

# RED BRICK BLUES

Words & Music by Doug Carlson Copyright 2013

I woke up this morning feelin' really uptight  
Should have read for my finals but I partied all night  
Drank a lot of Southern Comfort and I got in a fight  
With bruises on my body lying in bed

My Mama was screamin' saying,  
"Get off your ass! It's five forty five and your six a clock class  
You can make it in your boxers if you run real fast!"

What's a matter boy?

You've got them Red Brick Blues

Well I got in my Chevy and I cruised down Princeton eatin' reds for  
breakfast, I took in a Winston  
Then I smashed a Riviera when I veered on Clinton

What's a matter boy?

You've got them Red Brick Blues

Why must I go to the football games?  
Where all the campus cuties they look the same  
The red and white banners that fly so high  
The bloody alma mater and the victory cries

You know I'd rather get it on with Wendy  
That girl makes me feel alright  
In the middle of a baseball diamond  
Makin' love on a starry night  
Makin' love on a starry night

Come on Baby

Yah--- I had the Red Brick Blues  
And I won't go back there no more  
Let's do it one more time

No more

No more

No more rRed Brick Blues