

WORKING THE CONVENTION BLUES

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Lyrics © 1980 by Bill Roper

Music: "Working at the Car Wash Blues," Jim Croce

G
Well, I was in a state of complete exhaustion
D7
From my eight hour drive to the con.

The hotel told me that my reservation

Had completely gotten up and gone.
G
The concomm said, "Now we've got crash space
C
Because you look like a man we can use."
A7 **G** **B7** **Em** **G7**
Now I've got those steadily depressing, low down, mind messing,
C **D7** **G**
Working the convention blues.

You know I should be sitting around and talking
And drinking on a glass of beer.
Walking round the art show looking at the pictures
Saying, "Hey, I'll put a little bid down here."
Instead I'm stuck here hauling round ice cubes in a bag
And sneaking in the soda and booze
With those steadily depressing, low down, mind messing,
Working the convention blues.

C
You know that normally I would be
G
Filking and playing guitar.
C
But although it is late, I guess I'll just have to wait,
A7 **D7**
Because they need some more ice for the bar.

Well, the hotel got me in this fix
And they're the one who's gonna pay.
After the con has closed up and gone
They'll be in trouble on the very next day,
Because a little explosion will cause quite a commotion
And maybe make the six o'clock news.
Cause I've got those steadily depressing, low down, mind messing,
Working the convention blues.

*By now, of course, I've worked at **many** more conventions than I had when I wrote this. I'd say that the hotel is still standing, but that's not true in all cases.*

But I had nothing to do with it.