

Blue Wing

Tom Russell Band

Blue Wing â€” 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**

He said its dark in hereâ€”| 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 wallsâ€”| Up above the clouds, where the rain

**G**

donâ€™t fall

**Am**

**G**

**Am**

**G**

On a poor manâ€™s dreamsâ€”| (yaa, On a poor manâ€™s dreams, yaa)

**C**

Well they paroled Blue Wing in August, 1963

**C**

**Dm**

And he moved on pickinâ€™ 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 fatherâ€™s fatherâ€™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