

Tattoos Blues

Corb Lund

I got the tattoos blues, the tattoos blues
I shoulda thought things through first
My tattoos are blue, I got the tattoos blues
But hey, I got no regrets

So you're feeling creative and a bit illustrative
And wondering just what to do
Well, march yourself down to the parlour around
The next corner and get a tattoo

Your options are endless, just have the apprentice
Show his previous work
Get yourself an eyepopper, a real job stopper
Sit down in the chair, you poor jerk

For a scratcher with talent the rainbow's your palette
Any colour or shade, any hue
And until you are dead your art will turn heads
And eventually also turn blue

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Get an armband that's tribal, but remember it's final
Or a yin or a yang on your wrist
Maybe a stamp on the small of your back
Or 'True Love' or 'Hard Luck' on your fists

Full sleeve or just ankled or fully star spangled
With the flag bursting out from your hide
Or in some kind of cursive that's vaguely subversive
Get the date that your great uncle died

Get 'Sabbath' or 'Slayer' or the lines from a prayer
Or your telephone area code
Get a tear by your eye and make it look like you're cryin'
About spider webs on your elbows

Get the names of old lovers entirely covered
With a badly drawn sketch of your kids
Or get a shamrock, Fitzkelly or your hood cross your belly
In gothic, illegible script

Get a character, Asian, mistakenly blazin'
A message that ain't what you think
'Cause they swore it meant 'Knowledge' but really says 'Olives'
Forever in permanent ink

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Well, if you're still thinkin' you really need inkin'
Just be sure what it is that they're sellin'

'Cause with it you're stuck and you're plumb out of luck
If they don't get it right with the spellin'

'Cause it's R before E except after three
In the morning and you picked the wrong artist
If he's open that late the chances are great
You were drunk and he wasn't the smartest

But you've given your future to this ignorant butcher
So when he's carved you up with the gun
Send a few words to heaven, take a deep breath
And then look in the mirror when he's done

'Cause the needle it stings but I'll tell you the thing
That over the years really hurts
Is when you go to view your brand new tattoo
And to your horror it reads 'No Regerts'