

Yonder Come The Blues

Maria Muldaur

I worry all day, I worry all night
Every time my man comes home, he wants to fuss and fight
When I pick up the paper it's never good news,
I can't be satisfied because yonder comes the blues

Well, I go down to the river each and every day
just trying to keep myself from crying', grieving myself
away
Well, I walked and I walked till I wore out my shoes
Well, I couldn't walk no farther, yonder come the blues

Well, some folks never worry, things goes them all right
Poor me, lay down on that sofa, weep and cry all night
Every time I get a letter, it's always bad news
Every time I see the mailman, yonder come the blues

Folks have them different blues and think their mighty
bad
But the blues about a man the worst I've ever had
Every man I loved I've been refused
And when I want some loving yonder come the blues

Go back blues don't you come this way
Lord give me something else besides these blues all day
Because I feel disgusted and all confused
And every time I look around yonder come the blues