

Blanche's Song

Hillbilly Casino

Drawn like a moth around the light of God
Nobody told you that life was hard
Now your all played out in the Devil's back yard
And what hell are you supposed to be?

All her affairs were make believe,
Made up lies and she wouldn't leave
Just who exactly was she trying to deceive
And what the hell are you supposed to be.

So give her liquor, give her booze
Give her something to help her lose her mind again.
And be kind, and give her time
Cause she's too tore down to tell what she's supposed to be.

Lap and lickered up like a wild cat
Spending her days in a French quarter flat
She knew what was and this ain't that
So what the hell are you supposed to be?

Refrain

Solo

But salvation doesn't come from a bottle or a glass,
Go stare at those walls and sort out your past
You can never out run the devils in your head
Til it corners around for flowers for the dead.

Where do you go when the jig is up
Drown your sorrows in the bottom of a cup
Trying not to believe
the worlds corrupt
And what the hell are you supposed to be

Lyrics submitted by Fred.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>