

# 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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