

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

"Hey Jack Kerouac"

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Hey Jack Kerouac, I think of your mother and the tears she cried, she cried for none other than her little boy lost in our little world that hated and that dared to drag him down. Her little boy courageous who chose his words from mouths of babes got lost in the wood. Hip flask slinging madman, steaming cafe flirts, they all spoke through you.

Hey Jack, now for the tricky part, when you were the brightest star who were the shadows? Of the San Francisco beat boys you were the favorite. Now they sit and rattle their bones and think of their blood stoned days. You chose your words from mouths of babes got lost in the wood. The hip flask slinging madman, steaming cafe flirts, in Chinatown howling at night. Allen baby, why so jaded? Have the boys all grown up and their beauty faded? Billy, what a saint they've made you, just like Mary down in Mexico on All Souls' Day.

You chose your words from mouths of babes got lost in the wood. Cool junk booting madmen, street minded girls in Harlem howling at night. What a tear stained shock of the world, you've gone away without saying goodbye.

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