

# Blues Ain't So Bad

Black Star Riders

I'm a lowdown uptown snake oil user  
A street philosopher, neon astronomer  
I'm a one-shot big town cruiser  
And I try again and again and again  
No one knows which way the wind blows  
The city smells of desperation  
The upset, displaced, rearranged in one damnation  
I got to streamline my desorientation  
And try again and again and again  
No one knows which way the wind blows

Hand on the knife  
Finger on the trigger  
One less soul is just one less sinner  
The life I choose, is the life I have  
Hey don't you know  
The blues ain't so bad

All the girls on the corner  
They come 'round here more dead than alive  
A day late, a dollar shot, whatever it takes to survive  
It may not be freedom but it's my freedom  
And I try again and again and again and again and again  
No one know which way the wind blows  
Down the backstreets and alleys, it chills my bones  
No one knows which way the wind blows

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