

## The Blues

Defeater

He found himself waiting again.  
Out at the crossroads, out on the lam.  
This time not running, this time by right.  
A road-side hitcher waits for headlights.  
"The blues,  
The blues  
The blues won't bring me down."  
That pick-up truck stopped.  
"Where you headed, kid?"  
"Back to the boardwalk coast to fix the wrong i did."  
That old man would bring him just as far as he could.  
His hellhound sniffing out for a trace of any good.  
The hope  
The hope  
The hope he's chasing.  
The blues  
The blues  
The blues he carried are dead and buried.