

**D**ansnaam: Slapping leather

**A**rtiest: Tom Russell

**S**ong: Blue wing

He had a blue wing tattooed on his shoulder  
Well it might have been a blue bird I don't know  
But he gets stone drunk and talks about Alaska  
The salmon boats and 45 below

He said he got that blue wing up in Walla Walla  
And his cellmate there was Little Willy John  
And Willy he was once a great blues singer  
And winging Willy wrote him up a song. He said...

CHORUS:

It's dark in here; can't see the sky  
But I look at this blue wing and I close my eyes  
And I fly away beyond these walls  
Up above the clouds where there ain't no fall(unsure of this word)  
On a poor man's dreams.

They paroled Blue Wing in August, of 1963  
He moved North picking apples to the town of Wenatchee  
Then winter finally caught him in a run down trailer park  
On the South side of Seattle where the days grow gray and dark

And he drank and he dreamt of visions when the salmon still ran free  
And his fathers, fathers crossed that wild old Bering Sea  
And the land belonged to everyone and there were old songs yet to sing  
Now it's narrowed down to a cheap hotels and a tattooed prison wing

CHORUS:

Well he drank his way to LA; And that's where he died  
And no one knew his Christian name and there was no one there to cry  
But I dreamt there was a funeral; A preacher and a cheap pine box  
And half way through the service, Blue wing began to talk. He said...

CHORUS:

Hey hey, On a poor man's dreams;  
Hey hey, On a poor man's dreams.