

# Way Beyond The Blues

## Alabama 3

Every sundown  
You make the break  
By the time you hit the border  
You're back in chains  
Your jailer's laughin'  
As you complain  
You were born to run  
What about the great escape  
In the courtyard  
There is no breeze  
And there ain't no bluebirds  
In the trees  
On your knees you  
Pray for sweet release  
You pray for fortitude  
And godspeed  
When you got nothin' left to lose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Right or wrong lord  
You've got to choose  
When you're way beyond the blues You hear the tollin'  
Of the bell  
Are you in heaven  
Are you in hell  
The saints came marchin'  
And you fell  
Were you pushed  
Did you stumble  
Who could tell  
When you got nothin' left to lose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Right or wrong lord  
You've got to choose  
When you're way beyond the blues All your women  
Weepin' at your grave  
Six black horses  
To carry a safe  
You were once a king  
Now you're a slave

Too late to pray  
They lock the gate When you got nothin' left to lose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Right or wrong lord  
You've got to choose  
When you're way beyond the blues (Sing it now) When you got nothin' left to lose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Right or wrong lord  
You've got to choose  
When you're way beyond the blues When you got nothin' left to lose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Right or wrong lord  
You've got to choose  
When you're way beyond the blues (Sing it now) When you got nothin' left to lose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Right or wrong lord  
You've got to choose  
When you're way beyond the blues  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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