

That's How I Learned to Sing the Blues

(Henry Hipkens)

People ask me when I sing the blues
How did I learn what method did I use
Though I will tell you how my friend
It's not a way I'd recommend
You find a good love and treat her wrong
Then be sorry 'bout it when she's gone
You'll say 'come back' she'll refuse
That's how I learned to sing the blues

Now the people pay to hear my song
The mournful melody of love gone wrong
And while the blues has brought me wealth
I find I can't sing nothin' else
I lost a love I can't replace
With every line I sing I see her face
And though it's not the way I'd choose
That's how I learned to sing the blues

And at night
When other lovers hold their true loves tight
I hold another but it's just not right
It's only memories I crave
And in the dawn
Just for a moment I forget you're gone
And reach to hold you in the cold grey light
But only find the feeling
That I'll use to sing these blues

My advice while you have a choice
Is do some exercises for your voice
When you sing cry every word
Flat the seventh and the third
And you can sound as if you're sad
Don't be a fool and treat your good love bad
You will gain less than you lose
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