

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

by ROBERT J. MARKS II

(OPUS 30)

D F G D C A



A7 D F G



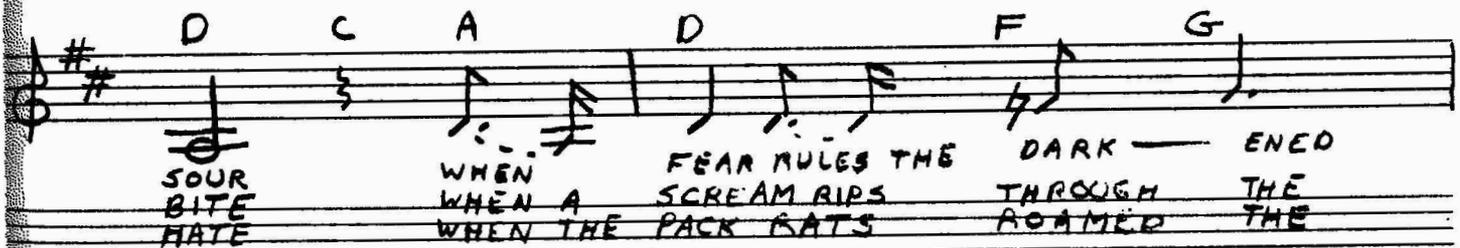
OH HOW I LONG FOR THE WI TCH'S
(OH HOW I) LONG FOR THE MOON - LESS
(OH HOW I) LONG FOR THOSE BLACK - ENED

D C A D F G



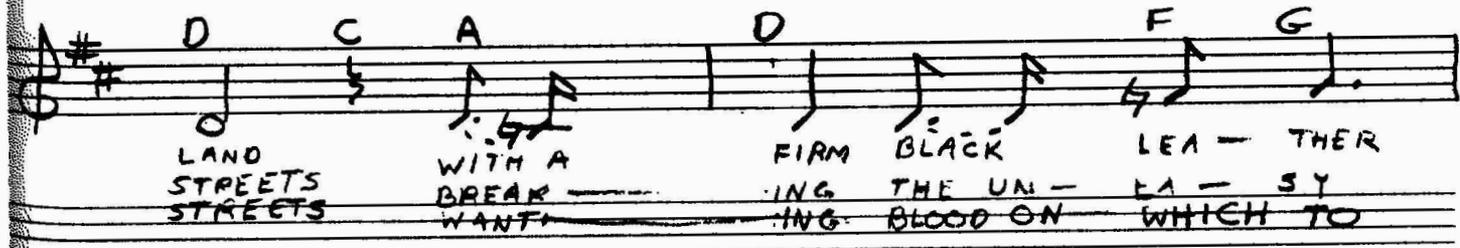
HOUR NIGHT DAYS WHEN ALL WITH THE WHEN A GOODNESS BE - GINS TO
COLD AIR'S PIER - SING
PER - SON LIVED FOR

D C A D F G



SOUR BITE HATE WHEN WHEN A FEAR RULES THE DARK - ENED
WHEN THE PACK BATS SCREAM RIPS THROUGH THE
ROAMED THE

D C A D F G



LAND STREETS STREETS WITH A BREAK - WANT - ING THE UN - EA - SY
FIRM BLACK LEA - THER
ING BLOOD ON WHICH TO

A G



HAND PECE FEAST

