

Pete Townshend, Baba Blues

Oh Baba, some day I'll write you a love song,
but now I'll just sing the blues.
Some day I'll write you a love song,
but now though, I'll just sing the blues.
I suffer in the day, and the night time runs,
and to suffer is what I chose.

You lived and you died just for me, Love.
Yesterday they brought me the news.
You lived and you died just for me, Love.
Yesterday they brought me the news.
Still I waste my time holding first to what's mine;
it's no wonder that I just sing the blues.

I've got no time for the spirit's yearning,
no time for those higher things,
no time for the spirit's yearning,
got no time for those higher things.
I've got earthly wants, burning churning inside,
and the blues is what that brings.

Beloved, I do want to love you,
don't know why I always refuse.
Beloved, I want to love you;
I don't know why I always refuse.
Still I'll wait till I'm willing and worthy to serve you;
till then I'll just sing the blues.