

The Smothers Brothers "Jenny Brown"

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Spoken:

Tommy:

My brother, my brother and myself have banded
together

In an organization, an organization called the siblings.
A small crawling animal, the point is, my brother and
myself are starting...

Dick:

What Tommy is trying to say is we are planning on
trying to change our

Type of music and change the direction in which we
want to sing

We want to sing more to the teenagers, teenage love
songs,

Passionate songs, because teenagers need to
understand they are in

A very difficult time of life

And there's a lot of people who sing just for teenagers

And they are very very successful

Tommy:

The Beatles are they...

Dick:

They are as successful as you can get

Tommy:

And they have Beatle wigs

Dick:

Right

Tommy:

And if you and I ever get that popular we couldn't have
Smothers' wigs

Dick:

No we could

Tommy:

Because of our hairline, so we are going to have plastic

ears

Dick:

Tommy why don't you tell them the song we would like
to try and
Launch this new career with.

Tommy:

Our new career will be launched with a song, a teenage
song,
A teenage song capturing the extremes of the
emotional spectrum of excitement.
First, the song has the unhappiness and the tragedy,
and the end of the world feeling
Which a teenage love, or a young person's love when it
goes wrong, it has it's
Unhappiness which knows no bounds and knows no
depths of sorrow and pain.
On the other extreme, we have elation, happiness, the
teenage love is never a middle
Of the road thing, but the extremes, this song featuring
my brother and myself will
Feature his lyric voice, the compassion he has gained...

Dick:

Through bitter experience

Tommy:

Through bitter experience, my brother will sing now the
tragic yet beautiful story of
The lovely teen angel.

Dick:

No, that's not the name of the song

Tommy:

The lovely teen angel, Jenny Brown. Passionate form,
vivacious eyes sparkling alive.
... Screwed up...
Nobody's perfect.

Singing:

As I was walking by the shore,
I happened there to see,
A woman's form a-lyin' there,
As still as still could be.
The dress she wore was gingham blue,
Her hair all tumbled down;
It might have been my own true love,
My sweetheart Jenny Brown.

Her face was turned into the sand
Was who, I couldn't tell
But on her hand was a high school ring
A ring I knew too well
My heart stood still, I grasped her arm
And then I turned her round
Alas it was my own true love
My sweetheart Jenny Brown

Spoken:

Oh Jenny... Brown
Why did I treat you cru-el
Gosh wizz Jenny, there was tears in your eyes
And you ran away from me and now here I find you
On the beach all still and sandy
And flies and stuff

Singing:

I stared into her loving face
A face that used to clown
I saw one eye a-flicker
Then wink and open round
Ha ha she laughed, then jumped up tall
"I'll bet you thought I'd drowned."
What a rotten sense of humor,
Has my sweetheart Jenny Brown.

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