

PUMPHOUSE BLUES

Lyrics and music © Jack Williams

Pumphouse blues. No moon to blame
Thin-soled shoes In the drivin' rain
Time's a beggar on the evenin' train
Pumphouse blues. No moon to blame

9-pound hammer. 3-penny nail
Blind folksinger spent the night in jail
Federal man knows my game
Better shut my mouth. Gotta change my name

CHORUS 1

Over the land a buzzard flies
Soarin' higher and higher till somethin' dies
Old coyote, lame and confused
Called the buzzard down. He's got the pumphouse blues

Tent revival in the bitter cold
Spent my money to save my soul
Laid it down in Jesus' name
My money's all gone, and I'm lost in the flame

Shall I fade, and so, forget
Debts are paid, and no regret
Shall I dream while dreams remain
Pumphouse blues. No moon to blame

You'll be there in songs I've sung
You'll be there when the bells are rung
You'll be there when the wreaths are hung
You'll be there till kingdom come

CHORUS