

**North Star Blues**

A blues echoes up  
the long road of struggle  
as an adventurous song  
sung in celebration  
of me  
in constant migration  
between loves, loneliness,  
and luck.

Heard you talking about me,  
itching my ears  
and rattling my bones, but  
ain't nothing been the same, baby  
since you been gone.

Fool man had a gun.  
I had one, too.  
Crazy man had a '45.  
I had one too.  
He got all the bullets,  
especially the ones I gave him for you.

Runnin' down the tracks.  
Ain't lookin' back.  
Stumblin' down the tracks.  
Ain't lookin' back.  
One-sided law ain't interested  
in my piece of the facts.

A howl goes out this morning.  
Yells all day through.  
Screech owl howls this morning.  
Yells all day through  
of dark night memories  
and what we use to do.

Stars wrote my song  
and I got to sing it out.  
Echoing star song inside me  
and I got to sing it out,  
a powerful juju mix of journeyin',  
free without your love,