

Blues Man's Road

Roger Daltrey

The old boys drinkin'
Telling the stories
'Bout the way it used to be

A steel string box
Was every blues man's women
Everybody knew Lucille
From the Delta to the chain gang

I was born to the rhythm
Raised on volume
Wired to a different sound
Plain damn reckless till three in the morning
Dreaming of the place I'd found
When the sugar tastes a little sweeter

Ain't nothing meaner
Then the old boy howling on his guitar alone

Telling the story 'bout the blue man's road
Well he taught me everything I know
We all knew that blues man's road
That's why they call this thing rock and roll

We were white city slip kids playing in
The streets
The songs of the black man's band
With our tail drags dragging Mojo's working
Got the blast from the big boss man
Where the sugar tastes a little sweeter

Ain't nothing meaner
Then the old man howling on his guitar alone

Telling the story 'bout the blue man's road
He taught me everything that I've ever known
We all knew that blues man's road
That's why they call this damn thing rock and roll

The story 'bout the blue man's road
Taught me everything I know
Yeah we all knew that blues man's road
That's why they call this damn thing rock and roll