

I LONG TO SEE MY HILLBILLY QUEEN

THAT BUXOM YOUNG GIRL THAT CRIED FOR JAMES DEAN

I YEARN TO RETURN TO THOSE DAYS IN THE LOFT

CLUMSY, EMBARRASSING, TENDER AND LOST

HILLBILLY QUEEN ON THE HILLSIDE

HILLBILLY QUEEN ON THE HILL

WHERE ARE YOU NOW? I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT

I WILL WAIT TILL THE GASOLINE'S FILLED

Narrative portion improvised. Example:

You see, I was a travelin' salesman, rovin' around the country and sellin' my wares/ Runnin' from responsibilities I'd failed at in some big city, named, who cares/ Knockin' on doors by day, sleepin' in my car by night/ And in between, the modest thrills that I would bump into out there/ So I hit this town, distracted, daydreaming/ Pulled into a station to get some gas/ Stepped outside, bought a Mounds Bar, pulled off the wrapper, walked over to a utility pole, and leaned back/ What caught my eye then hit me just like a swift kick from a mule in a barnyard mad/ For I'd been so fucked up \*n strung out, disconnected, I didn't even realize I was in my own hometown for what I saw was what was left of the barn of old grandad/ I looked at it there, unbelieving, astonished, 'neath the Safeway sign by the hotdog stand, through a parking lot, with the traffic all round and said "deed I am back in my hometown/ And then I commenced to cryin' and would of cried all afternoon/ Thinkin' of how the family's gone, had I not remembered that, too/ The girls of yore, the teenagers fair, that I would sweet with in that barn there/ Yes I remembered those trysts and each lovely miss and then real soft I sang myself this:

I'D LIKE TO SEE MY SUCCOTASH SAL

NOT VERY SUBTLE BUT ALWAYS A PAL

IT WAS DOWN BY THE BAYOU WE FORGOT RIGHT AND WRONG

OUR TEACHERS 'N PARENTS 'N HYDROGEN BOMBS

HILLBILLY QUEEN ON THE HILLSIDE, SUCCOTASH SAL IN THE SWAMP

WHERE ARE YOU NOW I WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT

I WILL WAIT BY THE GASOLINE PUMP (Repeat chorus) PUMP (2nd time)

I WILL WAIT BY THE GASOLINE PUMP