

Twelve Bar Blues

John Anderson

Well I'm lookin' for my woman, she slapped me in the face
She walked out on me, running towards that big rat race
I've searched a dozen places trying to find the one she'd choose
It's a quarter past eleven, Lord, and I've got the twelve bar blues

Well I should be home a-
thinkin', with my phone book and my chair
Let my fingers do the drinkin' call and ask if she's been there
It would have saved me 30 dollars, Lord, saved the soles on my
new shoes
Saved a half a pound of Tylenol and a gauge of the twelve bar blues

Well I counted on her lovin' and I tell it on my friends
Counted boys on all my fingers when I bent the two cents in
Askin' everybody and finally found someone who knew
She was down in Club 13, Lord, and I've got the twelve bar blues
Since she was down in Club 13, Lord, and I've got the twelve bar blues