

Dislocated Boy

Joe Bonamassa

I've been gone a long time
Lost in the seven seas.
Sail on, don't you come back
Until you learn the birds and the bees.
Who will you find waiting for you,
Squeeze blood in the wine.
Left to call my preacher
And my very lovely wife.

I said, hey now, knocked down, why'd you do it,
Roll me like a hurricane.
All is a bust and I'm numb, like novocaine.
Who done it, what's up, you said,
Sell me out why don't you boy,
I'm alone, severely broken,
I'm a dislocated boy.

I have cauterized my addictions
And I've suffocated my pride.
Before you and I embarked on
One hell of a ride.
Boy, I've had these blues
Since I been six years old.
But tell me don't you worry
About my very heavy load.

And I said, knock down, drag out, bar fight,
Knuckles on the floor. and there's shattered glass,
And one hell of a scar.
Broke down and hungry, you said so.
Sell me out, why don't you boy,
I'm alone, severely broken,
I'm a dislocated boy.

All I need is my old guitar,
And I'll play you the best damn blues.
Heavy affections, and I hate to lose.
Thirty-five years ago,
I was born on Robert Johnson's knee
It's all been for you baby.
I'm gonna make it back someday.

So tell me about your working class hero, baby
Tell me 'bout your kin
Mine was born in Mississippi, 'round 1923.
Blue collar flannel shirts
Was my Father's way.
Worked in a factory,
'Til his dying day.