

# Murray McLauchlan, The Man Who Sings The Blues

He's livin' in the past  
He ain't livin' now  
Picking up bad habits that the law does not allow  
He's the man who thinks you wear a woman like a suit  
He's the man who makes a contest outta payin' dues  
He's the man who's done everything  
To make sure that he'd lose  
He's the man who sings the blues

He talks about the whiskey  
He talks about the smack  
Talks about the monkey  
But there's nothin' on his back  
He hands you a dollar but the ink stays on your hand  
There's nothing about everything that he'll ever understand  
Whiskey to the Indians and dynamite to the Jews  
He's the man who sings the blues

And he's so low down  
He's so low down  
He's so down, down, down

Dreamland, dreamland  
You take part in a dream  
Where nothin' that you see  
Is a piece of what it seems  
Superheroes slippin' and slidin' by from wing to wing  
Some of 'em chance to dance, and some of 'em chance to sing  
I can't blame the blues man  
He's just one of the crew  
He's the man who sings the blues