

Blues Over Baghdad (forget me not)

By Fruteland Jackson

Chorus

Blues over Baghdad- for- get- me- not
Blues over Baghdad is all I got.

Blues over Baghdad- for- get- me- not
Remember me because I fought.

Bombs exploding throughout the night
Bodies' strewn left and right
When hungry guns and short tempers meet
Man's inhumanity is man's defeat
When both sides of war awaken
We count the living and salute those taken

Chorus

Government soldiers driving down the road
Suddenly a roadside bomb explodes
You' will learn quickly that life is not fair
When you see *the rocket's red glare.*
No time to flee No time for fright
As faceless enemies pass in the night.

Solo

Chorus

When war rears its ugly head
Young men and women die instead
Mothers and Fathers, Sisters and Brothers
Shall forever remain bereft.
Because war is not for those who are right
But for those who are left.

Solo

A Gambler's View
By Fruteland Jackson

C E7 F/F6 F#°

I read the newspapers every morning to see if I have won the lottery.

C A7 D7/F# G (asc. turn)

I played my birth date and a seven, hopin' lady luck would smile on me.

C E7 F/F6

My heart was pumpin', my right eye jumpin', if I hit the Powerball wouldn't
F#° -----

That be somethin'.

C A7 D7 G C (ragtime turnaround)

Its fun to be a winner you're no sinner 'til you've lost all you've won

C E7 F/F6 F#°

I play *Dominoes* and I play *Bingo*, I play the *Horses* and I speak the lingo

C A7 D7/F# G (asc. turn)

Lucky Strike in the third race, win, place or show.

C E7 F/F6 F#° -----

When I win I rejoice but when I lose to my drug of choice

C A7 D G C

I'm not frettin' I'm still bettin' and, settin' up for my next run.

=====

F Bridge

When you see things

Fm

From a Gambler's view

C

You might get lucky or you might get blue

D7/F#

If you don't play you won't win but if you do you just might.

G (asc. turn)

This road to winning is a costly delight

Solo

Some times I roll'em some times I fade cause only one of us is getting paid
You win some, you lose some, you wreck some and you could crap out twice
When I gamble I play for the thrills, I drink from the cup and I pay the bills
I'm a duck like *Gladstone Gander who panders for his next run of luck

F Bridge

First verse *Donald Ducks cousin who had outrageous luck- Wikipedia

My Baby Left Me All Alone in Em

By Fruteland Jackson 5/15/2005

Intro: Bouree in Em - J.S. Bach

My Baby Left Me All Alone
My Baby Left Me (Left Me)-All Alone
She said, she was movin on
And now, she's gone.

Where do I go from here?
Where do I go from here?
I'm going down to the crossroads,
To sit down and have myself a beer.

(Bridge) Bronzeville woman got me looking through my tears
She said her clock was ticking - how many more years
Here I sit at the in of the day
I let the best girl I ever had - *get away. (2x)*

Solo.

I didn't want to say, "I do".
To prove my love was true.
I didn't want to say, "I do".
To prove my love was true.
Now I'm home alone and free to roam,
Since my baby *left me all alone (2x)*
tag

I walked a mile with sorrow
And ne'er a word said she 2x
But oh the things I learned from her,
When sorrow -*walked with me.*

(Bridge) Verse 1 Outro: Bouree in Em - J.S. Bach

The Birthday Blues

[VCI] Lee Debaggia/Fruteland Jackson

When I woke up this mornin'
I new somethin' wasn't right
My neck be sore
And my back be tight.

Another year older
And I take look around
My vision be shorter
And my waist be round.

I got the birthday blues (I got the birthday blues)
'Cause *time marches on*
I use to be a little baby (boy)
But now I'm full grown.

Another birthday candle
Makes me so bored and tired
Got these birthday blues
I'm so uninspired.

My hair loss I be grievin'
And my ankles swell
They say I might get better
But I won't get well.

Chorus

In this last verse I realize
What keeps me goin'
I could be home alone
But instead my candles I be blowin'

The IRS

Thursday, February 15, 2007 (Slow burn blues T-Bone Style)

A9

I knew it was going to happen
I just didn't know when
The IRS would call me downtown
To bring my tax returns in
They sent me a letter
It was the worst of my fears
They said I owed a whole lot of money
And they wanted to review my last three years

D9

A9

The IRS called me and I didn't sleep a wink last night.

E9

I just had to get up and walk the floor

D9

A9

Finally I turned out all the lights.

I showed them my bank statements
So they could see how much (money) I made
I new it was okay to avoid paying taxes
But illegal to evade
My books were in order
I had receipts for everything
And when it came to cash payments
They couldn't prove a damn thing
The IRS called me and I didn't sleep a wink last night.
I just had to get up and walk the floor
Finally I turned out all the lights.

Solo

If you work for yourself
You know taxes are high
After you pay all of your expenses
You're just getting' by.

Giving unto Caesar

Can be a tough thing to do

If you don't pay the man

He will come running after you

The IRS called me I didn't sleep a wink last night.

I just had to get up and walk the floor

Finally I turned out all the lights.

I Won

Johnnie Mae Dunson

Me and the devil had a tussle and lord I won
Me and the devil had a tussle oh lord I won
Me and the devil had a tussle lord I won
Me and the devil had a tussle and I won

He thought he was gonna get me in his O' flames of fire
He thought that he was gonna get me in his flames of fire
But I was much lord much to strong I told him he was a lie
Now me and the devil had a tussle and I won

Solo

Now me and the devil I know well never get along
Now me and the devil I know well never get alone
Because I stand for the right lord He stand for the wrong
Now me and the devil I know well never get along

You know he was laughing just having fun
But I'm so glad so glad lord I won
Now me and the devil had a tussle lord I won
Me and the devil had a tussle lord I won
Yes I won

It's All Good

By Fruteland Jackson

They say he said that she said I would be your pet
(And that) you only dated me 2 win a bet
When you snap your fingers I would fall in line
I would bring you water or I would bring you wine

Chorus (1) Oh babe, we should be in Hollywood
No matter what *they* say – I say honey it's all good

They say I'm just a floater and you are just a friend
That you are nothing more than a *means to an end*
He said I was a *player* and *she said* you were a *fan*
That I provided practice but could never be your man.

Chorus (2) Oh babe, were so misunderstood
No matter what *they* say – I say honey it's all good

It's all good, It's all good, Honey baby It's all good.
No matter what *they* say – I say honey it's all good

Bridge

When you mind your own business – it is not enough
If you do not feed them - *they* will make up stuff
Spreading ugly rumors - when they don't have a clue
You're not talking about them - but *they*'re talking about you
Never let what *they* say ever get the best of you 2x.

Solo

It's all good when they speak our name
They try to beat you down with gossip and blame
Twisting your words and telling BLACK lies
Pretending to be friends but there nothing but spies

Chorus (3) Oh babe, the things we have withstood
No matter what *they* say – I say honey it's all good

It's all good, It's all good, Honey baby It's all good.
No matter what *they* say – I say honey it's all good -Bridge