

Way Beyond The Blues

Alabama 3

Every sundown
You make the break
By the time you hit the border
You're back in chains
Your jailer's laughin'
As you complain
You were born to run
What about the great escape
In the courtyard
There is no breeze
And there ain't no bluebirds
In the trees
On your knees you
Pray for sweet release
You pray for fortitude
And godspeed

When you got nothin' left to lose
When you're way beyond the blues
Right or wrong lord
You've got to choose
When you're way beyond the blues

You hear the tollin'
Of the bell
Are you in heaven
Are you in hell
The saints came marchin'
And you fell
Were you pushed
Did you stumble
Who could tell

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All your women
Weepin' at your grave
Six black horses
To carry a safe
You were once a king
Now you're a slave
Too late to pray
They lock the gate

When you got nothin' left to lose
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Right or wrong lord
You've got to choose
When you're way beyond the blues

(Sing it now)

When you got nothin' left to lose

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