

Dan Deacon "30"

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This is the day of the expanding man That shape is my shade There where I used to stand

It seems like only yesterday I gazed through the glass At ramblers, wild gamblers That's all in the past

You call me a fool You say it's a crazy scheme This one's for real I already bought the dream

So useless to ask me why Throw a kiss and say goodbye I'll make it this time I'm ready to cross that fine line

I'll learn to work the saxophone
I'll play just what I feel
Drink scotch, whiskey all night long
And die behind the wheel

They got a name for the winners in the world I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama the Crimson Tide
Call me Deacon Blues

My back to the wall A victim of laughing chance This is for me The essence of true romance

Sharing the things we know and love With those of my kind Libations, sensations That stagger the mind

I crawl like a viper Through these suburban streets Make love to these women

Languid and bittersweet

I'll rise when the sun goes down Cover every game in town A world of my own I'll make it my home sweet home

I'll learn to work the saxophone I'll play just what I feel Drink scotch, whiskey all night long And die behind the wheel

They got a name for the winners in the world I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama the Crimson Tide
Call me Deacon Blues

This is the night
Of the expanding the man
I take one last drag
As I approach the stand

I cried when I wrote this song Sue me if I play too long This brother is free I'll be what I want to be

I'll learn to work the saxophone I'll play just what I feel Drink scotch, whiskey all night long And die behind the wheel

They got a name for the winners in the world I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama the Crimson Tide
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