

Cross Canadian Ragweed, Brooklyn Kid

Well I gotta friend that lives south of town
Loves to sit and burn one down
Spin some vinyl on his stereo
Every now and then he speaks of war
One tour of duty on a foreign shore
Fightin' for his way home
Fightin' for his way home
Returnin' home to his native land
Left New York for Texas man
Quieter times were in his cards
He met a girl she met a man
Dropped to his knees and he took her hand
A simple life ain't that hard
No, a simple life ain't all that hard
A new generation on the ground
Nothin' in the world could bring him down
Flyin' like he had wings
Several years came and went
Not one of them was poorly spent
A good man's life he was chiselin'
Yeah, a good man's life he was chiselin'
Reflecting on the Viet-Cong
Uncle John's Band and a Dylan song
Smellin' like it's supper time
You know it brought a tear to his eye
The day that Jerry Garcia died
He said he was the genius of his time
Yeah, A Friend of the Devil is a Friend of Mine
Don't try to find it
Make the time
A couple of joints and a bottle of wine
You'll be glad that you did
With the Grateful Dead spinnin' round
Kick your feet back and be astound
By the life of the Brooklyn kid