

Black Blues

Black Oak Arkansas

Yeah, gunna sing a song about the blues,
and man and his hallucinations.
Oh the rust stains in my pathway,
and the gravestones of my here say say.
I been crammed up my byway,
as the milestones of every every day,
but the truth is here to find,
and I'm gunna make it mine,
and I'll find it my way.

Oh jealousy reeks with pain and time,
but why are so many good eyes blind?
Will they ever stop a fightin' long enough to find,
their way to happiness and peace of mind?
Or will they end up eatin' the flesh of their own kind?

Oh, I don't wear no uniform,
yeah, and I don't carry a gun.
But I can tell you many many wars,
that I have lost and won.
Yeah, and my friends might as me,
what color are these blues?
And then I might say,
black is their color, black as any ordinary day.