

Townes Van Zandt, Talking Thunderbird Blues

by Townes Van Zandt

Among the strangest things I ever heard
was when a friend of mine said "Man, let's get some thunderbird";
I said "What's that?"; he just started to grin
slobbered on his shirt, his eyes got dim
he said "You got fifty-nine cents?";

I said "Yeah, I got a dollar, but don't be a smart-aleck
I ain't gonna spend it on no indian relic";
and he said "Thunderbird's not an old indian trinket,
it's a wine, man, you take it home and drink it.";
I said "It sure don't sound like wine to me";
and he said he'd bet me the change from my dollar

We hustled on down to the nearest U-Tate-Um
the guy wanted my ID, I whipped her out and showed him
he got a green bottle from the freezing vault
my friend started doing backward somersaults
through the cottage cheese

Took it back to his house, started drinkin'
pretty soon I set in to thinkin'
"Man, this thunderbird tastes yummy, yummy, yummy
and I know it's doing good things to my tummy, tum..., t...";
it's so you reason when your on that crap

Got a few more bottles, chugged them down
I pulled myself up off the ground
decided I go see my dearest sweet wife
who met me at the door with a carving knife
said "Get them damn grape peel from between your teeth.";

I could see we're gonna have a little misunderstanding
I said "Dear, I better get in touch with you later";
She said "Forget it, man, you're never touchin' me again!";

Now I've seen the light and heard the word
and I'm staying away from that ol' dirty thunderbird
a message come from heaven radiant, and fine,
all I drink now is communion wine
six days a week