

John Prine

"Sabu Visits The Twin Cities Alone"

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"The movie wasn't really doing so hot"
Said the new producer to the old big shot
It's dying on the edge of the great Midwest
Sabu must tour or forever rest

Hey look, ma, here comes the elephant boy
Bundled all up in his corduroy
Headed down south towards Illinois
From the jungles of East St. Paul

His manager sat in the office alone
Staring at the numbers on the telephone
Wondering how a man could send a child actor
To visit in the land of the wind chill factor

Hey look, ma, here comes the elephant boy
Bundled all up in his corduroy
Headed down south towards Illinois
From the jungles of East St. Paul

Sabu was sad, the whole tour stunk
The airlines lost the elephant's trunk
The roadie got the rabies and the scabies and the flu
They were low on morale but they were high on

Hey look, ma, here comes the elephant boy
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