Lament

Wynn Erickson

I guess, I tried to show you how
I'd take the crowd with my guitar
And business men would clap their hands
And clip another fat cigarAnd publishers would spread the news
And print my music far and wide
All the kids who played the blues
Would learn my licks with a bottle neck slideBut now it seems the bubble's burst
'Though you know there was a time
When love songs gathered in my head
With poetry in every lineAnd strong men strove to hold the doors
While with my friends I passed that age
People stomped on dirty floors
Before I trod the rock 'n' roll stageThank the man, who's on the 'phone
If he has the time to spend
The problem I'll explain once more
And indicate a sum to lendTen percent is now a joke
Maybe thirty, even thirty-five
I'll say, my daddy's had a stroke
He'd have one now, if he only was aliveI like the way you look at me
You're laughin' too down there inside
I took my chance and you took yours
You crewed my ship, we missed the tideI like the way the music goes
There's a few good guys who can play it right
I like the way it moves my toes
Say when you want to go and dance all night

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