

# A MESS OF BLUES *in Eb*

by Doc Pomus & Mort Shuman

*Medium tempo*  $E_b^7$

I just got your let-ter, ba-by; a-too bad you can't come home.  
slept a wink since Sun-day; I can't eat a thing all day.

$A_b^7$

I swear I'm go-in' cra-zy, sit-tin' here all a-lone.  
Ev-'ry day is Just blue Mon-day since you've been a-way.

$B_b^7$   $A_b^7$   $E_b$   $B_b^7$

Since you're gone I got a mess of blues. I ain't

$A_b^7$   $E_b^7$   $D^7$   $E_b^7$

Whoops, there goes a tear-drop, roll-in' down my face.

$A_b^7$   $B_b^7$  INC

If you cry when you're in love, it sure ain't no dis-grace. I got-ta

$E_b^7$

get my-self to-geth-er, be-fore I lose my mind. I'm gon-na

$A_b^7$

catch the next train go-in', and leave my blues be-hind. Since you're

$B_b^7$   $A_b^7$   $E_b^7$   $A_b^7$   $E_b$

gone I got a mess of blues.