

The Mudd Puddle's Closed in New Paltz on Tuesday Blues

[E] Been here before, now I'm back again.
Come to do some math with a [E7] New Paltz friend.
Need my
[A] Shot of espresso before the theorems will [E] flow.
Don't ya know.
[B7] Down to the Mudd Puddle Café I cruise.
There's a [A] sign on the door and I don't like the news.
I've got the [E] Mudd Puddle's closed in [B7] New Paltz on Tuesday [E] blues.

[E] Wednesday comes round, I hurry down Main.
Got my
Mudd Puddle coffee, it's [E7] easin' my pain.
But in [A] six days time, it will be Tuesday once [E] more.
Makes me sore.
I [B7] look at the 'Gunks and don't like the views.
And if [A] you look at me, well you might get abused.
I've got the [E] Mudd Puddle's closed in [B7] New Paltz on Tuesday [E] blues.

[E] It's Tuesday again and I'm feelin' low.
Want my
Three-shot latte, but [E7] where should I go?
In this [A] moment of need, could give Starbucks a [E] try.
Rather die!
I could [B7] go to the bakery and wait in their queues.
I could [A] drink drip coffee, but I just refuse.
Oh the [E] Mudd Puddle's closed on [B7] Tuesday.
[E] Wearin' sombre [B7] hues-day.
[E] Got a very short [B7] fuse-day.
[E] Michelle and James are havin' a [B7] snooze-day.
If they'd [E] open, I'd pay my [B7] dues-day.
I've got the [E] Mudd Puddle's closed in [B7] New Paltz on Tuesday [E] blues.

Brian Davey
New Paltz
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(This song was conceived in mid-May, 2007 just after I arrived in New Paltz. By the time the song was written, June had come and the Mudd Puddle was on summer hours—open seven days a week! So, thankfully for me but perhaps not for Michelle and James, the Mudd-Puddle's-closed-in-New-Paltz-on-Tuesday blues lasted only two weeks.)