

First Street Blues

Lee Hazlewood

Don Lowance, the man who plays guitar with me, and i
were born in a small town.

And we kinda think it was a different sort of small
town because in our town, we had a dragon and people
used to make up stories about the dragon.

Sinse the stories were made up most of them started:
"Once upon a time, there was a very friendly dragon",
except people didn't have any way of knowing that the
dragon was friendly so they shot at him with guns and
threw rocks at him. And the dragon being a sort of a
poor sport, he ate a lot of those people up.

Now, the dragon was messing up their senses, something
fierce until one day he wandered into the store that
sold spirits, and after making a fast brunch of the
owner and four employees, he broke into this wine
barrel.

And that did it, from that day on the dragon was not
only a friendly dragon, he was a happy friendly dragon.

And now all he does is walk up and down the streets of
our small town and tap people on their shoulders and
ask them for a little change so he can buy some of that
stuff that he likes better than people.

Buddy can you spare a dime
For a little glass of wine
Buddy don't you pity me
Just one drink then I'll be
In a world all my own
The only place I call home
Where no hurt can get to me
And no one but me can see

Pretty flowers dance and sing
Laughter is a common thing
Where no hate has ever been
'Cause I won't let it in
By the warm purple flame
Every little grape calls my name
As it climbs on the fire
And makes the fire burn higher

Higher than it's ever been
Time and space mean nothing then
I fall about a mile or two
So pardon me if I ask you
Buddy can you spare a dime

And that's the story of the little town that Don and i
was born in and our dragon, fairly strange story.