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Kinky Friedman "The Ballad Of Charles Whitman"

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(kinky friedman)

He was sitting up there for more than an hour, Way up there on the texas tower Shooting from the twenty-seventh floor. yahoo! He didn't choke or slash or slit them, Not our charles joseph whitman, He won't be an architect no more. Got up that morning calm and cool, He picked up his guns and walked to school. All the while he smiled so sweetly And it blew their minds completely, They'd never seen an eagle scout so cruel.

Now won't you think for the shame and degradation For the school's administration He put on such a bold and brassy show. The chance looked right, it's adolescent And of course it's most unpleasant But I got to admit it was a lovely way to go.

There was a rumor about a tumor Nestled at the base of his brain. He was sitting up there with his .36 magnum Laughing wildly as he bagged 'em. Who are we to say the boy's insane?

Now charlie was awful disappointed Else he thought he was anointed To do a deed so lowdown and so mean. The students looked up from their classes Had to stop and rub their glasses, Who'd believe he'd once been a marine.

Now charlie made the honor roll with ease, Most all of his grades was a's and b's. A real rip snorting trigger squeezer Charlie proved a big crowd pleaser Though he had been known to make a couple c's.

Some were dying, some were weeping, Some were studying, some were sleeping, Some were shouting Âi°texas # 1!Âi± Some were running, some were falling, Some were screaming, some were balling, Some thought the revolution had begun.

The doctors tore his poor brain down, But not a snitch of illness could be found. Most folks couldn't figure just-a why he did it And them that could would not admit it, There's still a lot of eagle scouts around.

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