

# DOWN IN THE ROAD

Well, down in the road  
darkness and fear were playin' to jar  
a black pocket moon  
was waiting for the brand new star.  
Why were I there so blue and lone  
down in the road?

Evil! I do curse all  
cause I am born to clench mine's fist  
while some other men  
have easy life and good luck wrist.  
Then what I do here so blue and lone  
down in the road?

I can do the rebel, I can do the rebel  
till I shall have breath in my throat  
But shall I be able, shall I be able  
to win my fights without a spot?

Well down in the road  
the wicked looks daggers at me  
and the envious men  
try to deceive me with their jeer.  
But what I do here so blue and lone  
down in the road?

Baby I do could say  
I feel fine there down in the road  
but it would be a lie  
I really carry an heavy load  
cause I'm a rebel abjured and killed  
down in the road.

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