

John Elton

"The Wasteland"

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Some days I think it's all a dream
The things I've done, the places that I've been
This life of mine seemed surreal at times
Wasted days and nights in someone else's mind

Could it be I'm not for real?
I've slapped my face to check out how I feel
There's hostages to prove it's true
Who lives behind the mask was never proved

Come on Robert Johnson
Though we're worlds apart
You and I know what it's like
With the devil in our heart
You sold your soul at the crossroads
Kept a little of mine on hand
I'm wading out this muddy water
Been stranded in the Wasteland

Rattling chains all around my bed
Ghosts can laugh but they're already dead
I'm not dying and I'm far from gone
The blues man spent his candle but his pain lives on

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