

Blue Ruin

Mandolin Orange

One morning after drinking heavy in the night
Every inch of my poor bones
Seemed to ache and moan in wait
Cause all my troubles, come tomorrow
Will be gone and then it's on to Christmas day
If Jesus had been born just eleven days before
Would the world have stopped to see
At least those on the street headed for Newtown
And of all those on their way
Could the miracle have made
One lay his guns down
Blue ruin "That trigger stole his mind, how am I to blame?"
I bet you never even aimed at one
There's too many people killing people
To put an end to evil what can be done
Well for now who'd like to tell me
On that morning when twenty-seven fell
How any lesson in counting could ever
Ever amount to watching them fall and why worst of all
Come Christmas morning they'll still be gone
Blue ruin
One morning after drinking heavy in the night
I stopped to take a look
At the crook that stole this holiday
Well this Christmas, my only wish is
We put these guns away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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