

# Rose Colored Blues

Andrew Combs

One more dark and stormy morning  
Waking with an aching in his head  
Wiping off yesterday  
All the hurt and spiteful words that were said Well it seems to me he's fallen  
From grace in some sweet darling's eye  
But somewhere there's another town  
And another woman waiting down the line Lost love and slow trains  
Whichever way you choose  
It don't ever get too bad  
When you got them ramblin', rose colored blues If he's headed west and falls behind  
Derailed neath blue Missoula sky  
If the whistle blows him east  
Into the dirty screaming New York City night  
He might sleep beneath the stars  
Or on some borrowed bed he'll find along the way  
He might charm a pretty face to keep him warm  
But come the morning, on his way Lost love and slow trains  
Whichever way you choose  
It don't ever get too bad  
When you got them ramblin', rose colored blues No storyline of destiny,  
Fable, or fantasy you'll find  
Just another nowhere man  
Going anywhere, anytime he minds So while the world turns and worries  
Money, war and glory, right or wrong  
Silhouetted by the gloaming, off he goes  
Singing this old song  
Lost love and slow trains  
Whichever way you choose  
It don't ever get too bad  
When you got them ramblin', rose colored blues  
It don't ever get too bad  
When you got them ramblin', rose colored blues  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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