Blues Are On the Ceiling

By John T. Wurzer

Well I got money in my wallet; I got food upon my shelf

I can live with your bad habits, but I can’t live with myself

Oh no, the blues are on the ceiling mama, and the blues are on the floor

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues some more.

Yeah, I got condoms in the nightstand, I got lubricating gel

I’m not speaking to my right hand, but the left one knows me well

The blues are on the ceiling mama, and they’re dripping on my head

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues instead

No I can’t dream when I am sleeping, I have nightmares when I wake

Our love, it ran so deep, it’s on the bottom of a lake

Oh yeah, the blues are on the ceiling mama, clinging to a chandelier

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues all year

Yeah, there’s a moral to this story, there’s a reason to this rhyme

Wealth, success, and glory gives you blues most all the time

Oh yeah, the blues are on the ceiling mama, and they just won’t go away

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues all day