

The Winding Stair Mountain Blues

Turnpike Troubadours

[Verse 1]

Well I turned and shut my eyes
As you let the gravel fly
When I looked up you had cleared the driveway
You and your big cloud of dust
All your chrome and all your rust
Beggin' to lay scattered on the highway[Verse 2]
Well I have not forgotten when we may as well be kin
Raising hell from here to Bryan County
Wishing I could let you in
Give you shelter from the wind
But that hurricane ain't coming down around me

[Chorus]

Oh well you can curse your fiddle till it breaks down at the binding
Curse your locomotive off the rail
And all that trouble you've been looking for is easy in the finding
Well the devil's into fine detail[Verse 3]
Well I nearly took your lead
With your pistol and your speed
Shoot to kill and plan to be forgiven
But in between the mill
And whatever deer I kill
Truth be told I barely make a living[Chorus]

Oh well you can curse your fiddle till it breaks down at the binding
Curse your locomotive off the rail
And all that trouble you've been looking for is easy in the finding
Well the devil's into fine detail

[Bridge]

And you're somewhere in the Winding Stair
Thinking you still got a trick or two
And you're planning out your fight in the lantern light
But I don't see this going well for you
No I don't see this going well for you[Instrumental][Verse 4]
Well the sheriff came last night
Is everything alright?
Ask for any help that I can give
No we had a falling out
Well then what's this all about
They said the man who's shot is gonna live[Chorus]

Oh well you can curse your fiddle till it breaks down at the binding

Curse your locomotive off the rail

And all that trouble you've been looking for is easy in the finding

Well the devil's into fine detail

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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