

## Wooden Wand "Outsider Blues"

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Kristy finally sold a painting  
So we decided to drive to the Outsider Blues fest in  
Toronto  
We packed a couple of bags and left bright and early  
Once we got outta town I put on some Mississippi Fred  
McDowell  
Kristy said "Don't you think we'll be hearing enough  
blues this weekend?"  
So I played Sticky Fingers and I sang along to each  
word of each song  
Kristy drove with two fingers on the steering wheel,  
drummin'  
I skipped "you gotta move", Kristy asked why, I said  
"I thought you said no blues!"  
The pills we had taken were kickin' in

I've never seen my own heart  
We never see our own hearts, that's the truly weird  
part!  
Can't asses any damage or survey the scars  
But I see through the trees  
Some place I've never known and I won't live to see  
There's simply too many other places I gotta get to  
But one day I'll quit thinking so much,  
I'll quit moving around and plant a flag in this ground  
That's a difference, you know, you can really feel  
I guess you can't own it,  
Like sometimes you get lucky with a straight flush with  
no wilds  
Then you gotta say, "Alright fellas,  
come on now, let's all put away the guns"

But after darkness there's light  
After darkness there's light

Outsider blues  
And a parking lot shot through the pain pills and booze  
Kristy kept bumping me with her hip and smiling  
I might have felt like I was saved then  
But I know what I feel's just one version of real  
If there's one thing that cannot be taught, it's belief

Outsider blues with little to lose  
Outsider blues with little to lose  
Outsider blues with little to lose

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