

## John Wesley Harding "Famous Man"

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Mother, last night I shot a famous man  
His music, his life, I was his greatest fan  
Mother, I'm sorry for all the things that I did  
I've been hiding it all of my life, should've kept  
it still hid  
Should've kept it still hid

Mother, last night I shot a famous man  
Ain't it funny the things a man does cos he knows that  
he can  
When I raise my voice, it's a small feeble sound in the  
wind  
To make yourself heard in this big bad world, you must  
know where to begin  
You must know where to begin

Mother, last night I shot a famous man  
But today I can't say it all went according to plan  
He just looked at me, he stared me straight in the eyes  
Now I know how he felt every day til he died

Every day til he died

Mother, well now people listen to me  
I'm the King of America, some say that I'm the King of  
Comedy  
Mother, now that I know what it means to be heard  
I wish I put down my gun, like he put down his guitar  
And I wish that I'd swallowed my words  
Wished I'd swallowed my words

Mother, I knew him, but he never knew me

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