

# The Crude Oil Blues

**Jerry Reed**

Well, now listen people let me tell you some news  
I'll sing a song called the crude oil blues  
We're low on heat and all, we're low on gas  
And I'm so cold I'm about to freeze myself We got the crude oil blues  
'Gon the winter time sure gettin' cold  
To the bottom of my shoes Well, my hands are shakin' and my knees are weak  
But it ain't because of love, it's from lack of heat  
I've got the crude oil blues I'm gonna tell you a story about this drunk I knew  
He kept his basement full of homemade brew  
But the winter got so bad it screwed up the boy's thinkin'  
He got so cold he had to burn all his drinkin'  
He's got the crude oil blues  
He said the wintertime can sure get cold  
To the bottom of your shoes He said, burnin' this booze just destroys my soul  
But there's one thing about it honey  
When you're cold, you're cold  
I've got the crude oil blues Hope I got somethin' to  
Generate a little heat  
Alright, all you kids out there Well, when we made this record  
There was a little bit of doubt  
Whether or not the thing  
Was ever gonna come out I said, "Hey chief, you reckon this record will be released?"  
He said, "Son, we ain't got enough oil  
To keep the presses greased"  
We got the crude oil blues  
And son, if we can't make records then we don't need you  
I said, "What am I gonna do if I can't sing and pick?"  
He said, "Well, just keep yourself warm playin' all them hot licks"  
We've got the crude oil blues Oh Mama, don't forget to bring in the brass monkey  
And remember what Albert Weinstein said  
That coolin' is conducive to cuddlin' Honey, I love ya but pass the duck down  
Hey, I read a sign on the pump at my  
Favorite gas station the yesterday  
It said uh, 'He who expecteth nothin' ain't gonna be deceived'  
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