

# Good Morning Blues

## Buck Clayton Septet

Now this is the blues  
There was a white man had the blues  
Thought it was nothing to worry about  
Now you lay down at night  
You roll from one side of the bed to the other all  
Night long  
Ya can't sleep, whats the matter; the blues has gotcha  
Ya get up you sit on the side of the bed in the mornin'  
May have a sister a mother a brother n a father around  
But you don't want no talk out of em  
Whats the matter; the blues has gotcha  
When you go in put your feet under the table look down  
At ya plate got everything you wanna eat  
But ya shake ya head you get up you say "Lord I can't  
Eat I can't sleep whats the matter"  
The blues gotcha  
Why not talk to ya  
  
Tell what you gotta tell it  
  
Well, good morning blues, blues how do you do  
Well, good morning blues, blues how do you do  
I'm doing all right well, good morning how are you.  
  
I couldn't sleep last night, I was turning from side to  
Side  
Oh Lord, I was turning from side to side  
I wasn't sad, I was just dissatisfied.  
  
I couldn't sleep last night, you know the blues walking  
'Round my bed,  
Oh Lord, the blues walking 'round my bed  
I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was in my bread.  
  
Well good morning blues, blues how do you do.  
Well, good morning blues, blues how do you do.  
I'm doing all right, well, good morning how are you.

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