it now  
And listen to the rhythm  
Ahmad's blues

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