

## Blue Wing

Corb Lund

He had a blue wing tattooed on his shoulder  
Well, it might have been a bluebird, I don't know  
But he'd get stone drunk and talk about Alaska  
The salmon boats and forty-five below  
He got that blue wing up in Walla Walla  
And his cellmate there was a Little Willy John  
And Willie, he was once a great blues singer  
So Wing & Willie wrote him up a song

They sang, it's dark in here, can't see the sky  
But I look at my blue wing and I close my eyes  
And I fly away, beyond these walls  
Up above the clouds, where the rain don't fall  
On a poor man's dreams

They paroled blue wing in August of 1963  
He moved north, picking apples to the town of Wenatchee  
And when winter finally caught him, he's in a rundown trailer park  
On the south side of Seattle where the days get grey and dark  
And he drank and he dreamt a vision of when the salmon still ran free  
And his father's fathers crossed that wide old Bering sea  
And the land belonged to everyone, and there were old songs yet to sing  
Now, it's narrowed down to a cheap hotel and a tattooed prison wing

He said it's dark in here, can't see the sky  
But I look at my blue wing and I close my eyes  
And I fly away, beyond these walls  
Up above the clouds, where the rain don't fall  
On a poor man's dreams

Well, he drank his way to L.A., and that's where he died  
And there was no one to knew his Christian name  
And there was no one there to cry  
But I dreamed there was a funeral; a preacher and a cheap pine box  
And halfway through the sermon old blue wing he began to talk

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