

Mark Selby "Blind Since Birth"

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Old man sittin' on the dock
Frettin' that National Steel
Got his feet in the water
Hands on the metal
Playin' it all by feel
He's got nothin' but time
And the changin' tide
The pull of the moon and the spinnin' of the earth
Blind since birth

Old man sittin' on a crate
With an amped-up Silvertone
When he reaches for
That bottle-neck slide
Makes you shiver and moan
Blue notes float
Like puffs of smoke
He pulls another Lucky
From the pocket of his shirt
Blind since birth

At the state-run school
Eight years old
A cheap six-string
So the story goes...

Old man sittin' in the dark
Frettin' that National Steel
Got his feet on the floor
Hands on the metal
Playin' it all by feel
Blue notes cry
Scream and sigh
'Til his fingers bleed
And his back-bone hurts
Blind since birth

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