

# Reba McEntire, Can't Even Get The Blues

I walk into the kitchen  
The silverware is gone  
The furniture is missing  
I guess you got it all uhuh  
This is where it ought to hurt  
Seems like every time you leave me  
You try and think of something worse

Chorus:

I can't even get the blues no more  
I try to worry like I did before  
And nothing happens when I walk the floor  
So what am i supposed to do  
I toss and turn but then i fall asleep  
I'm going under but it's not too deep  
You try to hurt me but it's just no use  
I can't even get the blues

Well this time ain't no different  
The sun's up in the sky  
Sitting on the back porch  
Clouds are rolling by  
Oh this is where it ought to rain  
But it doesn't really matter  
To me it's all about the same

Repeat chorus

(you try and hurt me)

Repeat chorus