

Harry Chapin

"Thirty Thousand Pounds Of Bananas"

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It was just after dark when the truck started down
The hill that leads into Scranton Pennsylvania.
Carrying thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Carrying thirty thousand pounds (hit it Big John) .
He was a young driver, just out on his second job.
And he was carrying the next day's tasty fruits
For everyone in that coal-scarred city
Where children play without despair
In backyard slag-piles and folks manage to eat each
day
About thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes, just about thirty thousand pounds (scream it
again, John) .
He passed a sign that he should have seen,
Saying "shift to low gear, a fifty dollar fine my friend."
He was thinking perhaps about the warm-breathed
woman
Who was waiting at the journey's end.
He started down the two mile drop,
The curving road that wound from the top of the hill.
He was pushing on through the shortening miles that
ran down to the depot.
Just a few more miles to go, then he'd go home and
have her ease his long, cramped day away.
And the smell of thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes the smell of thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
He was picking speed as the city spread it's twinkling
lights below him.
But he paid no heed as the shivering thoughts of the
nights
Delights went through him.
His foot nudged the brakes to slow him down.
But the pedal floored easy without a sound.
He said "Christ!" It was funny how he had named the
only man who could save him now.
He was trapped inside a dead-end hellslide, riding on
his fear-hunched back
Was every one of those yellow green
I'm telling you thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds of bananas.
He barely made the sweeping curve that I

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