

# Anthony Smith, John J. Blanchard

He had a stroke in '95,  
They thought it best that he reside in a nursing home.  
His family vowed they'd never leave him,  
Last time they came to see him was three years ago.

He spent his whole life providin',  
Now he was down to relyin' on medicare.  
The nurses took a likin' to him,  
They'd get his wheelchair out and push him on sunny days.

He couldn't walk, he couldn't speak,  
Seemed so far outta reach,  
But in his mind, as far as they knew, he could be:

Fly fishin';  
Workin' on that Firebird engine.  
Runnin' 99 proof moonshine cross that county line.  
3, 2, 1 and ignition: off on some space shuttle mission,  
Playin' QB for the Cowboy's:  
Getting high on the crowd noise and the bright lights,  
'Cause deep inside, things were rockin' in the mind,  
Of John J. Blanchard.

One afternoon in June,  
A nurse saw his finger move. She bout had a heart attack.  
Went screamin' down the hall:  
"Hey it's a miracle ya'll. I think he's comin' back."

The doctors all rushed in, said:  
"Do you know what year this is?  
"How many fingers am I holdin', and where've you been?"

And he said:  
Fly fishin';  
Workin' on that Firebird engine.  
Runnin' 99 proof moonshine cross that county line.  
3, 2, 1 and ignition: off on some space shuttle mission,  
An' playin' QB for the Cowboy's,  
Getting high on the crowd noise and the bright lights,  
Yeah, all this time, things were rockin' in the mind,  
Of John J. Blanchard.

He had a stroke in '95,  
They thought it best that he reside in a nursing home.