

Nanci Griffith, Ballad Of Robin Winter-Smith

Mamma's in the kitchen rattlin' pans and the baby cries,
on the TV news, somebody died
He was a crazy biker in a motorcycle ridin' daredevil show,
in Merry England, oh, ... twenty seven years old
He was tryin' to break the record,
for jumpin' over cars, he was the champ
He fell a little bit short ... oh, hit the ramp

This is the story, sad and it's gory of Robin Winter-Smith
He was a very brave man if you get my drift
'Cause he waved to the crowd, headed down the runway like a
man possessed, Robin Winter-Smith ... I guess he did his best

I make a livin' a-playin' these songs and I hang out in bars
I play my guitar ... oh, but honey, I don't jump over cars
Mamma's in the kitchen rattlin' pans and the baby cries,
on the TV news ... somebody died
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in Merry England, oh, ... twenty seven years old