

Kelly Joe Phelps "It's James Now"

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Well, Double R.J. is older now, he stays up watching the
night snow fall
Black bound book on the table, dusty beside card tricks
and games
Yeah, one by one he cuts the names from the back of
the daily news
Laying side by side they make quite a company of men

Yeah, and all the things they've done and not done,
glaring under the scope
Double R.J.'s mom, she called this morning, all is well
back home
"And how are you today, my son", "Fine, ma, I'm fine"
Seventeen pages set in place for a back line of
memories

Yeah, the new one's fighting for space and concern
Walter winks across the cue
"My folks are goin' out today, I've got some weed, are
you comin'?"
And it's twenty four years later, the movie lot's still
intact
Tables buried under truck bones and machine shop
tools

Well, Walter hasn't found his way from the park yet to
page eighteen
Oh, and all those girls, God, what were their names?
Should've kept their pictures
It's starting to blur on Double R.J., they're rolling into
one
Except for Elvin the snake and Indian George
And the guy you couldn't scare

And then first kiss on the playground bought with
sister's stolen ring
So the odd discomfort shawl, drapes it across his bony
wings
As the loss of honest vision seers, pioneers and double
dares
Set your clothes on fire if you ever breathed a word

And Double R.J. falls backwards, he can see further
away
And Double R.J. falls backwards, he can see further and
further away

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