

# James Taylor

## "A Junkie's Lament"

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Ricky's been kicking the gong  
Lickety split didn't take too long  
A junkie's sick  
A monkey's strong  
That's what's wrong

Well, I guess he's been messing around downtown  
So sad to see the man losing ground  
Winding down behind closed doors  
On all fours

Mama, don't you call him my name  
He can't hear you anymore  
And even if he seems the same to you  
That's a stranger to your door  
Ask him what's he come here for

Oh my god, a monkey can move a man  
Send him to hell

And home again  
With an empty hand in the afternoon  
Shooting for the moon

It's halfway sick  
And it's halfway stoned  
He'd sure like to kick  
But it's too far gone  
They wind him down with the methadone  
He's all on his own

But baby, don't you throw your love away  
I hate to seem unkind  
It's only that I understand the man  
That the monkey can leave behind  
I used to think he was a friend of mine

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