

## Corralling The Blues

Colter Wall

I might get to thinking  
That I might could quit drinking  
But then what else is there to do?

And it's this contemplation  
That spurs conversation  
With the ceiling that I been talking to

If I keep my hands working  
It holds off the hurting  
Till the work is all but through

But when the day's at a close  
And I'm all alone  
You can guess where my mind wanders to

And it's a feeling I've known  
Since before I was grown  
I'm howling, corralling the blues

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