

# Twenty-Four Hour Blues

Joe Bonamassa

Every morning when I wake up  
Lord, I cry a pool of tears  
Seven days now, since you left me  
Well, it seems like seven years

Loneliness keeps hanging around my door  
An unwanted friend I can't lose  
Every day the same dog-gone thing  
Twenty-four hour blues

Lonely minutes turn into hours  
I keep waiting by the telephone  
But you don't call me, I guess I'll be  
Spending another sleepless night alone

I can't seem to get myself together  
Without you it's all bad news  
Every day the same dog-gone thing  
Twenty-four hour blues

If you don't hurry on back to me  
Then I have nothing left to lose  
Just these four gray walls  
Twenty-four hour blues

Every day the same dog-gone thing  
Twenty-four hour blues