

## **Incrave**

### **"Blues For The Muse"**

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I wake up in the early when I see my day walk in;  
I wake up in the early when I start to begin.  
I drink up my coffee to drive dreams away,  
And I think about leaving but remain for the day.

Oh Glory but I just stay blind,  
Think about my loving, yes, some of the time

I want to take it easy,  
Ain't it hard like they say,  
But I can play.

And most any morning, most any morning  
I like to be born into my guitar day.

They say it's all butterflies,  
Don't let your dreams get in your eyes,  
But Orpheus made the sunrise,  
'Cause he knew how to play.

She sings so fadey,  
Called the sweet guitar lady.  
She's a noted writer, I just can't seem to let her be.  
And she is my flower, I call her my easy hour.  
She's a low special, Baby that's enough for me.

And it's all right, you're in the graveyard now.  
Well it's all right, you're in the graveyard now.

You may weep, you may moan,  
You may pass your life so gay,  
But lucky in life, I swear sometimes,  
Surely going to have to meet your leaving day.

Well, she sings like the seashore,  
Tonight I'm going to ride on your seesaw.  
I will call up the Angels if they have a little word to say,  
And I think I'll try cloudwalking.  
It's just my face you see here talking,  
And it's just the guitar singing,  
And I have to let her have her way.

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