

## **Owen Temple - James' Blue**

Tom: C

C

F

G

C

James washed dishes at a barbecue place Fifth Street downtown C

F

G

He'd get his pay and go next door to drink his money down C

F

G

C

And I was just getting' started playing guitar when I met him there C

F

G

C

I'd finish a song he'd clap his hands no one else would but he

He'd yell out play Whiskey River and I'd play it as best I could

 $\dot{\text{I'd}}$  take a break and he'd say 'man you're really sounding good'

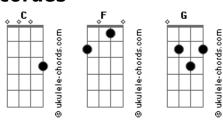
I shook his rough dishwashing hands as he said his name was  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{James}}$ 

 $\ensuremath{\mathsf{He'd}}$  go back to playing that pool every evening the same old thing

C F
He was drinking away every single dollar

## **Acordes**

didn't care



C
I'd play the songs that he'd holler
G
He'd clap his hands and make everybody smile
C
F
No wife no kids just a job in Austin
C
F
No telling all that drinking cost him
C
G
F
I haven't seen James in awhile
C
G
I haven't seen James in awhile

James would ask the bartender for a ride home now and then He said he lived a few blocks down at the Capitol Inn Well the bartender dropped him off but James walked right on past

He didn't quit walking 'til he laid down beneath a busy underpass

James got drunker that usual and ended up in jail The owner of the barbeque place came down and paid his bail When they got back to the place she said now James I gotta let you go

James walked out that door forever and the rest nobody knows