

# Ruarri Joseph, Hope For Grey Trousers

He was a quiet soul, he was a lazy dude  
He was a thinking man  
He had a trophy wife from when he ruled the roost  
But that was back in Nam  
He used to play guitar in the local bar  
Until his fingers bled  
And now he plays alone on a driftwood porch  
Where the cows are fed

And yes my trousers are grey  
But my heart stays gold til my dying day  
I dont respond to authority  
But Ive got a blues harp in the key of C  
The modern man can cloud my life  
Mock my car, repossess my wife  
But he wont get far and he wont get me  
Coz Ive got a blues harp in the key of C

He returned from work once  
Lethargic from effort but out on release  
His wife was in bed with next doors gas man  
Who was tanned to the teeth  
His dog had been snagged by a passing train  
And now hes ten miles East  
When a freakish turn from mother earth  
Turned the whole scene to grief

And yes my trousers are grey  
But my heart stays gold til my dying day  
I dont respond to authority  
But Ive got a blues harp in the key of C  
The modern man can cloud my life  
Mock my car, repossess my wife  
But he wont get far and he wont get me  
Coz Ive got a blues harp in the key of C