

Man And The Blues

Buddy Guy

What can a poor man do, you know when the blues keep bothering
him around

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him around

Give him a half pint of good liquor, and sit down and drink it
all down

You know, sometimes I feel, I feel like drinkin' me some gasoli
ne

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ne

Strikin' me a match and blow myself up in steam

I feel I'm gonna move on back down south,

You know where the water tastes like cherry wine

I feel I'm gonna move on back down south,

You know where the water tastes like cherry wine

Because this crap of whiskey and water tastes to me like turpen
tine