

Mike Scott, Medicine Jack

Let me tell you the tale of Medicine Jack
He went out in the woods and he never came back
Equipped with a stick and a big old sack
He went too close to the railroad track

You know what they say about Medicine Jack
He lived his life in a rolldown shack,
The wind a-screeching through the cracks
And the sound of the trains from the railroad track

Well here's the truth about Medicine Jack
He painted his face and his whole shack black
He went up in the woods and he never came back
He must have got too close to the railroad track

Did you see him on that fateful night ?
Did you see his grizzly face in the torchlight ?
Did you see him crawling down among the trees
And getting scabs on his hands and knees ?
Did you see the demise of Medicine Jack
His pitiful face still painted black
Just a spit and a stride from the rolldown shack
Down on by the railroad track ?
Don't turn your back on Medicine Jack !

I was thinking about the ghost of Medicine Jack
On starless nights when the sky is black
I can hear him singing those deadman's blues
And whistling down by the railroad track