

Work Was Through

Shane Smith & The Saints

Well this southern wind sings to me
Like a shiner band parade
Like an old flipped over six string
For some lefty they call Cobain

And the man in black right down to his shoes
Fell in love with June
And the roaring of the inmates
As he sang Cocaine Blues

Where did they go, I know where to
You think they knew or had no clue
You think I told them boys "You've done everything I needed you
to do"
You think they had done something wrong, they even wrote it in
their songs
You think they thought it took too long for them to pay their d
ues
When their work was through

And two birds fell down in Tennessee
Patsy Cline and Mr. Reeves
And Four Walls still plays at the Broken Spoke
Where Bob Wills is still the king

And the fire flies high from the strat guitar lyin' down in Jim
i's knees
And it's put out by a Texas Flood as Mr. Vaughan begins to sing

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