

A Bad Goodbye, Come Back, Jimmy Dean

I read the paper and I hear the news.
I search the heavens vainly for clues.
Where has he gone to, and where can he be?
I need someone, we need someone.
Come back, Jimmy Dean.
Yesterday morning I read in the Times,
things cost a dollar that once cost a dime.
And everyone's lonely 'cause everyone's free.
I need someone. We need someone.
Come back, Jimmy Dean.
All our loves are loved and lost.
Our hearts all hung with rust.
All the golden birds and lads all must,
like chimney sweeps, come to dust.
I'll pour a drink; adjust my TV,
and stare at the shadows that stare out at me.
I have no expectations, oh, but occasionally
I need someone. You were someone.
Come back, Jimmy Dean.
I need someone. You were someone.
Please come back, Jimmy Dean.