

# A Woman Alone With the Blues

Peggy Lee

For my love sickness  
There's no physician  
What could he tell me to use?  
No liquid or pill, I'm sure  
Ever did or will cure  
A woman alone with the blues

Burning memories of  
The man that I love  
Crowd all my mental reviews  
For all of the pain I feel  
His two loving arms could heal  
A woman, alone, with the blues

To a blue melody  
Warm and human  
I could pour my soul out in song  
And the words would be  
About a good woman  
Who believed in a man, right or wrong

He'll come back someday  
Begging forgiveness  
Blushing way down to his shoes  
No man in this world can find, happiness or peace of mind  
And break any heart he may choose  
And leave his woman alone with the blues