

Blue Wing

Tom Russell Band

Blue Wing © Tom Russell

C
He had a Blue Wing tattooed on his shoulder. Well it might have been a
Dm
blue bird I don't know.

G
But he'd get stone drunk and talk about Alaska. Salmon boats and forty-
C
five below

C
He said he got that Blue Wing up in Walla Walla. Where his cellmate there
Dm
was a little Willy John

Dm **G**
Willy he was once a great blues singer. And Wing and Willy wrote him up a
C
song:

CHORUS

C **F** **C**
He said it's dark in here | can't see the sky. But I look at this Blue Wing
G
and I close my eyes

C **F** **C**
Then I fly away, beyond these walls | Up above the clouds, where the rain
G
don't fall

Am **G** **Am** **G**
On a poor man's dreams | (yaa, On a poor man's dreams, yaa)

C
Well they paroled Blue Wing in August, 1963

C **Dm**
And he moved on pickin' apples to the town of Wenatchee.

Dm
Winter finally caught him in a run down trailer park,

Dm **G** **C**
On the south side of Seattle where the days grow gray and dark

C
And he drank and he dreamt a vision of when the salmon still swam free

C **Dm**
And his father's father's crossed that wide old Bering Sea.

Dm
And the land belonged to everyone, and there were old songs left to sing.

Dm **G** **C**

Now itâ€™s narrowed down to a cheap hotel and a tattooed prison wing.

Chorus

C

Well he drank his way to L.A. and thatâ€™s where he died. But no one knew his
Christian name

C **Dm**

And there was no one there to cry. But I dreamt there was a service.

Dm

A preacher and an old pine box.

Dm **G**

C

And halfway through the sermon you know Blue Wing began to talk

Chorus