

John Hiatt

"Master Of Disaster"

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Close some air
Choking in clean underwear
Bleeding tongue
8-Ball pounding in my lungs

Ship to shore
I can't see the coastline anymore
I shouldn't be here
I thought, I made that loud and clear

But the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
When he plays the blues

When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
Now he's just a mean ole bastard
When he plays the blues

Chinatown
I'm chasin' that old dragon down
I don't [Incomprehensible]
We play the blues with the curtains drawn

Sidewalks of white
Where the L.A. sun beat out the night
Pounding brain
My last transmission down the drain

And the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
When he plays the blues

When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
Now he's just a mean ole bastard
When he plays the blues

There's a debt I owe
I never paid before I go

So I sing the blues
Hand me down my walkin' shoes

You're in my heart
Though we may be miles apart
There's my point
I'll see you in another joint

When the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
Oh, when he plays the blues

When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
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