Original Blues Lyrics by New Horizons Band Members

“A Blues Song” by Carol Katz, to the tune of "St. Louis Blues."

I hear the silent sounds of the world outside. Nothin' to do, but sing the Blues inside.

Playin' my guitar And my banjo too But they make no sound The strings are silent too.

The fridge is humming To the tune of cold Says to the stove Is your heat being sold

Sold, sold…

Can they dance, can they sing Can they do a little swing With my feet…and hands.

Swingin' my arms While singin' the Blues.

I hear the silent sounds Of the world outside. Nothin' to do, but sing the Blues inside.
“COVID-19 BLUES” by Mark Kearney and Catherine Blake

(Verse)

I just woke up this mornin’
And the sun was shining down
Thought I’d take a walk outside
And maybe head downtown.

But I have to keep my distance,
Six feet or maybe more
And, brother, that ain’t easy
In a crowded grocery store.

So I head back to the sofa
So far I’ve just watched news
But that’s the way the day goes
With the Covid-19 blues

(Chorus)

Covid-19 blues, Covid-19 blues
Not the life I’d like to lead
If I ever had to choose.
Covid-19 blues, Covid-19 blues
If I want to see somebody
Then Zoom is what I use.

(Verse)

I’ve tried to buy essentials
Just to keep myself amused
All I got was toilet paper
Someone’s bought up all the booze

Been strict with all the guidelines
I’m sneezin’ in my sleeve
Got a mask and sanitizer
Now if only I could leave.

So I’m watchin’ endless Netflix
It’s my day and night routine.
But I think I’ve streamed it all now, folks
Where the hell is that vaccine?

(Chorus)

Covid-19 blues, Covid-19 blues
No one’s going to stop it
Until they’ve found some clues.
Covid-19 blues, Covid-19 blues
We ain’t go nowhere
So we’ll just keep singing
The Covid-19 blu-u-u-u-es

“Corona Blues” by Irene Cohen

I cannot see my children….got-ta turn on Zoom
I cannot see my children……working with my Zoom
I wanna hug my children….got-ta do it from my room

I got the pandemic hairstyle….locks are in my face
I’ve got the the pandemic hairstyle….move locks from my face
I need to see my barber…..cannot get to his place

Six feet or two meters…..y’all know what I mean
Six feet or two meters…..you gotta know what I mean
You got-ta keep your distance……we keep each other clean
“Piano Fusion Blues” by Diana Cobb

88 keys, but just 10 fingers,

88 keys, just washin' the fingers,

No duos, No trios, ... surely no singers.

“Lonesome Road Blues” by Edna Hudson

Sing to the tune of, “Going Down The Road Feeling Bad.” Play with Harmonicas!

Staying in my room feeling bad,
Yes, staying my room feeling bad,
Staying in my room feeling bad,
Lord, Lordy, yes I’m staying in my room feeling bad I ain’t gonna keep feeling this’a way.

I’m sick with the virus right now,
I’m sick with the virus right now,
No trips to the barroom downtown
Lord, Lordy just trips to the bathroom right now, I ain’t gonna keep feeling this’a way.

Bring me some toilet paper, please
Bring me some toilet paper, please
I think I will soon start to sneeze
Lord, Lordy, Oh! Bring me some toilet paper, please I ain’t gonna keep feeling this’a way.
Play me a tune on your jug
Play me a tune on your jug
Just remember the rule, don’t be a fool Six feet away for the hug.
I ain’t gonna keep feeling this’a way.

I’m putting on my mask right now
I’m putting on my mask right now
You better, too or down you will be, Lord, Lordy put on your mask right now. I ain’t gonna keep feeling this’a way.

The sun will soon shine once again
The sun will soon shine once again
The moonshine will glow and the drinks will soon flow Lord, Lordy I won’t have to feel this’a way, no more, no I won’t have to feel this’a way, no more.

Sing to the tune of, “Going Down The Road Feeling Bad”
Lonesome Road Blues
Play with Harmonicas! Edna Hindson

“I’m the Queen of Wastin Time” by Sue Whitimger

I’m the Queen of Wastin’ ’ time, cause I’m all
\text{C.} \quad \text{C.} \quad \text{C}
locked down
\text{C}
I’m the Queen of Wastin’ time, cause I’m losin’
\text{F.} \quad \text{F.} \quad \text{C}
my mind
\text{C}
I can’t go nowhere, cause everything is all closed
\text{G.} \quad \text{F.} \quad \text{C}
down.
“The TP Blues” by John Yeager

Refrain:
Found me 12 rolls of TP
Now I’m feeling rich
The virus changed priorities
It sure has been a bitch
A month ago this song
Would have been no big deal
Now things have changed
And we’ve found out what is real.

1. Stayin’ home ain’t easy
For people here like me
There’s only reruns and bad news
On TV
Going out a’shopping is the only break I get
To get us some food, but all-ways TP

refrain

2. Going grocery shopping is the most dangerous thing I do
But bringing home the TP is like foraging for food
Stores don’t always have it
And my money is no good
So when it is in stock
It sure does lift my mood.

refrain

3. The store has senior hours
For the old who hear the bell
But it’s the TP that makes me valued
Back home where I dwell.

refrain
“Corona Virus Blues” by Jean M Davis

Nothin’ to do but stay home all day
No band rehearsals, nothin’ to play
Got the low-down dirty Corona Virus Blues

Miss my friends, miss my band,
Everyone say, gotta wash those hands
Low down, mean Corona Virus Blues.

Don’t go outside for the simplest task,
If you gotta do somethin’ better wear a mask.
Low down dirty Corona Virus Blues

Streets are quiet, the town is dead.
Even all my books are read.
Mean old low-down Corona Virus Blues.

We’re all home in quarantine
All because of Covid-Nineteen.
Got the low-down dirty Corona Virus Blues.

“Stay Away from Tigers” by Dede Hurson

Stay away from them tigers, I won't go to the zoo.
Stay away from them tigers, I won't go to the zoo.
Cause them tigers got the fever, I'd rather have the Blues
“Sittin’ at Home Blues” by Eugenia Lea-McKenzie

1. Well, it’s a-nother day down
   Oh, ya can’t go into town
   Gotta sit at home all day

   Well, it’s a-nother day down
   They say you can’t go ‘round
   Gotta sit at home all day

   Well, it’s such a dirty trick

   That the folks is gettin’ sick
   So I’m sittin’ at home all day-ay-ay
   Sittin’ at home all day

2. Well, gotta sit myself down
   Get my horn to make a sound
   So my chops, they won’t decay

   Gotta get my music down
   Since I can’t go into town
   And get those chops to play

   Well it’s such a dirty trick
   That the folks gettin’ sick
   Stay at home and play all day-ay-ay
   Stay at home and play all day

3. Well, the New Horizons Band
   It’s hard to understand
   Had to keep the folks at bay

   Well, the New Horizons Band
   It’s quiet ‘round the land
   Keep the virus away all day
Well, it’s such a dirty trick
That the folks is gettin’ sick
Keep the virus away all day-ay-ay
Keep the virus away all day

“I Got the Syncopated Blues” by Nancy Grady
This is played with a Boogie beat.

I got the syncopated blues Oh yeah
I got the syncopated news, oh yeah
The third’s gone flat but then it came right back
I want the syncopated blues...to scat!
(Hi Roy, I read that sometimes during the blues there are 16 bar sections for a bit of a bridge section)
So...
this Verse is one of the 16 bar sections in the middle with some modulations.

“Locked Inside” by Stephanie Peshek

Been locked inside for weeks now
It feels more like a year
This quaran-family time makes me say
Get me out of here!

Corona-What you doin’ to me
I’m tired of social distance
Miss my friends and family

I’m scared to see my neighbor
Cause he might breathe on me
I’ve sprayed Lysol on every door
The frig and the TV
Corona-What you doin’ to me
I’m tired of social distance
Miss my friends and family

I’m working from my own home office
I comb my hair and put a nice shirt on
But since the camera sees only the top half
No one will ever know
What I got on below

I know I said if I had time
I’d exercise a lot
I’d eat right, count the calories
But turns out, I do not

Corona-What you doin’ to me
I’m tired of social distance
Miss my friends and family

I thought retirement was in sight
A year or two, at most
But then I checked my bank account
And man, that thing is toast!

Corona-What you doin’ to me
I’m tired of social distance
Miss my friends and family

“That Gamblin' Blues” by Carol Katz

I want to get my old life back,
Yes, I want to get my whole life back,
The way it was when I was back on track.

There was a time when I was not the same,
Oh yes, a time when I was not the same,  
I was playing in the fast track lane,  
I was playing in the fast track lane.

The racetrack had the finest horses too  
But a gamblin' man could find the course true blue,  
Cause a gamblin' man could beat the forces too.

Gamblin' became a livin' hell,  
The only thing that a man could do,  
Until I lost the whole way through,

I want to get my old life back  
Yes, I want to get my old life back,  
The way it was when I was back on track.

**My Sax Don’t Sing No Mo by Keith Allen**

My sax don’t sing no mo’,  
It plays but it don’t sing no mo’.  
The virus come. The bands are done  
My sax don’t sing no mo’.

**Stay at Home Blues by Claire Durand**

I got the stay at home blues  
While listening to bad news  
Can’t help feeling so forlorn  
So I'll go and blow my horn  
To relieve the stay at home blues

**New Horizons Members from Gainesville, Florida**  