

Bonny Cries the Blues

When evening comes – just after ten
That's when she walks the city streets again
Yet where she goes
Nobody knows
She is the kind that I can never refuse
All by myself – might not seem right
I wait up for her each and every night
I keep a light on
She can rely on
And wait to hear her crying the blues.

*Oooo-every night
She gets back late
I hear her howlin, yowlin, prowlin at my gate
But once again
I let her in
When I hear my Bonny crying out the blues*

Another night– another moon
Again I am hoping that she will hurry back soon
Shadows from moon glow
Appear out my window
Shaping silhouettes of what ever they choose
All dressed in black – she don't look back
Can't get those nosey neighbors off-a my back
Forever complaining
Drive me insane and
Give me a reason to be crying the blues

*Oooo-every night
She gets back late
I hear her howlin, yowlin, prowlin at my gate
And once again
I let her in
When I hear my Bonny crying out the blues*

/Instrumental/

Sometimes at night– when I'm alone
I ponder the minutes, I'm left all alone
Till at next when we meet
So bitter sweet
But it is my commitment I have made to you
Don't weep for me – don't wish me luck
This is the life I chose and now I'm stuck
Well Life's like that
When you own a cat
She give me a reason to be crying the blues

*Oooo-every night
She gets back late
I hear her howlin, yowlin, prowlin at my gate
And once again
I let her in
When I hear my Bonny crying out the blues*