

# Tule's Blues

Warren Zevon

Oh Tule, it's on account of you that I've been weeping  
Here behind my hand  
It's lonesome in my heart's land as the sands of the desert  
Oh, tell me, why was it always you, who, through the changes  
You, who always sang and played while the green vespers rang  
In the heart of the hillside?  
It's a sad song we always seem to be singing to each other  
You and me, sweet and slightly out of key  
Like the sound of a running down calliope  
Oh Tule, it's once I was your knight in golden armor  
With the sun behind my hair  
My music filled the air with symbols and lightning  
Oh Tule, now can't you see I'm changing like the seasons?  
My hair is growing dark  
And there's no room left in the ark for a lark with a broken wing  
It's a sad song we always seem to be singing to each other  
And a child's voice, so tender and out of tune  
Keeps a'praying I'll be singing home soon  
Oh Tule, it's on account of you that I'll be leaving  
'Cross the deep salt sea  
Whatever wild worlds I may see will be empty without you  
It's a sad song we always seem to be singing to each other  
And a child's voice, so tender and out of tune  
Keeps a'praying I'll be singing home soon

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