

B.B. King, Everyday I Have The Blues

Everyday, everyday I have the blues
Everyday, everyday I have the blues
When you see me worried baby
Because it's you I hate to lose
Oh nobody loves me, nobody seems to care
Yes nobody loves me, nobody seems to care
Speaking of bad luck and trouble
Well you know I had my share
I'm gonna pack my suitcase, move on down the line
Yes I'm gonna pack my suitcase, move on down the line
Where there ain't nobody worried
And there ain't nobody crying