

**Chris Rea****"Where the Blues Come From"**

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When a griot sings his perfect song  
I found the place where I belong  
What the griot sings I recognise  
That soulful tune that made me cry  
The story born inside his song  
I finally found  
Where the blues came from

His music came from a distant land  
It moved and changed  
With the desert sand  
Upon the shores of hell his music froze  
And came to be what we all now know  
Where the blues come from

A wise old man he told me this  
Where the pain you feel  
And the music kiss  
Melted down into a devil's brew  
The sadness came and she turned it blue  
When you're lonely  
You will know this song  
When it hurts so deep  
And stays so long  
Though its dark you know  
Where you belong  
Then you will know  
Where the blues come from

Submitter's comments:Â

The word GRIOT is translated as black African magic person, wizard, singer and historian (Urban Dictionary)

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