

# B.B. King, Inflation Blues

Hey Mr. President  
All your congressmen, too  
You got me frustrated  
And I don't know what to do  
I'm trying to make a living  
I can't save a cent  
It takes all of my money  
Just to eat and pay my rent  
I got the blues  
Got those inflation blues  
You know, I'm not one  
Of those high brows  
I'm average Joe to you  
I came up eating cornbread  
Candied yams and chicken stew  
Now you take that paper dollar  
It's only that in name  
The way that buck has shrunk  
It's a lowdown dirty shame  
That's why I got the blues  
Got those inflation blues  
Mr. President  
Please cut the price of sugar  
I wanna make my coffee sweet  
I wanna smear some butter on my bread  
And I just got to have my meat  
When you start rationing  
You really played the game  
And things are going up  
And up and up and up  
And my check remains the same  
That's why I got the blues  
Got those inflation blues