

## Blue Wing (Tom Russell)

**D**  
He had a blue wing tattooed on his shoulder  
**D** **Em**  
Well, it might have been a bluebird, I don't know  
**Em**  
But he'd get stone drunk and talk about Alaska  
**A** **D**  
And salmon boats and 45 below  
**D**  
Well he got that blue wing in jail at Walla Walla  
**D** **Em**  
And his cellmate there was Little Willie John  
**Em**  
Willie, he was once a great blues singer  
**A** **D**  
So Wing and Willie wrote 'em up a song

### CHORUS

**N.C.** **D** **G** **D** **A**  
Said, it's dark in here, can't see the sky But I look at this blue wing and I close my eyes  
**D** **G** **D** **A**  
And I fly away, beyond these walls Up above the clouds, where the rain don't fall.....  
**D** **G** **A**  
On a poor man's dreams

**D**  
Well they paroled blue wing in August of 1963  
**D** **Em**  
And he moved north picking apples to the town of Wenatchee  
**Em**  
Winter finally caught him in a rundown trailer park  
**A** **D**  
On the south side of Seattle where the days grow grey and dark  
**D**  
And he drank and he dreamt a vision of when the salmon still ran free  
**D** **Em**  
And his father's fathers crossed that wide old Bering Sea  
**Em**  
And the land belonged to everyone, and there were old songs yet to sing  
**A** **D**  
Now, it's narrowed down to a cheap hotel and a tattooed prison wing

**CHORUS**

**D**  
Well he drank his way to LA and that's where he died  
**D** **Em**  
And no one knew his Christian name, and there was no one there to cry  
**Em**  
But I dreamt that there was a service, a preacher and an old pine box  
**A** **D**  
And halfway through the service, blue wing began to talk

**CHORUS**