

# Phil Ochs, Jim Dean Of Indiana

Intro: Bm A Bm Esus4

A D Bm E

It was on an Indiana farm in the middle of the country

D G F#m C#m Esus4

Growin' in the fields of grain, Jim Dean of Indiana

His mother died when he was a boy, his father was a stranger

Marcus Winslow took him in, nobody seemed to want him

The hired man sang like a storm(?), sometimes he'd beat him

'Cause he would never do the chores, he was lost in dreaming

He never seemed to find a play with the flatlands and the farmers

So he had to leave one day, he said to be an actor

Once he'd come back to the farm with starlets from the stages

They locked themselves inside his room, the people turned their faces

A neighbor ran from the movie house, chickens they were scattered

He swore he saw upon the screen, Jim Dean of Indiana

He played a boy without a home, torn with no tomorrow

Reaching out to touch someone, a stranger in the shadow

The Winslows left for the movie town, they drove across the country

They hoped that he would stay around and they hoped he would be friendly

He talked to them for half an hour but he was busy racing

He left for the Grapevine Road[1], they left for Indiana

Then Marcus heard on the radio that a movie star was dying

He turned the tuner way down low, so Ortense could go on sleeping

It was not until they reached the farm where the hired man was waiting

The wind rushed silent through the grain, it was just as they had told him

They buried him just down the road, a mile from the farm house

That is where I placed a flower for Jim Dean of Indiana.