1. He's gon-na tell you 'bout his dear old mo-ther, burned up in a fac-to-ry in
   Spring-field, Mass.
   He's gon-na tell you 'bout his ba-by bro-ther, hust-
   lin' down the ci-ty streets, and
   in a bar fight with a

2. He's gon-na tell you 'bout his un-cle Ned-dy, locked up in a pri-son out in
   Or-e-gon.
   He's gon-na tell you 'bout his best friend Ed-die, killed
   a pair of ma-ri-nes and a sai-lor, oh._
He's got the blues,
this boy has got the blues. You can hear it in his music, he's got the blues,
this boy, he's got the blues, you can hear it, you can hear it.

When I was nine years
old,

my daddy ran away

with a woman he met on a train.

Oh, his little boy

ran to the room where his piano lay in wait for him.

He played and he played,

he played and he played.
He's got the blues, this boy,

he's got the blues. You can hear it, you can hear it, he's got
the blues, this boy has got the blues.

A year ago, I met this girl,

I thought we'd hit a massive groove, but she dumped me,

and all we'd hit were the blues.
He’s got the blues, this boy__ has got the blues. You can hear it in his music, he’s got
the blues, this boy__ has really got the blues.