

**Blue Wing**  
**Dave Alvin**

BLUE WING

Written by Tom Russell

(as heard on the album, KING OF CALIFORNIA by Dave Alvin)

Tabbed by Brad Mahugh

[Verse 1]

**D**

He had a blue wing tattooed on his shoulder

**D**

**Em**

Well, it might have been a bluebird, I don't know

**Em**

but he'd get stone drunk and talk about Alaska

**A**

**D**

and the salmon boats and 45 below

**D**

well he got that blue wing in jail at Walla Walla

**D**

**Em**

and his cellmate there was Little Willie John

**Em**

Willie, he was once a great blues singer

**A**

**D**

so Wing & Willie wrote 'em up a song

[Chorus]

N.C.

**D**

**G**

said, it's dark in here, can't see the sky

**D**

**A**

but I look at this blue wing and I close my eyes

**D**

**G**

and I fly away, beyond these walls

**D**

**A**

up above the clouds, where the rain don't fall

**D G A**

on a poor man's dreams

[Verse 2]

**D**

well they paroled blue wing in August of 1963

**D**

**Em**

and he moved north picking apples to the town of Wenatchee

**Em**

winter finally caught him in a rundown trailer park

**A**

**D**

on the south side of Seattle where the days grow grey and dark

**D**

and he drank and he dreamt a vision of when the salmon still ran free

**D** **Em**  
and his father s fathers crossed that wide old Bering sea

**Em**  
and the land belonged to everyone, and there were old songs yet to sing

**A** **D**  
now, it s narrowed broken down to a cheap hotel and a tattooed prison wing

[Chorus]

N.C. **D** **G**  
said, it s dark in here, can t see the sky  
**D** **A**  
but I look at this blue wing and I close my eyes  
**D** **G**  
and I fly away, beyond these walls  
**D** **A**  
up above the clouds, where the rain don t fall  
**D G A**  
on a poor man s dreams

[Verse 3]

**D**  
well he drank his way to LA and that s where he died  
**D** **Em**  
and no one knew his Christian name, and there was no one there to cry  
**Em**  
but I dreamt that there was a service, a preacher and an old pine box  
**A** **D**  
and halfway through the service, blue wing began to talk

[Chorus]

N.C. **D** **G**  
he said, it s dark in here, can t see the sky  
**D** **A**  
but I look at this blue wing and I close my eyes  
**D** **G**  
and I fly away, beyond these walls  
**D** **A**  
up above the clouds, where the rain don t fall  
**D G A**  
on a poor man s dreams