

## **Jerry Jeff Walker**

# **"The Ballad Of The Hulk"**

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The cycle of life is here  
To see in all of its fine simplicity  
But the way we live it seems to be,  
Something very weird to me  
And I cry out

For pettiness like lady's chatter  
Seems to complicate the matter  
I grit my teeth as my senses chatter  
For nothing gets me much madder  
As I leap out

For big or little, great or small,  
It really doesn't matter at all  
The way we shuffle our feet and hem and haw,  
'Cause everybody's afraid they'll fall  
Or else be left out

But what's right for me or strange to you  
Shouldn't make a damn on what you do  
'Cause whether or not you make it through,  
I thought that you already knew  
That I'll keep you going

And the World War III and the World Series  
Will make the same size headlines in the news

From all I've seen of politics,  
It's just a greasy big money stick  
That's geared to run on tongues  
So slick to make you think this is all there is  
Boy you're lucky (You're stuck with Humphrey)

How they con the little middle man  
Into thinkin' he has got a hand  
To play in the future of the Promised Land,  
he owes himself to the destiny of man  
Gets ridiculous

A cheap gangster hires someone  
To do his dirty work with a tommy gun  
While the President just points at anyone

And says "I, your country needs some killing done  
Go do it now boy"

The war itself is bad enough,  
It can break you down no matter how tough  
But the tragedy of all the hoopla stuff,  
It makes you think you can't do enough  
For the shiny symbols

And the other countries feel the same as we  
And regret that I have but one country to give for my  
life

The preacher stands in his holy shroud sayin'  
"God forgives you if you do it now"  
But if you come back when the chips are down,  
You'll find they've all gone underground  
To pray for you

A homosexual, disturbed priest feels that he can  
preach to me  
The right way to go and raise a family  
And I'm forced to look at him and say "you mean  
You're guessin"

The population is getting higher,  
The poverty poor, the pregnant tired  
Are waiting on the Pope to be inspired  
For some new contraceptive attire  
Saying "It's cool now"

It's a ghost behind a one-way mirror  
Listening tip-toed at the door to hear  
If someone outside won't speak the year  
Then they'll slip a note out how they feel  
About pierced ear-lobes

But the rules made now  
For the changing cows  
Are a little late  
And will be out of date by tomorrow

Her mother placed on virginity  
Saying it was the holy place to be  
For the things boys had were evilry

When it came time for matrimony  
She froze and died there

Her sister at fourteen very well known thought all the  
kicks came lying there prone

But a fundamental fact not spoken at home left her  
feeling like a chewed on bone  
And why she wondered

One chick who dug moving about, very liberal minded  
and often spoke out  
How she was cool and understood no doubt with the  
blankets up and the lights turned out  
And you're condescending

A couple together for five or six years,  
A marriage license they'd never been near  
But social pressure and loss of job fear  
Got them married and divorced in half a year  
They couldn't cut it

It's all talked about  
But still it's lived around  
And what is right for me  
Could be perversity in any state law book

I'm told a minstrel at one time w  
As allowed to sing and make his rhymes  
To comment on the news of the times  
And say directly what's in people's minds  
And he made tips for it

But today try playing on some street curb,  
Singin' the news in everyday words  
The people pass by, the laughin' is heard  
Or else they hit you where it hurts  
They keep their ears closed

One man said "Boy, I dig your stuff,  
I want you to come play in my club  
I'll put your name in lights up above,  
But just remember I got a club to run  
So don't be too strong"

It ain't your writers who sell out,  
It's the damn censors who turn about  
My life learned adjectives and vowels  
And say that my mouth is much too foul  
To clearly speak to you

But try to hit a nail and if the hammer fails  
Then the words you use to describe  
That bruise is basic language

I hoboed around and sang the songs  
That everybody knew and hummed along

To amuse myself I wrote some songs, talkin'  
About things that could be right or wrong  
And I'm a little different

A record company you know well wanted to know if my  
song would sell  
I said, "Yes, I like it very well,  
If you don't sir, you can go to help"  
Somebody else change

So I kept playin' and bummin' around, singin'  
To the ones who dug my sound  
Some guys ask "Won't you play my town",  
I ask fair bread they put me down  
Their Caddie's mortgaged

Tried one deal, like "it's you and me",  
This guy said he could be of some use to me  
But when I found he's puttin' screws to me,  
I tipped my hat and made it back to the street  
Singin' new folk songs

If there's time enough,  
The hill ain't too rough  
What I wrote today,  
I might someday play,  
And make tips for it

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