

# 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  
The World's Slowest Blues