

# 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 Devilâ€™s back yard  
And what hell are you supposed to be?

All her affairs were make believe,  
Made up lies and she wouldnâ€™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 sheâ€™s too tore down to tell what sheâ€™s supposed to be.

Lap andlickered up like a wild cat  
Spending her days in a French quarter flat  
She knew what was and this ainâ€™t that  
So what the hell are you supposed to be?

Refrain

Solo

But salvation doesnâ€™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://damnlrics.com/>