BLUESMAN

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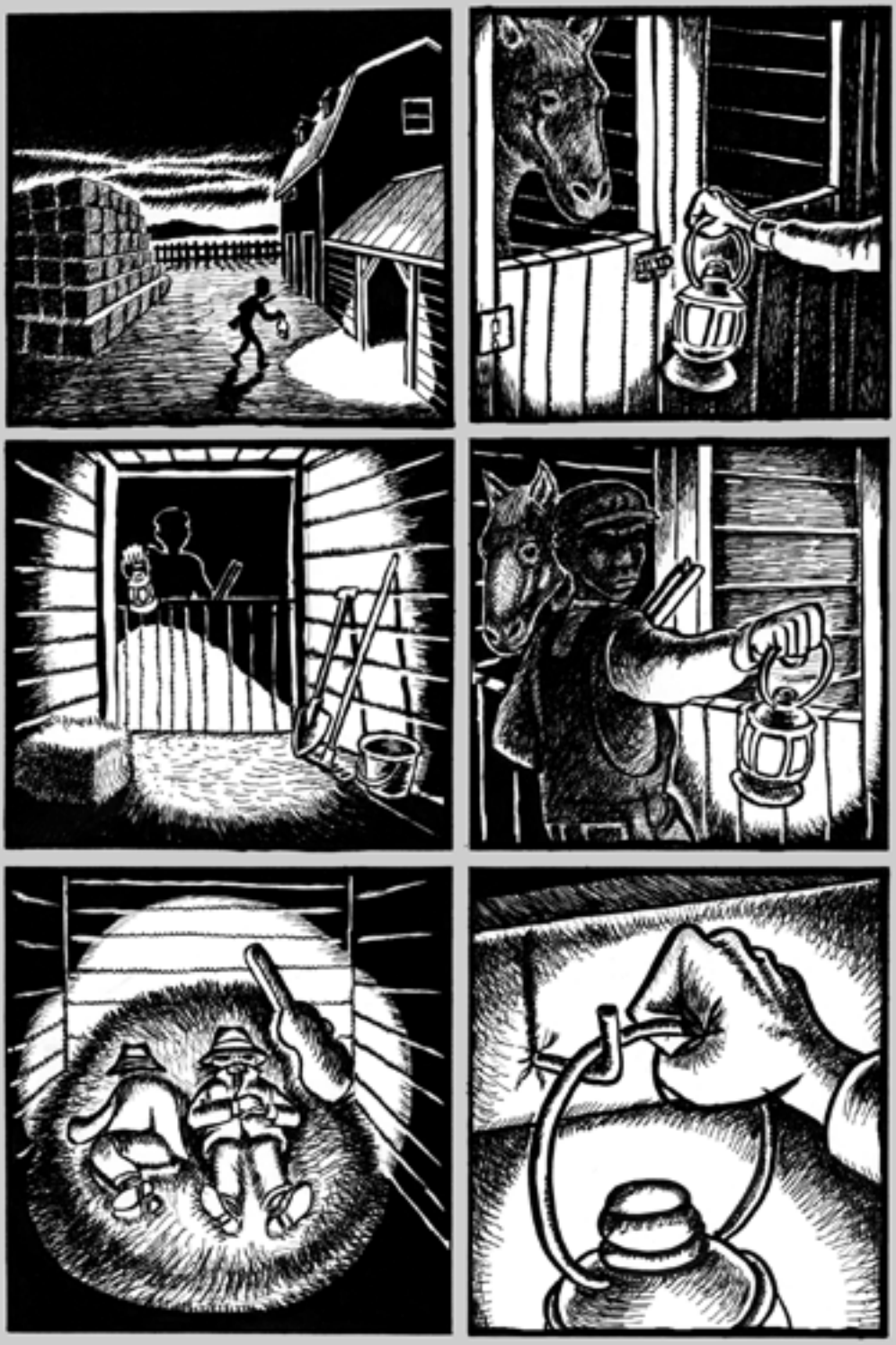

YOU AIN'T DREAMIN'.
'WOOD...
...
WAKE UP YOUR BUDDY, THERE, BUT DO IT SLOW-LIKE.

'WOOD, WAKE UP.
D'YOU SAY SOMETHING, LEM?
-SWEET JESUS-
L-LOOK, MISTER...
I DON'T GOT TO LOOK AT NOTHING 'CAUSE THIS HERE IS MY STABLE.
GET TO YOUR FEET, THE BOTH OF YOU!
THERE'S NO CALL FOR THIS GETTIN' OUT OF HAND. WE AIN'T STOLE NOTHING BUT A PLACE TO SLEEP!
I GOT THE GUN AND I'LL SAY WHAT GOES. NOW HOLD IT STILL!

WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE, MISTER.
LET ME GET MY GUITAR AND WE'LL BE OFF YOUR LAND BEFORE THE SUN IS UP.
YOU PLAY THAT?
YES, SIR. I DO AND OL' IRONWOOD THERE, HE'S A RIGHT FINE PIANO PLAYER.
WE'RE TOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE SPREADIN' THE GOOD WORD THROUGH SONG.
OUR TRAVELS DIDN'T GET US TO THE NEXT TOWN BEFORE OUR LEGS GAVE OUT LAST NIGHT.
YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T BLOW A HOLE IN THE BOTH OF YOU WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING, RATTLING MY NERVES LIKE THAT FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'.
SO YOU'RE PREACHERS, ARE YOU?
WELL, I 'SPOSE IT WOULD UPSET THE WIFE IF I SHOT UP A COUPLE PULPIT POUNDERS.
IN FACT...

OH, PREACHER! YOU DONE DELIVERED THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL OUT OF CANAAN!
THAT'S EGYPT TO YOU, SINNER...
WHERE DID YOU LEARN ALL THEM CRACKER HYMNS, ANYWAY? I WAS READY TO CONVERT!
YOU JUST BEST BE THANKFUL TO THE GOOD LORD THAT THEY DIDN'T HAVE A PIANO UP IN THAT FARMHOUSE OR WE'D REALLY SEEN THE SPIRIT MOVE.
NOW GET OUT MY DAMN WAY AND STOP WALKING LIKE A FOOL.
LEAST THEY COULDA DONE WAS GIVE US SOME FOOD FOR ALL YOUR HARD WORK.
~MUNH~ I WAKE UP WITH A SHOTGUN IN MY FACE AND YOU'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT BREAKFAST...
DAMN, WHY'D YOU HAVE TO MENTION FOOD?