

Small Fred, Jimmy Come Lately

I pull out the choke, pump hard on the gas
Oh, this wheezin' old bus is complaining.
The Dungeness winter is blowing its last
It's cold, but for once it's not raining.
"Good morning, Jennifer, welcome aboard
That's a handsome new jacket you're wearing
Now hustle up, Carrie, I'm closing the door
And I'll ask you to knock off the swearing."

CHORUS:

And it's Jimmy Come Lately to Lost Mountain Road
The fog from the bay will be clearing
I'm crossing Dean Creek with a thirty-kid load
And I'd rather be nowhere but here.
I can still smell the sweat, hear the cry of the crowd
And the team on the magazine covers
My wallet was thick, the airports were loud
Till the Monday I knew it was over
My back had gone out and I lay awake nights
As I diagrammed plays on the ceiling
All the motel room calls to my long-distance wife
Made me feel like a junkie caught stealing.

CHORUS

I've seen TV lights turn a good coach mean
Seen the pressure break a family apart
I grabbed for the glory, I wore the gold ring
And I barely escaped with my heart
Now Patrick Delaney--I've seen the kid play
God, he's got the moves and the shooting
He's already talking 'bout U.C.L.A.
While the agents line up for the looting.

CHORUS

Now Mary and me, we're a comfortable fit
And the ocean here's running with salmon
Evenings we take a long walk on the spit
And Sundays sometimes we go clamming
And they still make me offers and I just turn them down
It's a wonder they bother to find me
I'll leave to Valvano and Lewis and Brown
The wonders that I left behind me.

CHORUS