Back Alley Blues

How I long for the witch’s hour
When all goodness begins to sour
When hate rules the darkened land
With a firm black leather hand
‘a moanin’ back alley blues.

How I long for the moonless night
With the cold air’s piercing bite
Hear a scream rip through the streets
Shattering uneasy peace
‘a cryin’ back alley blues.

How I long for those blackened days
When a body lived for hate
When the pack rats roamed the street
Searching for their night’s feast
‘a screamin’ back alley blues.

Opus 30 (1969)
BACK ALLEY BLUES
(OPUS 30)

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

D  F  G  D  C  A
A7  D  F  G
D  C  A  D  F  G
D  C  A  D  F  G
A#

Oh how I long for the moon
Oh how I long for those black eyes
Hour night begins to die
When all goodness begins to die
Sour bite when a fear rules the dark
When a scream rips through the
Land streets with a firm black leather
Streets with a firm black leather

G

Peace feast
MOANIN'  
CRYIN'  
SCREAMIN'  
BACK ALLEY BLUES  

D F G  
F F# G  
G# A A  
OH  
HOW  

REPEAT TWICE