

The World's Slowest Blues

Dan Reeder

I've already gone my separate way
There's so many things
I don't dare to say
And it cursed me
As the band starts to play
The World's Slowest Blues

And the drum goes so slow
It just drags behind
Even I don't know
What's on my mind
So I sit and stare
And I tap my chair
To the World's Slowest Blues

This all reminds me of that dream
Where you try to run; you try to scream
But your heavy feet
Just drag to the beat
Of the World's Slowest Blues

And I've already gone my separate way
There's so many things I don't dare to say
And it cursed me
As the band starts to play
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