

Deacon Blues

Tom Wopat

This is the day
Of the expanding man
That shape is my shade
There where I used to stand
It seems like only yesterday
I gazed through the glass
At ramblers
Wild gamblers
That's all in the past
You call me a fool
You say it's a crazy scheme
This one's for real
I already bought the dream
So useless to ask me why
Throw a kiss and say goodbye
I'll make it this time
I'm ready to cross that fine line
Learnt to work the saxophone
I, I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long
(Aah)
And die behind the wheel
They got a name for the winners in the world
I, I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama, "The Crimson Tide"
(Aah)
Call me Deacon Blues
(Deacon Blues)
My back to the wall
A victim of laughing chance
This is for me
The essence of true romance
Sharing the things we know and love
With those of my kind
Libations
Sensations
That stagger the mind
I crawl like a viper

Through these suburban streets
Make love to these women
Languid and bittersweet
I'll rise when the sun goes down
Cover every game in town
A world of my own
I'll make it my home sweet home
Learnt to work the saxophone
I, I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long
(Aah)
And die behind the wheel
They got a name for the winners in the world
I, I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama, "The Crimson Tide"
(Aah)
Call me Deacon Blues
(Deacon Blues)
This is the night
Of the expanding man
I take one last drag
As I approach the stand
I cried when I wrote this song
Sue me if I play too long
This brother is free
I'll be what I want to be
I learnt to work the saxophone
I, I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long
(Aah)
And die behind the wheel
They got a name for the winners in the world
I, I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama, "The Crimson Tide"
(Aah)
Call me Deacon Blues
(Deacon Blues)

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