Rub Alcohol Blues

The Fiery Furnaces

Troubles up and down the road
And trials all the way around
Never knew what trouble was
'Til my honey threw me downWith nothing but old ragged clothes
My heart strings broken to shreds
Blues creeping over my body
Queer notions flying in my headThe easiest thing I ever done
Was loving and drinking wine
The hardest thing I ever done
Was paying off a judge's fineI've never worked for pleasure
Peace on earth I cannot find
The only thing I surely own
Is a worried and troubled mindIf men and wine don't kill me
The one more plan to find
Soak up all the old rub-alcohol
Ease all trouble off my mind

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