

COLD STEEL BLUES

The blues she was a-turning, like a wheel within a wheel
Son House his hand was churning over gleaming cold cold steel
Like a bell cold steel was ringing to the magic of Son's moving hand
You could feel her voice singing with the pain of the deep south land

Son moaned and he hollered, he was lost inside his pain
And cold steel she was whining as the blues made her insane
Yes cold steel was the bullet and Son he was the gun
There was no way to avoid it, they gave the blues to everyone

They were lost upon a journey that black people know so well
Their hearts will carry evermore that little piece of hell
And they were on that journey, along that endless road
Two piled up fears of more than two hundred years made a heavy
load

Son's hands creating magic, and he held cold steel real tight
And her body it was blinding as it shimmered in the light
Son was coming home now, although his blues will have no end
He lived and played the pain of the blues, Son House could not
pretend