

Deacon Blues

Steely Dan

This is the day of the expanding man
That shape is my shade
There where I used to stand
It seems like only yesterday
I gazed through the glass
At ramblers, wild gamblers
That's all in the past You call me a fool
You say it's a crazy scheme
This one's for real
I already bought the dream
So useless to ask me why
Throw a kiss and say goodbye
I'll make it this time
I'm ready to cross that fine line
Learn to work the saxophone
(I) I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long
And die behind the wheel
They got a name for the winners in the world
(I) I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama the Crimson Tide
Call me Deacon Blues
(Deacon Blues) My back to the wall
A victim of laughing chance
This is for me
The essence of true romance
Sharing the things we know and love with those of my kind
Libations, sensations
That stagger the mind
I crawl like a viper
Through these suburban streets
Make love to these women
Languid and bittersweet
I'll rise when the sun goes down
Cover every game in town
A world of my own
I'll make it my home sweet home Learn to work the saxophone
(I) I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long
And die behind the wheel
They got a name for the winners in the world
(I) I want a name when I lose

They call Alabama the Crimson Tide
Call me Deacon Blues
(Deacon Blues) This is the night of the expanding man
I take one last drag as I approach the stand
I cried when I wrote this song
Sue me if I play too long
This brother is free
I'll be what I want to be I'll learn to work the saxophone
(I) I play just what I feel
Drink Scotch whiskey all night long
And die behind the wheel
They got a name for the winners in the world
(I) I want a name when I lose
They call Alabama the Crimson Tide
Call me Deacon Blues
(Deacon Blues)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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