Same Old Blues

Popa Chubby

Morning rain keep on falling Like the tears that fall from my eyes And as I sit in my room Staring out at the gloom No, that's the rain in the same old blues

I can't help, I can't help but remember Have the sun that would shine on my back door Now the sun turned to rain All my laughter turned to pain No, that's the rain in the same old blues

Sunlight, lord I can still remember Used to shine so sweetly on my back door Now the sun turned to rain And my laughter turned to pain No, that's the rain in the same old blues Just the rain in the same old blues