

# The Winding Stair Mountain Blues

Turnpike Troubadours

Well I turned and shut my eyes  
As you let the gravel fly  
When I looked up you had cleared the driveway  
You and your big cloud of dust  
All your chrome and all your rust  
Beggin' to lay scattered on the highway

Well I have not forgotten when we may as well be kin  
Raising hell from here to Bryan County  
Wishing I could let you in  
Give you shelter from the wind  
But that hurricane ain't coming down around me

Oh well you can curse your fiddle till it breaks down at the binding  
Curse your locomotive off the rail  
And all that trouble you've been looking for is easy in the finding  
Well the devil's into fine detail

Well I nearly took your lead  
With your pistol and your speed  
Shoot to kill and plan to be forgiven  
But in between the mill  
And whatever deer I kill  
Truth be told I barely make a living

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And you're somewhere in the winding stair  
Thinking you still got a trick or two  
And you're planning out your fight in the lantern light  
But I don't see this going well for you  
No I don't see this going well for you

Well the sheriff came last night  
Is everything alright?  
Ask for any help that I can give  
No we had a falling out  
Well then what's this all about  
They said the man who's shot is gonna live

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