

## **Fiery Furnaces, The "Rub-Alcohol Blues"**

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Troubles up and down the road  
And trials all the way around  
Never knew what trouble was  
Till my honey threw me down  
With nothing but old ragged clothes  
My heart strings broken to shreds  
Blues creeping over my body  
Queer notions flying in my head  
The easiest thing I ever done  
Was loving and drinking wine  
The hardest thing I ever done  
Was paying off a judge's fine  
I've never worked for pleasure  
Peace on earth I cannot find  
The only thing I surely own  
Is a worried and troubled mind  
If men and wine don't kill me  
The one more plan to find  
Soak up all the old rub-alcohol  
Ease all trouble off my mind

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