

Jim White

"Plywood Superman"

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Down at the drugstore where they sell medicine
Back in the corner stands a plywood Superman
He never saves nobody from nothing
He just leans against the wall looking sad

Me, I go climbing on my broken ladder
Aiming for high places but I never quite can
Lay two hands on the heart of the matter
Sometimes I feel like that plywood Superman,
Superman

Last night at the truck stop the cashier at the diesel
desk
Stopped to talk to me as I paid for my beer
She's single with two kids, says she loves Las Vegas
Her dream's one day some rich man will take her away
from here

When she goes climbing on her broken ladder
She's searching for some sweet, far off promised land
But nobody never breaks free of nothing
Wrapped in the arms of a plywood Superman,
Superman

Now my old daddy, he worked in a factory
And he used to beat on me with his mind not his hands
And though for ten years he's laid in that grave in
Birmingham
To this day I still hear him saying what a useless thing I
am

When I go climbing on my broken ladder
I'm searching for something but what I don't
understand
Is how you can climb forever and still never reach
nothing
Trapped in your life like some plywood Superman,
Superman
Plywood Superman, plywood Superman
Plywood Superman, plywood Superman

