

Blues de Luxe

Jeff Beck

I don't know too much about love, people,
But I sure think I've got it bad.
I don't know too much about love, people,
But I sure think I've got it bad.
Some people say love is just a gamble.
But whatever it is, it's about to drive poor me mad. I sit here in my lonely room,
Tears flowing down my eyes.
As I sit here in my lonely room,
Tears flowing on down my eyes,
I wonder how you could treat me so low-down and dirty.
You know what? Your heart must be made out of iron,
And it ain't no lie. Sometimes, I get so worried, people,
I could just sit right down and cry.
Sometimes, I get so worried, people,
You know I could sit right down and cry.
Because I don't know too much about love, people,
But I sure think I've got it bad

Songwriters

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