

(Gary Moore)

Hey you with the guitar.
Where did you play last night?
I do believe it was in Memphis,
but I can't remember right now.
'Cause I been foul politician'
and I acted in fear to be.
I had to get up five this morning
with them bells playing in my head.

Sometimes I work so hard,
I'm gonna play my fingers to the bone.
Well, I can boogie, boogie,
boogie on my way back home.

Well, I've been workin' every night
for the pastes buy meats and needs.
I'm gonna finish up tomorrow night
and turn myself a plane back east.
I'm gonna do my work
so I can help my pain and rest.
Well, I'll be back here someday soon
hope I can give my best.

Sometimes I work so hard,
I'm gonna play my fingers to the bone.
And now I can boogie, boogie,
boogie on my way back home.
Yeah.

Well, my axe is gettin' rusty
and an old slow demon I seem to be.
The throat is gettin' dusty,
before it's gone that I had thrifty hands.
Well, I've been up for heart breakin'
and I had to keep my men to pay.
I had to catch a plane this morning
with them bells ringing in my head.

Sometimes I work so hard,
I'm gonna, gonna play my fingers to the bone, hoo.
Well, now I can boogie, boogie,
boogie on my way back home.

Said I learned to boogie, boogie,
boogie on my way back home.

I can boogie, boogie,
boogie on my way back home.