

## **New Copenhagen Blues**

If you go down town  
Put your money in your hat  
Bound to get robbed in no time flat  
Oh Brother - what d'you think about that?  
The kind of blues you'd wish you ain't never had

Men dress themselves in black  
Like the undertakers do  
They'll deal a crooked deck  
And blame anything on you  
Oh sweet mama - will they tell on you  
Lying, cheatin' ain't nothing you can do

My brother was a preacher  
Preachin' high and low  
He told me "be careful  
Of stones that you throw"  
Oh sweet mama - they really had it in for him  
How he went down? I guess they done him in

The woman I love  
Sweet as can be  
Before she went to town  
She ran right out on me  
Oh Sweet mama - when she came back to me  
Poor girl was nothing like she used to be

I stayed out trouble  
In oh so many ways  
Until the chairman of the board  
Got up and stole my face  
Oh sweet mama - did I fall from grace  
When he bought the law and told me I had no case

If you go down town  
Slash your cash in your shoes  
If you wanna stay out of trouble  
Beware of the company you choose  
It's just a simple matter of beating de deuce  
If you don't wanna come down with the Copenhagen blues