

## Favez "Battle Weary Blues"

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We got a fistful of tunes  
The saddles and the shoes  
The battle weary blues  
And every blinding hour falls flat on it's face  
Or maybe right into place  
And every sorry deal looks shiny  
And new looks good to you

We're in a traveling band  
We're driving cross your land  
And could you spare us a dime  
And could we look around  
We'll dress down and hey  
We won't make a sound  
We'll split as soon as we can  
We'll drive fast and we'll blast out of here  
And we'll be moving on  
And we'll be moving on

We'll split as soon as we can  
And could we look around  
We'll dress down and hey  
We won't make a sound  
We'll split as soon as we can  
We'll drive fast  
And we'll blast out of here  
And we'll be moving on

We'll split as soon as we can  
And could we look around  
We'll dress down and hey  
We won't make a sound  
We got a fistful of tunes  
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