

Blues Ain't So Bad

Black Star Riders

I'm a lowdown uptown snake oil user
A street philosopher, neon astronomer
I'm a one-shot big town cruiser
And I try again and again and again
No one knows which way the wind blows
The city smells of desperation
The upset, displaced, rearranged in one damnation
I got to streamline my desorientation
And try again and again and again
No one knows which way the wind blows

Hand on the knife
Finger on the trigger
One less soul is just one less sinner
The life I choose, is the life I have
Hey don't you know
The blues ain't so bad

All the girls on the corner
They come 'round here more dead than alive
A day late, a dollar shot, whatever it takes to survive
It may not be freedom but it's my freedom
And I try again and again and again and again and again
No one know which way the wind blows
Down the backstreets and alleys, it chills my bones
No one knows which way the wind blows

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Finger on the trigger
One less soul is just one less sinner
The life I choose, is the life I have
Hey don't you know
The blues ain't so bad

No one knows which way the wind blows

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Hey don't you know...
The blues ain't so bad