

Wild Eyed Serenade

Jason Eady

I'm a fly by night stealer, a folk singing junkie
I get high when I can't find my way
I heard Colorado is good to my kind
Maybe I'll go there someday
Well my rhymes are getting tired and my allusions are worn
I'm a preacher with nothing to say
So talk to me Dylan, show me a sign
Before I get carried away

Chorus:

Angels and highways and old mountain songs
The mandolin plays and the tremolo's long
Cloudy next mornings crawl under the night's parade
It's a hell of a ride, this wild eyed serenade

Heroes and villains, black and while rambler
Sinners they're just trying to hide
Movers and shakers who talk too damn loud
When I just want to stop for the night

(Chorus)

Melodies linger off in the distance
And mix with those words in my head
The phone is still ringing, why won't she answer
It must have been something I said

(Chorus)