

BLUES STORM COMING By Allan Markin

We had a good thing goin', that's what she used to say

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Then she walked out on me, said she had to get away

I saw her ridin' down the highway, in my two-tone Chevrolet

I saw her ridin' down the highway, in my two-tone Chevrolet

She waved goodbye to me, honked the horn and sped away

Chorus: There's a blues storm coming, I can feel it in my bones

There's a blues storm coming, I can feel it in my bones

I can't predict the weather, but the blues are gonna make me moan

My baby's a blues tornado, she spins me all around

My baby's a blues tornado, she spins me all around

First she lifts me up high, then she slams me right down

Hey good buddy, take me to the bar

Hey good buddy, take me to the bar

I'm not too strong, can't walk that far

Now listen up my brother, this is how love goes

Listen up my brother, 'cause this is how love goes

The weather's unpredictable, but you sure can predict the blues

Chorus: There's a blues storm comin', I can feel it in my head

There's a blues storm comin', I can feel it in my head

I can't predict the weather, I predict the blues instead