

Glenn Frey "Smuggler's Blues"

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Smuggler's Blues
from the Glenn Frey LP "The All-Nighter"
There's trouble on the streets tonight,
I can feel it in my bones.
I had a premonition,
That he should not go alone.
I knew the gun was loaded,
But I didn't think he'd kill.
Everything exploded,
And the blood began to spill.
So baby, here's your ticket,
With your suitcase in your hand.
Here's a little money,
Do it just the way we planned.
You be cool for twenty hours
And I'll pay you twenty grand.
I'm sorry it went down like this,
Someone had to lose,
It's the nature of the business,
It's the smuggler's blues.
The sailors and pilots,
The soldiers and the law,
The payoffs and the ripoffs,
And the things nobody saw.
Don't matter if it's heroin, cocaine, or hash,
You gotta carry weapons
'Cause you always carry cash.
Lots of shady characters,
And lots of dirty deals.

Every name's an alias
In case somebody squeals.
It's the lure of easy money,
It's got a very strong appeal.
Perhaps you'd understand it better
Standin' in my shoes,
It's the ultimate enticement,
It's the smuggler's blues, smuggler's blues.
You can see it in the headlines,
You hear it everyday.
They say they're gonna stop it,
But it doesn't go away.

They're movin' through Miami and sellin' in LA,
They hide it up in Telluride,
I mean it's here to stay.
Proppin' up the governments in Columbia and Peru,
You ask any DA man,
He'll tell you "Nothin' we can do",
>From the office of the President,
Down to me and you, you and me.
It's a losing proposition,
But one you can't refuse.
It's the politics of contraband,
It's the smuggler's blues, smuggler's blues.
Transcribed by Rich Kulawiec, rsk@ecn.purdue.edu

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