

The blues ain't nothin but a good man feelin bad.

As Little Walter and Eric Clapton play it, "This is a mean old world, try and live it by yourself." If things get really bad, there's always "one bourbon, one scotch, and one beer," or the advice given by legendary white harp player Paul Butterfield in "Born in Chicago (in 1941)," "Son, you had better get a gun." Booker T. Jones and William Bell just figured they were "Born Under a Bad Sign," and sing "If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all." Junior Wells sees the problem not so much as mojo that won't work, but having people mess with you: "You can call it what you want to, I call it messin' with the kid."

Life can make you wanna holler, howl, scuffle, or dance; time keeps on moving, and we keep on running through a blues chord progression. John Lee Hooker might recommend some lovin to fix us all up: boom boom boom boom a-haw haw haw haw Hmmm hmmm hmmm Whoa, yeah!" Howlin' Wolf and Koko Taylor get to the point: "romp and tromp till midnight...fuss and fight till daylight...pitch a wang dang doodle all night long."

There ain't no doubt about it. We're no good. We need more than the Hoodoo man, a mojo hand, or change of luck. The blues is being stuck in that same old place: sin. Jesus didn't bother telling us: 'don't you be drinkin' TNT an smokin dynamite,' because he knew it was no use. Left alone and unplugged, those are exactly the kinds of things we'd do. His answer was to come down from heaven to become a m-a-n, live in poverty, be humiliated, rejected, and die. But when he died on that cross, he died in our place. By trusting in him, we can be free at last from the slavery of sin. Then when all our blues are sung, and we're finished down here, he'll take you and me to heaven; he'll put you and me in his house!
Whoa, yeah!

boom boom boom