

**Chris Duarte****"32 Blues"**

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I'm just here to get that money  
Just this favor and it ain't for me honey  
So get your man, we'll make this quick  
Lord, I see you ain't feeling too slick

You said he'd be back 'bout an hour ago  
Oh, you look so bad  
I can't hang here no more  
Feel that breeze by that back door  
Lord, this house is a killing floor

Oh, he swung that bat right at my head  
Just one more inch and I'd be dead  
So I put him down, then I turned to you  
Now I'm looking down the hole of an old .32

My whole life passed before my eyes  
Just one look at your dark surprise  
Oh, you look so sick  
When you pulled that trigger  
Lord, I swear I'll walk if I hear that click

Yeah, I walked away and I never looked back  
Just desperate souls in a broke down shack  
So I walked one mile in my own shoes  
Now you know I've got  
Oh, I've got these .32 blues

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