

Townes Van Zandt, 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