

Roger Creager

"Blues Man Road"

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The old boys drinkin' / Tellin' the stories
'Bout the way it used to be / A steel string box
Was every blues man's woman / Everybody knew
Lucille
>From the Delta to the chain gang
I was born to the rhythm / Raised on volume
Wired to a different sound
Plain damn reckless until three in / The morning
Dreamin' of the place I'd found / Where the sugar
tastes a little sweeter
Ain't nothing meaner / Than the old boy howlin' on his /
Guitar alone
Tellin' the story 'bout the blues / Man's road
Well he taught me everything I know / We all knew that
blues man's road
That's why they call this thing rock / And roll
We were white city slip kids playing in / The streets
The songs of the black man's band / With our tail drags
dragging
Mojo's working / Got the blast from the big boss man
Where the sugar tastes a little sweeter
Ain't nothing meaner / Than an old boy howlin' on his /
Guitar alone
Tellin' the story 'bout the blues / Man's road
He taught me everything that I've / Ever known
We all knew that blues man's road
That's why they call this damn thing / Rock and roll
The story 'bout the blues man's road / Taught me
everything I know
Yes we all knew that blues man's road
That's why they call this damn thing / Rock and roll

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