

Angel Of The Blues

Son Volt

Drifting and turned, double edge dance
Hearts burn with the wind to find their way
Words that connect, never gain enough traction
Thus forever blown astray

And there was never any doubt
Plans to make carried out
Time keeps slipping through
Angel of the blues

Medicine and blood, all the strands that collide
Pour down lessons of youth
A ghost to believe in, bolts and bone to survive
Outbound tells burden of truth

The Mississippi river, magnetic engines roar
Sad songs keep the devil away
Chances are it's a given
That it was time all along
Miles keep knocking at the door