

## Jason Eady "Wild Eyed Serenade"

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I'm a fly by night stealer, a folk singing junkie  
I get high when I can't find my way  
I heard Colorado is good to my kind  
Maybe I'll go there someday  
Well my rhymes are getting tired and my allusions are worn  
I'm a preacher with nothing to say  
So talk to me Dylan, show me a sign  
Before I get carried away

Chorus:

Angels and highways and old mountain songs  
The mandolin plays and the tremolo's long  
Cloudy next mornings crawl under the night's parade  
It's a hell of a ride, this wild eyed serenade

Heroes and villains, black and white ramblers  
Sinners they're just trying to hide  
Movers and shakers who talk too damn loud  
When I just want to stop for the night

(Chorus)

Melodies linger off in the distance  
And mix with those words in my head  
The phone is still ringing, why won't she answer  
It must have been something I said

(Chorus)

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