**Someone Else’s Blues**

That’s what I said I’m takin that picture off the wall

You can hang your dead Aunt Fanny in the hall

Gonna poke a big hole smack dab in the middle

I’m hangin up my old bass fiddle

Gonna get me a guitar and a bottle of booze

I’ve walked too many miles in someone else’s blues.

Well I’ll play banjo I’ll play fiddle, fine

But guitar that’ll have to be the bottom line

If you want to get any lower now

You can just go out and kick the cow

I’m gonna get me a pair of tri-tone wingtip shoes

I’ve walked too many miles in someone else’s blues.

Well I’ve grown tired of thumpin’ the five-foot wire

I’ve grown tired of totin the cable lyre

You can slap my hands you can slap my face

Still I ain’t gonna slap that fat old bass

Gonna get me a guitar and a bottle of booze

I’ve walked too many miles in someone else’s blues