

Kelly Joe Phelps, River Rat Jimmy

Drums are still playing
I can see them marching close
This he walks like a shadow
And that he dances like a ghost
The one that looks like Jimmy, Lord he scares me the most
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat□

Playing boyhood mumblypeg
A six inch bowie blade
Out the top my redwing kickers
And down a muddy slippery grade
To the fever pitch savannah where grand daddy lay
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat

Little Jimmy ghostie face
Ate off the kitchen floor
Cause woman-Mum threw dinner plates
At drunken Dad on the door

He would cop his cans of beer
And close his eyes and soar
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat

Shouting revelation out
A boychild man of ten
Never looking up to heaven
Lord it was heaven there and then
And we wrapped our bloodied fingers like a shine-eyed mister zen
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat
Sho-ly, sho-ly

Neither of us knew who'd pop
And who would sink the lake
And who would run off fast enough before the bow string would break
Man we was crying for tomorrow
Through the crying and the shake
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat