Jamie Blue

Tiny Ruins

Take James Indigo
Blood on his hands, oh
Blue-button James
He was a town crierWhiskey or prophecy
It's hard to distinguish, but he
Cried with a strange fireHis lone voice getting higher
With each hour passing him by
Cursing the malaise of his time,
So unkindBlue James looking down
At his hands, he makes a fist with his right
Like a washed-up boxer hearkened back to his best fightIt's the brave that fortune favors
And going out to bat for you
Dodging and digging my own grave and
Lucky bravery blue[Interlude]It's the brave that fortune favors
And going out to bat for you
Dodging and digging my own grave and
Lucky bravery blueAnd it's a shame I know
That God saw the shadow
And that quest is fallen
Says in two, I think of James
He wasn't always the best man, think of James
But I hear he sang true, think of James
Calling his questions
Vision's broken, years they ain't throughHis lone voice getting higher
With each hour passing him by
Cursing the malaise of his time,
So unkindBlue James looking down
At his hands, he makes a fist with his right
Like a washed-up boxer hearkened back to his best fightIt's the brave that fortune favors
And going out to bat for you
Dodging and digging my own grave and
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