

## **Jason And The Scorchers**

### **"Blanket Of Sorrow"**

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#### BLANKET OF SORROW

Well, I sang in your morning, I sang in your night.  
Dusty old travels and forty watt lights.  
But lovin' to you was like the sand in the river.  
You call me 'my darling' and I call you 'Indian giver'.  
With a blanket of sorrow I lie in my bed.  
Four walls are a prison when your heart's in your head.  
Your soul is an icebox when you go where you're led.  
With a blanket of sorrow I die in your bed.  
Well, now daylight is here, the morning is come  
but a blanket of sorrow still covers the sun.  
Night isn't over, it's still dark outside.  
Black blanket death now is nowhere to hide.  
With a blanket of sorrow I lie in my bed.  
Four walls are a prison when your heart's in your head.

Your soul is an icebox when you go where you're led.  
With a blanket of sorrow I die in your bed.  
With a blanket of sorrow I lay in your arms  
but nothing will come of this pain.  
I'm sorry, they told me, it's been felt before  
and probably will be again.  
With a blanket of sorrow I lie in my bed.  
Four walls are a prison when your heart's in your head.  
Your soul is an icebox when you go where you're led.  
With a blanket of sorrow I die in your bed.  
- Jason Ringenberg

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