

Blues for the Muse

Incredible String Band

I wake up in the early when I see my day walk in
I wake up in the early when I start to begin
I drink up my coffee to drive dreams away
And I think about leaving but remain for the day Oh, glory but I just stay blind
Think about my loving, yes, some of the time I want to take it easy
Ain't it hard like they say
But I can play And most any morning, most any morning
I like to be born into my guitar day They say it's all butterflies
Don't let your dreams get in your eyes
But Orpheus made the sunrise
'Cause he knew how to play Well, she sings so fadey, I called my guitar lady
She's a noted writer, I just can't seem to let her be
And she is my flower, I call her my easy hour
She's a low special, and baby that's enough for me I got sorrow spells, I got sorrow spells
She showed up low to the blues away
And it's raining in the ocean, raining in the ocean And stones on the mountain and just like they say
I'm just the string striker, just the lamplighter
I ain't no price fighter, it's easy to play Well, she sings like the seashore
Tonight I don't ride on your seesaw
I will call up the angels if they have a little word to say And I think I'll try cloud walking
It's just my face you see here talking
And it's just the guitar singing
And I have to let her have her way And it's all right, you're in the graveyard now
And it's all right, you're in the graveyard now You may weep, you may moan
You may pass your life so gay
But lucky in life, I swear sometimes
Surely going to have to meet your leaving day Well, she sings like the seashore
Tonight I don't ride on your seesaw
I will call up the angels if they have a little word to say And I think I'll try cloud walking
It's just my face you see here talking
And it's just the guitar singing
And I have to let her have her way

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