

# Lament

## Balmorhea

I guess, I tried to show you how  
I'd take the crowd with my guitar  
And business men would clap their hands  
And clip another fat cigar  
And publishers would spread the news  
And print my music far and wide  
All the kids who played the blues  
Would learn my licks with a bottle neck slide  
But now it seems the bubble's burst  
'Though you know there was a time  
When love songs gathered in my head  
With poetry in every line  
And strong men strove to hold the doors  
While with my friends I passed that age  
People stomped on dirty floors  
Before I trod the rock 'n' roll stage  
Thank the man, who's on the 'phone  
If he has the time to spend  
The problem I'll explain once more  
And indicate a sum to lend  
Ten percent is now a joke  
Maybe thirty, even thirty-five  
I'll say, my daddy's had a stroke  
He'd have one now, if he only was alive  
I like the way you look at me  
You're laughin' too down there inside  
I took my chance and you took yours  
You crewed my ship, we missed the tide  
I like the way the music goes  
There's a few good guys who can play it right  
I like the way it moves my toes  
Say when you want to go and dance all night

Lyrics provided by

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