

# Cash Talkin' (the Workingman's Blues)

Albert Collins

Well I walked down to my bank, just to see what I could see  
I asked the man behind the desk, I say "Ah, is there any money for me?"  
Now he didn't know just what to say  
I say, "I need that money in a terrible way!"  
Now he didn't say "yeah" but he didn't say "no"  
He just shook my hand and showed me the door

Oh Lord, the blues is killing me  
Oh Lord, Lord, Lord, these blues is killing me  
Yes sir

Now my wife loves money and it bothers my mind  
She runs to the store and she buys, on time  
T.V's, radios, stereos and I got all kind a princess phones  
A one of these days, y'all, I think they all gonna be gone

My baby need clothes, my wife needs a car  
It's a wonder y'all ha, I got this far! Hey!  
Landlord knocking, and he wants some rent  
Now I'm looking for the money that my wife just spent

Oh Lord, um-hm, the blues is killing me  
Oh Lord, Lord, Lord, these blues is killing me  
Telling ya

Tax time, ain't nothing but a mess  
Paying Uncle Sam more an' I'm getting less  
The poor stay poor and the rich stay rich  
An' I'm right here in the middle  
Now ain't that a.....!

Barely gettin' by, makes me mean  
'Cause the politicians I'm payin', are livin' real clean  
Step down Mister Politician, and live like I do  
I want you to know, the workin' man blues

Oh Lord, oh Lord, these blues is killin' me  
Oh Lord, Lord, Lord, these blues is killin' me

Payin' these taxes worry me to death...

Buyin' new T.V's an' radios an' stereos...

Baby needs clothes...

Wife need a old car to get around in...

Oh it's a bitch bein' po'...

I say it's a \_\_\_!1, bein' po'...

Fading:

Now ain't that a bitch?

(Boy it's rough, I'll tell ya)