

Master Of Disaster

John Hiatt

Close one there
Choking in clean underwear
Bleeding tongue
Eight ball pounding in my lungs
Ship to shore
I can't see the coastline anymore
I shouldn't be here
I thought I made that loud and clear

But the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
When he plays the blues
When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
Now he's just a mean old bastard
When he plays the blues

China town
Chasing that old dragon down
Madam Wong's
We play the blues with the curtains drawn
Sidewalks of white
While the LA sun beat out the night
Pounding brain
My last transmission down the drain

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There's a debt I owe
I'll never pay before I go
So I sing the blues
Hand me down my walking shoes
You're in my heart
Though we may be miles apart
There's my point
I'll see you in another joint

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