

Blues For Memphis Slim

Eric Burdon

You know when you're born
You first see light of day
Through a gap in your mother's legs
It's the truth
And from that minute on
Most of us guys
And some of you girls spend your life
Trying to get back into a hole, mmm-hmm
But, don't worry
Because if you make it
If you don't make it
They're gonna dig a hole for you eventually in the ground
And slot you right back to Mother Earth

Mother Earth is waitin' for you, yes she is
She is big and she's round
And it's cold way down in the ground
You may not be happy all the time
You may never be that way
Mother Earth is waitin' for you
For that debt you've got to pay

Don't care how big you are, I don't care what you were
When it all is up, you've got to go back to Mother Earth

You could be blasé with life
Only make love to foreign girls
You may have a little jet, baby
And fly all around the world

Don't care how big you are, I don't care what you were
When it all is up, you've got to go back to Mother Earth
Sweet Mother Earth, baby

You may own some racing horses
Even own a whole damn track
You may have enough money, baby
To buy anything you lack

Don't care how big you are, I don't care what you were
When it all is up, you got to go back to Mother Earth
She is waitin' for you, girl
When it all is up, you got to go back
Way back to Mother Earth, yes

When the acid trip is over
You, you got to come back to Mother Blues, yeah
Mother Blues
I feel so bad, oh, all I can do is sing these blues, yeah
When it all is up
You've got to go back to Mother Earth
Oh baby you hear what I say?