

Perry Blake, Wise Man Blues

Wise is the man sleeps with the breeze
Nothing will ever bring him to his knees
Cold are the nights, long are the days
But no one can ever take love away

And he kept a lock and key on it forever
And he took it out to make sure it was dead
And he held it in his hand
He held it in his hand
And he waited for the dawn for some relief

Calm is the girl, flames in her hair
Keeper of paths, mirth and despair
Cold winter day, warm summer night
That no one will ever bring back to life

And he kept a lock and key on it forever
And he took it out to make sure it was dead
And he held it in his hand
He held it in his hand
And he waited for the dawn for some release

Wise is the man sleeps with the breeze
Wise is the man sleeps with the breeze