

Same Old Blues

Irma Thomas

Mornin' rain keeps on fallin'
Like the tears that fall from my eyes
Oh, as I sit, as I sit in my room staring out at the gloom
It's the rain, it's the same old blues

I can't help, I can't help but thinking
When the sun used to shine, shine in my back door
Yes now, the sun has turned to rain
And all my laughter has turned to pain
It's the pain of the same old blues

Sunshine, sunshine is all you see now
But it all looks like, it all looks like clouds to me
But as I sit, as I sit in my room
Just staring out the window looking at the gloom
Oh, it's the rain and it's the same, same old blues
It's the rain and it's the same old blues
Yes, yes, it's the rain and it's the same, the same old blues,
yeah