

Black Snake Blues

If I could be an old black snake, I could shed my skin,
Cast away what's old and grey, start anew again;
But lying low and traveling light, surely that's no sin.
I don't know where I'm bound for, but I sure know where I've been.
 Oh, oh, black snake blues,
 Oh, oh, black snake blues.

That old dog ran me ragged 'til I never knew what for,
To feed the greed, the wants and needs, 'til you wonder how much more.
But lying low and traveling low, you slip on through the door.
In the end you'll find, my friend, nothing's fair in love and war.
 Oh, oh, black snake blues,
 Oh, oh, black snake blues.

Well, your trial's never over, for your jury's ne'er adjourned,
For the things you yearn, the things you spurn, your bridges built and burned.
But lying low, and traveling light, so much left to learn.
Wait through the night, look for the light, and watch the big wheel turn.
 Oh, oh, black snake blues,
 Oh, oh, black snake blues.