

# Mr. Bluesman

Words & Music by Dave James Hendrikse

I didn't have a nickel had to sleep on the floor  
The same as my daddy, and his daddy before  
When they searched for joy all they found was pain,  
Now i need the sun, ..... but i walk the rain  
Hmm, Hmm

So what i played, was almost all straight blues  
I sang about life, stood by misguided views  
Since i was orphaned before the age of three  
Just like my hero champion Jack Dupree.

So, wont you please, please sing me that song  
I beg you Mr. bluesman, that would help me get along  
Hmm, Hmm

I'm done comin' down, in societies juice  
I thought I had nothing, but i have nothing to lose  
Cause all i've got, is enough for me  
Just like my hero champion Jack Dupree.

So, wont you please, please sing me that song  
I beg you Mr. bluesman, ..... ;)  
While his fingers play along those coloured keys  
His Story, his life will paint a song, for me  
His voice sounds like a graveyard full of scars  
'Cause when you're live on the road, it's hard, it's hard

Please, please, please sing me that song  
It'll help me get along

I will smash those strings, till my fingers bleed  
A devil's fiddle? Be no match for me  
I can see the sorrow in his eyes  
But it ain't no shame in starting up right now

Please, please, please sing me that song.....