Counterfeiters' Blues

Corb Lund

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

he said drink deeply of the wine, my friend, breathe fully in the smoke
and eat the fish that he conjured, this is the bread that jesus broke
this is grape juice and cheap vodka, man, this isn't even wine
i'm smokin shredded cardboard, eating sawdust baked with lime
this is not the truth you tell me, but some terrible, evil joke
sounds to me like the counterfeit blues have got you by the throatthere seem to me an awful lot of charltans round here
and hustlers, cheats and anglers, fixers, sharps and mutineers
the factory and subterfuge and corporato cheat
conspire to fast reduce us to the stamping of our feet
the lords of mass producto mass product at quite a pace
it won't be long these counterfeit blues'll run the whole damn placethese notes that you've been paying with are a little bit too green
the printing's off, the ink has got a polyester sheen
your bill has grown too large and now you'll have to work it off
and your snout will have to make its way from the far end of the trough
you got suckered into tryin to make your make your money overnight
looks to me like the counterfeit blues will be doggin you all of your lifethe worn out western hat i got no longer smells like horse
and i can't afford to keep one around now that rooster's gone, of course
i guess i've left it all behind me now except for when i write
and sing ancestral praises of the ones who knew that life
yes, years of rocka rolla have extracted quite a fee
maybe them old counterfeit blues have been creepin up on me

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