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 He was a crazy biker in a motorcycle ridin' daredevil show, in Merry England, oh, ... twenty seven years old