

# Sake of the Song

Hayes Carll

If you're nobody's business or you're front page news  
Rock, Country or Delta Blues, Tell your truth however you choose  
And do it all for the sake of the song Yeah, hitchhike, and bus ride and rental car, living rooms coffee house and  
rundown bars  
Ten thousand people or alone under the stars, all for the sake of the song And there's a man who wrote "Your  
Cheatin' Heart", now he's blind to it's truth  
And he plays it on a stolen harp, his soul is hundred proof  
And there's one who might be happy with a foreign baggar's purse  
She's lost the crowd's attention at the forty second verse And it's the travelling salesman, the girl next door  
On the empty room to the bird on the corner, less is less until more is more  
And it's all for the sake of the song And there's the young man on the marquee, He's fond of somewhere  
unknown  
And his father bought the two of us so he could strike out on his own  
And there's the brooding contradiction, he's holding Van Gogh's ear  
And he's taken to his guitar, in the hope someone will hear It's life back stage and Nudie Suits, and the next big  
thing will get 'em back to you roots  
High five flannel and duct tape boots  
And it's all for the sake of the song And there's the mystic, there's the legend, and there's the best that's ever  
been  
And there's the voice of a generation who wants to pass this way again  
And there's record deals and trained seals, and puppets on a string  
And they're all just trying to figure out what makes the caged bird sing It's lights, camera, on with the show,  
lifetime to get ready, now go cat go  
Where it all ends, nobody knows  
B it's all for the sake of the song So if you're nobody's business or you're front page news  
Rock, Country or Delta Blues, Tell your truth however you choose  
And do it all for the sake of the song

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