

Chains And Things

Joe Bonamassa

Woke up this morning, After another one of those crazy dreams Oh, nothing is going right this morning, The whole world is wrong it seems Oh, I guess it's the chain that bind me I can't loose these chains and things

Got to work this morning, Seems like everything is lost I got a cold hearted wrong doing woman, And a slave driving ball

Well you talk about hard luck and trouble, Seems to be my middle name All the odds are against me, Yes, I can only play a losing game

Oh, I would pack up and leave today people, But I ain't got now here to go Ain't got money to buy a ticket, And I don't feel like walking anymore