Blind Since Birth

Mark Selby

Old man sittin' on the dock
Frettin' that National Steel
Got his feet in the water
Hands on the metalPlayin' it all by feel
He's got nothin' but time
And the changin' tideThe pull of the moon
And the spinnin' of the earth
Blind since birthOld man sittin' on a crate
With an amped-up Silvertone
When he reaches for
That bottleneck slideMakes you shiver and moan
Blue notes float
Like puffs of smokeHe pulls another lucky
From the pocket of his shirt
Blind since birthAt the state run school
Eight years old
A cheap six-string
So the story goesOld man sittin' in the dark
Frettin' that National Steel
Got his feet on the floor
Hands on the metalPlayin' it all by feel
Blue notes cry
Scream and sigh
'Til his fingers bleedAnd his backbone hurts
Blind since birth

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