

# Dislocated Boy

Joe Bonamassa

I've been gone a long time  
Lost in the seven seas.  
Sail on, don't you come back  
Until you learn the birds and the bees.  
Who will you find waiting for you,  
Squeeze blood in the wine.  
Left to call my preacher  
And my very lovely wife.

I said, hey now, knocked down, why'd you do it,  
Roll me like a hurricane.  
All is a bust and I'm numb, like novocaine.  
Who done it, what's up, you said,  
Sell me out why don't you boy,  
I'm alone, severely broken,  
I'm a dislocated boy.

I have cauterized my addictions  
And I've suffocated my pride.  
Before you and I embarked on  
One hell of a ride.  
Boy, I've had these blues  
Since I been six years old.  
But tell me don't you worry  
About my very heavy load.

And I said, knock down, drag out, bar fight,  
Knuckles on the floor. and there's shattered glass,  
And one hell of a scar.  
Broke down and hungry, you said so.  
Sell me out, why don't you boy,  
I'm alone, severely broken,  
I'm a dislocated boy.

All I need is my old guitar,  
And I'll play you the best damn blues.  
Heavy affections, and I hate to lose.  
Thirty-five years ago,  
I was born on Robert Johnson's knee  
It's all been for you baby.  
I'm gonna make it back someday.

So tell me about your working class hero, baby  
Tell me 'bout your kin  
Mine was born in Mississippi, 'round 1923.  
Blue collar flannel shirts  
Was my Father's way.  
Worked in a factory,  
'Til his dying day.