

# The Brian Jonestown Massacre, Ballad Of Jim Jo

I walked from New York and back from L.A.  
I lived on a mountain and once by the bay  
I bought an apartment and slept in the hay  
but there's no place that's softer than (your arms)  
living today is just getting so bad  
there's a look on your face  
and it says "you've been had!"  
you can take all my money  
but don't make me mad  
cause there's nobody meaner than (me)  
I prayed to Buddha, to Allah, and Jim.  
I turned to Jesus and stayed there with him  
I fell in deep but I learned how to swim  
now there's no one who's cleaner than me or than him