

Sake of the Song

Hayes Carll

If you're nobody's business or you're front page news
Rock, Country or Delta Blues
Tell your truth however you choose
And do it all for the sake of the song

Yeah, hitchhike, and bus ride and rental car
Living rooms coffee house and rundown bars
Ten thousand people or alone under the stars
All for the sake of the song

And there's a man who wrote "Your Cheatin' Heart", now he's blind to
it's truth
And he plays it on a stolen harp, his soul is hundred proof
And there's one who might be happy with a foreign baggar's purse
She's lost the crowd's attention at the forty second verse

And it's the travelling salesman, the girl next door
On the empty room to the bird on the corner
Less is less until more is more
And it's all for the sake of the song

And there's the young man on the marquee, He's fond of somewhere unkn
own
And his father bought the two of us so he could strike out on his own
And there's the brooding contradiction, he's holding Van Gogh's ear

And he's taken to his guitar, in the hope someone will hear

It's life back stage and Nudie Suits
And the next big thing will get 'em back to you roots
High five flannel and duct tape boots
And it's all for the sake of the song

And there's the mystic, there's the legend, and there's the best that
's ever been
And there's the voice of a generation who wants to pass this way agai
n
And there's record deals and trained seals, and puppets on a string
And they're all just trying to figure out what makes the caged bird s
ing

It's lights, camera, on with the show
Lifetime to get ready, now go cat go
Where it all ends, nobody knows
B it's all for the sake of the song

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