

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