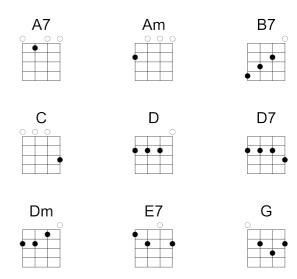
## Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

Carey Morgan, Arthur Swanstone, Charles McCarron

There are blues that you get from worry There are blues that you get from pain There are blues when you're lonely for your one and Those blues you can never explain There are blues that you get from longing But the bluest blues that be Are the only blues that's on my mind, they're the very meanest kind The blues my naughty sweetie gives to me There are blues you get from wimmin when you see 'em goin' swimmin' And you haven't got a bathing suit yourself There are blues you get much quicker when you hide a lot of liquor And somebody goes and swipes it off the shelf There are blues that come from waitin' on the dock Wondering if the boat is gonna rock And there's blues that come from gettin' in a taxicab and frettin' Everytime you hit a bump and jump the clock There are blues you get from tryin' when you save a And he afterwards forgets you in his will But the blues much worse than this is when you're walkin' with the missus And some chorus lady shouts, "Hello there Bill!" But the blues that make me crazy mad and sorer than a bunion 'Till I feel like goin' out and stabbin' someone with an onion Are the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me There are blues that you get from worry There are blues that you get from pain There are blues when you're single and just want to mingle And blues when you have to abstain

Dm E7
But the bluest blues to me A7
Are the blues that make me hot and cold and make me want to shiver D7
And make me want to end it all by jumping in the river C G C
Are the blues my naughty sweetie gives to me, gives D7
to me
C G C
The blues my naughty sweetie gives to me



There are blues that you get from sleepless nights