

# Smuggler's Blues

Glenn Frey

There's trouble on the streets tonight,  
I can feel it in my bones.  
I had a premonition,  
That he should not go alone.

I knew the gun was loaded,  
But I didn't think he'd kill.  
Everything exploded,  
And the blood began to spill.

So baby, here's your ticket,  
Put the suitcase in your hand.  
Here's a little money now,  
Do it just the way we planned.

You be cool for twenty hours  
And I'll pay you twenty grand.  
I'm sorry it went down like this,  
And someone had to lose,

It's the nature of the business,  
It's the smuggler's blues.  
Smuggler's Blues  
The sailors and pilots,

The soldiers and the law,  
The pay offs and the rip offs,  
And the things nobody saw.  
No matter if it's heroin, cocaine, or hash,

You've got to carry weapons  
'Cause you always carry cash.  
There's lots of shady characters,  
Lots of dirty deals.

Every name's an alias  
In case somebody squeals.  
It's the lure of easy money,  
It's gotta very strong appeal.

Perhaps you'd understand it better  
Standin' in my shoes,  
It's the ultimate enticement,  
It's the smuggler's blues,

Smuggler's blues.  
See it in the headlines,  
You hear it ev'ry day.  
They say they're gonna stop it,

But it doesn't go away.  
They move it through Miami, sell it in L.A.,  
They hide it up in Telluride,  
I mean it's here to stay.

It's propping up the governments in Columbia and Peru,  
You ask any D.E.A. man,

He'll say "There's nothin' we can do",  
From the office of the President,

Right down to me and you, me and you.  
It's a losing proposition,  
But one you can't refuse.  
It's the politics of contraband,  
It's the smuggler's blues,  
Smuggler's blues.