

Krig

"Well Of The Blues"

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Amoeba man, he runs from hot, wraps up from the cold,
Old evil man, he worries a lot 'bout how he's gonna save his soul,
Easy man, maybe he like whiskey, silly girl, maybe she got caught,
And old lazy bones, maybe he stays home, saw more than he sought.

CHORUS:

The well of the blues - oh, it never runs dry.
It never gets full enough of whiskey and rye.
The well of the blues...

Preacher man bad-mouths the bottle and Mama pours it down the drain.
Old grandpa likes to keep it within reach, it eases his favorite pain,
And all year long old teetotalers' songs would echo grandpa's fall,
But on the holidays everything's okay, even judges forget the laws.

REPEAT CHORUS

Well, there's natural-born winners and losers out lookin' for the old time
Thrill,
They get the Indians' luck, the burnin' cup, stuck with a whiskey still
Till it fills the head and makes the bed spin like a wildcat drill,
Borin' a hole down deep in your soul that only a bottle can fill.

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