

Kelly Joe Phelps

"Not So Far To Go"

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Ginger had dyed her hair red to fit her name
Burny poked his arms with a pack of Camel Lights
Long sleeves outdoors to keep the kids from crying
And Ginger climbed the high wire just to make them cheer

Trapeze float in a buttercup parade
With clowns and plastic parachutes, three red, the same
Clutched arms and fire dropped in a bar in New York city
It's not so far to go, oh, it's not so far to go to find trouble

Bus rattles downstairs, downtown flying
With a green seat empty and a window cracked
Sleeping Johnny snores, dreaming oceans and whores
All the while gluing tile on basement doors

He's Burny Arms brother, Ginger's other mate
Oh, it's too late to tap the till, money's gone
Arm holes and long locks, a house with nothing in it
Hmm, it's not so far to go to find trouble, ooh
The Lord, it's not so far to go to find trouble

Thousand mile handhold might keep the party still
If the holes heal well and the hair stays red
We'll climb another roof top and scare the crooks away
A gypsy and a singer in the bone yard

Yeah, walking the moonlight, losing the sign
Oh, sleeping Johnny wakes, doesn't know where he is
Bus stop in upstate, a bar in New York City
It's not so far to go, it's not so far to go, Lord, it's not so far
Yeah, I don't know, it's not so far to go to find trouble,
no

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