

Stranded In Self-Pity

Warren Haynes

Oh, the daydreams I can create
When the moonbeam is on the snowflake
And lonesome is my only friend
Yeah, I feel so forsaken
Like the good times are on vacation
And ain't coming home again

Sitting here without her
I get to thinking about her
You know that feeling just ain't right
'Cause she's in New York City
And I'm stranded in self-pity
Don't you play no blues tonight.

'Cause your guitar will get to crying
And I'll sure get to sighing
Form my hat down to my soul
Yeah, there's a favor you can do me
Don't sing no sad songs to me
'Cause buddy I already know

If my lick would change
I'd catch myself and airplane
I'd leave you and these damned old blues behind
But she's in New York City
And I'm stranded in self-pity
Don't you sink no blues tonight

Yeah, she's in New York City
And I'm stranded in self-pity
Don't you sing no blues tonight