Troubadour Blues

Mark Erelli

(Mark Erelli)When I was a boy
I went to hear this picker play
I still recall his blue guitar
Like it was yesterday
I was a powder keg a-waitin'
For someone to light the fuse
He struck a match and I did catch
The troubadour bluesWhen I got my first guitar
I played until my fingers bled
Though my parents wished
That I were doing something else instead
I wish they'd understand
It isn't something I can choose
Oh mama I was born to sing
The troubadour bluesCHORUS
Troubadour blues
Troubadour blues
All you need's a simple song
Three chords and the truth
Like Hank and Woody
Townes and Jimmie Rodgers used to do
Oh Lord I'm bound to ramble
With those troubadour bluesSo I married me a woman
But she's more like a saint
She's alone 200 nights a year
With nary a complaint
Oh babe I hate to leave you lonely
But I need to pay my dues
Forgive me while I'm gone to sing
The troubadour blues(CHORUS)The same old battle's raging
All on down the line
Why does it seem like nothing's changed
Since Woody Guthrie's time?
I ain't afraid to sing about those things
You don't see on the news
'Cause there's plenty job security
In the troubadour bluesSo let me thank you Mr. President
To me you've been so kind
For the well of inspiration

Can dry up from time to time
Each time you open up your mouth
You give me something I can use
Every day another reason
For the troubadour bluesCHORUS
Troubadour blues
Troubadour blues
All you need's a simple song
Three chords and the truth
Like Hank and Woody
Townes and David Carter used to do
Oh Lord I'm bound to ramble

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