

Brain Cloudy Blues

Asleep At The Wheel

My brain is cloudy my soul is upside down
Lord my brain is cloudy my soul is upside down
When I get the low down feeling
I know the blues must be someplace around

Well you gotta treat me right day by day
Get out your little prayer book get upon your knees and pray
You're gonna need you're gonna need my help someday
And you're going to be sorry oh you treat me this way

Well good evening don't that sun look good going down
Well good evening don't that sun look good going down
Don't your home look lonesome
When your lover ain't around

Well I've tried everything baby to get along with you
Now I'm gonna tell you what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna stop crying gonna leave you alone
If you don't think I'm leaving you can count the days I'm gone
Cause you're gonna need you're gonna need my help someday
And you're going to be sorry oh you treat me this way