# 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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