Poor Otis dead and gone, left me here to sing his song,
pretty little girl with the red dress on, poor Otis dead and gone.

Back down, turn around slowly,

try it again, remembering when, it was easy,

try it again, much too easy remembering when.
All right, look at my shoes, not quite the walk-in' blues.

Don't fight, too much to lose. Can't fight the Runnin' Blues.

Well, I've got the Runnin' Blues.
Runnin' a-way,
back to L. A.
Got to find the
dock on the bay,
maybe find it
back in L. A.

Runnin' scared, Runnin' Blue,
go-in' so fast, what'll I do?

All right, look at my shoes, not quite the walk-in' blues,
don't fight, too much to lose; Can't fight the Run-nin' Blues.