

What A Shame

Foghat

Room 57 in the midnight hour,
I'm fresh out of coffee and the cream turned sour.
I'm thinkin' 'bout the people I've been talkin' to,
Been here a long time and nobody knew.
Ain't it shame, ain't it a pity, the bluebird's gone from the w
indy city.

What a shame, what a shame,
What a shame, what a shame.

Good music on the radio,
A whole lotta people don't wanna know.
They say that black is black and white is white,
You can't cross over 'cause it don't seem right.
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