

Owen Temple - James' Blue

Tom: C

James washed dishes at a barbecue place Fifth Street downtown
 He'd get his pay and go next door to drink his money down
 And I was just getting' started playing guitar when I met him there
 I'd finish a song he'd clap his hands no one else would but he didn't care

He'd yell out play Whiskey River and I'd play it as best I could
 I'd take a break and he'd say 'man you're really sounding good'
 I shook his rough dishwashing hands as he said his name was James
 He'd go back to playing that pool every evening the same old thing

He was drinking away every single dollar

I'd play the songs that he'd holler
 He'd clap his hands and make everybody smile
 No wife no kids just a job in Austin
 No telling all that drinking cost him
 I haven't seen James in awhile
 I haven't seen James in awhile

James would ask the bartender for a ride home now and then
 He said he lived a few blocks down at the Capitol Inn
 Well the bartender dropped him off but James walked right on past
 He didn't quit walking 'til he laid down beneath a busy underpass

James got drunker that usual and ended up in jail
 The owner of the barbecue place came down and paid his bail
 When they got back to the place she said now James I gotta let you go
 James walked out that door forever and the rest nobody knows

Acordes

