THE BLACKBERRY BLUES

I'm gonna tell ya about a little misadventure, dubbed The Blackberry Blues
About earnin' your wings – and payin' your dues…
I was a temporary ranch hand, my muscle for hire –
I was tradin' the old frontier – for a new front tire…

The dirt farmer's daughter, had turned seventeen –
An unlucky number – if you know what I mean…
The old man he had an axe, and sharpened it good –
He sent me a message – when he's choppin' the wood…

She wouldn't leave me alone, and that aint no lie –
Cut off shorts – and the Blackberry pie…
Played the role of innocence, with burnin' desire –
Payin' her attention would be playin' with fire…

A little misadventure, dubbed The Blackberry Blues –
Runnin' through the brier patch – without any shoes…
Flyin' past the chicken coop, without any pants –
Another hopeless victim – of circumstance…

I worked hard all day, and I had to turn in –
Sleepin' in the bunk house – when she crept in…
Thought I was dreamin', feelin' great –
My little trip to Heaven – it would have to wait…

'Cause just then her daddy, smashed through the door –
I bounced off the bed – and I kissed the floor…
Wieldin' a shotgun, and that stupid axe –
I thought I was gonna have – a heart attack…

A little misadventure, dubbed The Blackberry Blues –
Runnin' through the brier patch – without any shoes…
Flyin' past the chicken coop, without any pants –
Another hopeless victim – of circumstance…

Only one way in, and one way out –
No time to plead my case – for reasonable doubt…
Well, he lunged, and I moved –
And he tripped – and he fell…

So I ran outta there like Hell!

A little misadventure, dubbed The Blackberry Blues –
Runnin' through the brier patch – without any shoes…
Flyin' past the chicken coop, a clutchin' my pants –
Another hopeless victim…

I screamed a melody of thorns, dubbed The Blackberry Blues –
Runnin' through the brambles – without any shoes…
Flyin' past the chicken coop, without any pants –
Another hopeless victim – of circumstance…

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