

Master of Disaster

John Hiatt

Close some air
Choking in clean underwear
Bleeding tongue
8-Ball pounding in my lungs Ship to shore
I can't see the coastline anymore
I shouldn't be here
I thought, I made that loud and clear But the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
When he plays the blues When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
Now he's just a mean ole bastard
When he plays the blues Chinatown
I'm chasin' that old dragon down
At Madam Wong's
we play the blues with the curtains drawn Sidewalks of white
Where the L.A. sun beat out the night
Pounding brain
My last transmission down the drain And the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
When he plays the blues When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
Now he's just a mean ole bastard
When he plays the blues There's a debt I owe
I never paid before I go
So I sing the blues
Hand me down my walkin' shoes You're in my heart
Though we may be miles apart
There's my point
I'll see you in another joint When the master of disaster
Gets tangled in his telecaster
He can't play it any faster
Oh, when he plays the blues When he had the heart to ask her
And every note just shook the plaster
Now he's just a mean ole bastard
When he plays the blues Now he's just a mean ole bastard
When he plays the blues

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