

## **Kelly Joe Phelps "River Rat Jimmy"**

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Drums are still playing  
I can see them marching close  
This he walks like a shadow  
And that he dances like a ghost  
The one that looks like Jimmy, Lord he scares me the  
most  
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat

Playing boyhood mumblypeg  
A six inch bowie blade  
Out the top my redwing kickers  
And down a muddy slippery grade  
To the fever pitch savannah where grand daddy lay  
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat

Little Jimmy ghostie face  
Ate off the kitchen floor  
Cause woman-Mum threw dinner plates  
At drunken Dad on the door  
He would cop his cans of beer  
And close his eyes and soar  
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat

Shouting revelation out  
A boychild man of ten  
Never looking up to heaven  
Lord it was heaven there and then  
And we wrapped our bloodied fingers like a shine-eyed  
mister zen  
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat  
Sho-ly, sho-ly

Neither of us knew who'd pop  
And who would sink the lake  
And who would run off fast enough before the bow  
string would break  
Man we was crying for tomorrow  
Through the crying and the shake  
River Rat Jimmy and Jehosophat

