

Troubadour

Joe Purdy

It's chilly wind that blows, Church Street in the morning
It's a hard, hard age resting heavy on my mind
And Hannah cries soft as the front door slowly closes
And she is not the only one I've left behind

Well, I can still see you dancing in the street light
Baltimore smile and rain drops dripping from your hair
Once I held you close and you wrapped your legs around
I woke up in the night, it was not you, you were not there

It's not the end of the world, just this country as I know it
I've been across and back, I've seen the high and chosen few
I will take the hit, because I'm stronger and I know it
Take the cap off of the rocket boys and tell me when it's due

I've known lots of people , lots of drifters, lots of rejects,
Lots of clowns, lots of lovers, lots of liars, lots of thieves
And I have been the cat, I've been the mouth, I've been the clo
ser
I am like a vault, your family's secret's safe with me

So forgive me if I drift off in the silent folds of memories
'Bout the battles that I fought in war and the ones I've loved
before
Because I have lived through darkness, hope and lonely dying ki
sses
And I have seen the memory walk angry out the door.

And I have been left for losers, left for heartache, left for m
oney
And I have been left alone, left behind and left for dead
And you can take the pieces there and fight for recognition
But I will take the memories and silence in my head

It's chilly wind that blows, Church Street in the morning
It's a hard, hard age resting heavy on my mind
And Hannah cries soft as the front door slowly closes
And she is not the only one I've left behind
she is not the only one I've left behind
she is not the only one I've left behind