

Where The Blues Come From

Chris Rea

When a griot sings his perfect song
I found the place where I belong
What the griot sings I recognise
That soulful tune that made me cry
The story born inside his song
I finally found
Where the blues came from

His music came from a distant land
It moved and changed
With the desert sand
Upon the shores of hell his music froze
And came to be what we all now know
Where the blues come from

A wise old man he told me this
Where the pain you feel
And the music kiss
Melted down into a devil's brew
The sadness came and she turned it blue
When you're lonely
You will know this song
When it hurts so deep
And stays so long
Though its dark you know
Where you belong
Then you will know
Where the blues come from