

# Postcards From Hell

## The Wood Brothers

I know a man who sings the blues  
Yeah he plays just what he feels  
Keeps a letter in the pocket of his coat  
But he never breaks the seal  
Set up in a bar room corner  
Playin' for tips and beer  
People carryin' on and drinkin'  
You gotta strain to hear  
I've seen him playin' some old cheap guitar  
But he could play on pots and pans  
You never heard a soul so pure and true  
It's flowin' right out of his hands  
He can sing sweet as a choir girl  
Or he can sing a house on fire  
I've seen him callin' up the angels  
And use a breeze for a telephone wire  
And if you ask him  
How he sings his blues so well  
He says  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
And I don't read postcards from hell  
Says he came from down in Texas  
Playin' out since he's fifteen  
You can hear a little Chicago  
And a lot of New Orleans  
He can take you on a freight train  
He can take you down the alley  
He can take you to the church  
He can walk you through the valley  
And if you ask him  
How he sings his blues so well  
He says  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
And I don't read postcards from hell  
I've seen him sleepin' in a doorway  
Maybe livin' outside  
On his back just like a cockroach  
But he ain't waitin' to die  
And if you ask him  
How he sings his blues so well

He says  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
I got a soul that I won't sell  
And I don't read postcards from hell  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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