

Mama Blues

by Tim G. Young

oh great Joe Williams blues
like a ferocious water boiling
but still all the same
still all the same black night
coming straight on through
no sun no clouds in sight
just the night
hurry to surround me so tight
yes, I'm in love with you
and the static on the radio
are my divine crystals
hung loudly around my neck
carrying me like a pharaoh
on my back

the stars might be the audience or they might not be
if the beat sits right next to me and hugs me nasty
then I'll drink another bottle of fine wine
taking it to the piano so I can stroke in time
maybe stick those keys in my pocket
I've got some room to spare
and I don't care what he, she or it says
cause I'm moving in a different direction
I'm taking care of business
I'm riding the wave
not looking to behave
but that don't mean I ain't looking for something

and if I ever do see the sunshine I won't know
if it's coming or going
but once I see the moon I know for sure
there's a new tune running

down to the sweating red brick alley
where cars are not allowed
where the blues play soft and hard
and join hands together, in such a touch
to pass a piece of bread

now hunger ain't no friend of mine
if he comes around I'll chase him out into
the deep dark blue of time
I'll open a can of beans
spread it all over my bread
and while I'm coughing in the middle of the night
I'll wake up and take a big bite and then I'll see the night'll be all
right
it'll be all right
and I'm gonna be like that

and if I catch myself walking too close
to a place I could fall fast
I'd have to fasten my seatbelt, get my foot off the gas
move away from the corner
I've painted myself into
and let the blues of life paint me like a shadow
until I get that accelerator back into my life
that sweet pedal of drama
where my Mama would still cry
if she were still alive

