

You tell me you want someone you can tell your troubles to
No need to think about me I got better things to do
There's ships out on the ocean and there's pictures in my head
And people talking 'bout me when I'm sleeping in my bed
I hear the police crawling through my telephone line
So baby you're the last thing on my mind

You say you got so much love that you want to give away
But I'm too busy thinking to hear anything you say
I think about the dealer down on Beale Street and Main
They took him down but some day he'll be coming back again
For now I'm out of smoke so I been getting by on wine
So baby you're the last thing on my mind

You tell me that a woman makes a man feel so complete
I'm looking out the window, I can't wait to hit the street
I almost can remember all the words to that old song
The blues ain't saying nothing so it can't be right or wrong
The bus went down Gayoso and it's leaving me behind
So baby you're the last thing on my mind.