

The People's Blues Of Richmond

"Hull St. Blues"

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I used to spend my time down on Hull Street Road
trying to sell my music
And lighten my load when I saw something like I'd
never seen before.

In the middle of one summer night shone a guitar in
the pale moonlight and
An angel swearing she was a whore.

I thought I'd seen a lot of things
With my eyes and my shoes and my guitar strings
So I cursed her name and I showed her the door.

'Get up! Get out!' I screamed and I shouted. 'I don't
want your love, I
Could do without it.' Oh, oh, oh.
'Get in get down, take a look around.
I'm goin' up north you're going downtown
Oh, oh, oh.

Autumn came and then it passed, I was out of touch
and living fast when
Winter's cold blew me back down to you.

I'd learned to love and I'd learned to sing but when I
returned you had a
Diamond ring and you told me how you'd found
somebody new.

'Get up, get out' you softly said,
'I'm happier here you're better of dead'
Oh, oh, oh.
Get in, get down, take a look around
I'm getting married you're still fucking around. Oh, oh,
oh.

Now you're on your feet and I'm on my knees with my
stupid grin and Dean
Moriarty's disease, ain't it funny the way love is always
refused?

And I'd have choked on my pride had I known the cost,
for 'tis better to
Have died than to have loved and then lost, and I've
got nothing left to
Lose.

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