

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