

# Blue Wing

Dave Alvin

He had a blue wing tattooed on his shoulder  
Well it might have been a blue bird I don't know  
But he gets stone drunk and talks about Alaska  
The salmon boats and 45 below

He said he got that blue wing up in Walla Walla  
Where his cellmate there was Little Willy John  
And Willy he was once a great blues singer  
And winging Willy wrote him up a song

He said It's dark in here can't see the sky  
But I look at this 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  
And he moved on picking apples to the town of Wenatchee  
Then winter finally caught him in a run down trailer  
park  
On the South side of Seattle where the days grow gray  
and dark

And he drank and he dreamt of visions when the salmon  
still ran free  
And his fathers, fathers crossed that wild 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 this 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 LA And that's where he died  
But no one knew his Christian name and there was no one  
there to cry  
But I dreamt there was a service A preacher and a cheap  
pine box  
And half way through the service Blue wing began to  
talk

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