

Postcards From Hell

The Wood Brothers

I know a man who sings the blues
Yeah he plays just what he feels
Keeps a letter in the pocket of his coat
But he never breaks the seal

Set up in a bar room corner
Playin' for tips and beer
People carryin' on and drinkin'
You gotta strain to hear

I've seen him playin' some old cheap guitar
But he could play on pots and pans
You never heard a soul so pure and true
It's flowin' right out of his hands
He can sing sweet as a choir girl
Or he can sing a house on fire
I've seen him callin' up the angels
And use a breeze for a telephone wire

And if you ask him
How he sings his blues so well
He says
I got a soul that I won't sell
I got a soul that I won't sell
I got a soul that I won't sell
And I don't read postcards from hell

Says he came from down in Texas
Playin' out since he's fifteen
You can hear a little Chicago
And a lot of New Orleans
Hean take you on a freight train
He can take you down the alley
He can take you to the church
He can walk you through the valley

And if you ask him
How he sings his blues so well
He says
I got a soul that I won't sell
I got a soul that I won't sell
I got a soul that I won't sell
And I don't read postcards from hell

I've seen him sleepin' in a doorway
Maybe livin' outside
On his back just like a cockroach
But he ain't waitin' to die

And if you ask him
How he sings his blues so well
He says
I got a soul that I won't sell
I got a soul that I won't sell
I got a soul that I won't sell
And I don't read postcards from hell