

# 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  
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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