

The Blues

Defeater

He found himself waiting again.
Out at the crossroads, out on the lam.
This time not running, this time by right.
A road-side hitcher waits for headlights.
"The blues,
The blues
The blues won't bring me down."
That pick-up truck stopped.
"Where you headed, kid?"
"Back to the boardwalk coast to fix the wrong i did."
That old man would bring him just as far as he could.
His hellhound sniffing out for a trace of any good.
The hope
The hope
The hope he's chasing.
The blues
The blues
The blues he carried are dead and buried.