

Way Down South

67

Well I was way down South

A-livin' it up in fancy bars,
a^{co}-tryin' to be a stud

and pick up groovy movie stars;

The ^{F7}idea that had led^{E7} me

Turned out to be a dead beat

and I knew that even if I didn't get biffed
I'd still be filled with scars.

All kinds of evil dope

that ran from coke to coke

all many of wicked thought

Original and store-bought

Oh, Huck Finn, if you could be here now,

I'm sure that you would help me out.

Walt Whitman, if you were just here too,

Together we could make it through.

The night full of excitement in a lousy kind of way
It almost felt like a ghost town in sunset twilight.

The Jesus Cops with their black pledge

Came cruisin' through in a flying wedge

and in between the saved and the damned

I dared not curse or pray.

The neon lights were flashin' to a biblical tongue-lashing

The lady in the sequined hat, told me that he had the clap

Chorus

Oh America I can't believe how we choose to use our time!

You and I are crazy over heaven and Babylon.

We'll never know what we have got until we realize

We only create hell when we search for paradise.

Not one kind word was spoken, My childhood dreams
were broken

Everyone was frantically tryin' to do some sellin'

or do some buyin'.

Chorus