

## Grits

Head down ain't got no blues  
Ain't payed no dues, nothing to say  
Seems nothing's worth saying  
That hasn't been said before  
Like old news and bad blues  
And folk singers at your door  
Ain't no holes in my shoes  
Ain't got no blues.  
Nothing to say

Grits. Why grits is just grits, Honey  
Grits. Why grits is just grits

'Is there anything I can do for you?'  
Said the waitress to the lonesome fool  
The long drive south had laid him low  
As dawn approached the freeway  
Just what is this on your menu?  
Just what is 'grits' replied the fool  
'Why grits?' she said with some surprise  
'Why grits is just grits Honey'

Grits. Why grits is just grits, Honey  
Grits. Why grits is just grits

So slip into your disguise  
And pull the rug from under me  
With wool pulled before my eyes  
I'm finding it hard to see  
Don't speak unless spoken to  
Don't hear but what you want to hear  
Don't see what's in front of you  
Don't say a thing to rock the boat

Grits. Why grits is just grits, Honey  
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