

Blues Man's Road

[Roger Daltrey](#)

The old boys drinkin
Telling the stories
Bout the way it used to be A steel string box
Was every blues mans women
Everybody knew Lucille
From the Delta to the chain gang I was born to the rhythm
Raised on volume
Wired to a different sound
Plain damn reckless till three in the morning
Dreaming of the place Id found
When the sugar tastes a little sweeter Aint nothing meaner
Then the old boy howling on his guitar alone Telling the story bout the blue mans road
Well he taught me everything I know
We all knew that blues mans road
Thats why they call this thing rock and roll We were white city slip kids playing in
The streets
The songs of the black mans band
With our tail drags dragging Mojos working
Got the blast from the big boss man
Where the sugar tastes a little sweeter Aint nothing meaner
Then the old man howling on his guitar alone Telling the story bout the blue mans road
He taught me everything that Ive ever known
We all knew that blues mans road
Thats why they call this damn thing rock and roll The story bout the blue mans road
Taught me everything I know
Yea we all knew that blues mans road
Thats why they call this damn thing rock and roll

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