**Capo 7 [Intro] G** **D** **A** **D** (x4)

**[Verse 1]**

**G** **D** **A** **D**

I know a man who sings the blues

**G** **D** **A** **D**

Yeah he plays just what he feels

**G** **D** **A** **D**

Keeps a letter in the pocket of his coat

**G** **D** **A** **D**

But he never breaks the seal

**[Interlude] G** **D** **A** **D** (x2)

**[Verse 2]**

Set up in a bar room corner

Playing for tips and beer

People carrying on and drinking

And you gotta strain to hear

**[Interlude] G** **D** **A** **G** (x2)

**[Verse 3]**

I've seen him playing some old cheap guitar

But he could play on pots and pans

You never heard a soul so pure and true

It's flowing right out of his hands

And he can sing sweet as a choir girl

Or he can sing a house on fire

I've seen him calling up the angels

And use a breeze for a telephone wire

**[Chorus]**

**G F#7** **Bm**

But if you ask him How he sings his blues so well

**A**

He says

**G** **D** **Em7** **D**

I got a soul that I won't sell

**G** **D** **Em7** **D**

I got a soul that I won't sell

**G** **D** **Em7** **D**

I got a soul that I won't sell

**G** **D** **Em7** **D**

And I don't read postcards from hell

**[Interlude] G** **D** **A** **D** (x4)

**[Verse 4]**

Said he came from down in Texas

Playin' out since he's fifteen

You can hear a little Chicago

And a lot of New Orleans

And he can take you on a freight train

He can take you down the alley

He can take you to the church

He can walk you through the valley

**[Chorus]**

**[Interlude] G** **D** **A** **D** (x8)

**[Verse 5]**

I've seen him sleeping in a doorway

Maybe living outside

On his back just like a cockroach

But he ain't waiting to die

**[Chorus]**

**[Coda]**

**G** **D** **Em7** **D**

That's how I sing my blues so well

**G** **D** **Em7** **D**

And I don't read postcards from hell