

An Cafe

"Jimmy Clay"

Visit "[Jimmy Clay](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

G A h

So as you walk down the street, who will talk to you

G A h

Six o'clock, it's getting late

G A h

And the moon is rising, and the sticky dew

D A h

Falls to the ground by the gate

With your rifle on your shoulder as you walk along

Listening to your bootheels hit the sod

Smoking your cigar as you hum a song

Thinking of your mother and your God

D A h

Ah, but you're alone, Jimmy Clay

D A h

As you smoke your cigar and earn your pay

G A h

With fifteen thousand soldiers marching by your side

D A h

Still, you're alone, Jimmy Clay

Do you remember New York Town, good old New York

Town

The friends, the drunks, the cops and all

The whores who took your money when you couldn't
stand

All those roarin' nights you can't recall

Do you remember Alice Faye, good old Alice Faye

She'd been through life at least ten times around

And when she said she loved you, well, she meant it,
boy

Do you remember the night you nearly drowned

Ah, but you're alone, Jimmy Clay

As you smoke your cigar and think of yesterday

But Yesterday don't matter when it's gone away

Where did it go, Jimmy Clay

So as you lie there in the mud who will talk to you

Nobody, Jimmy Clay

For when you've gone, mankind soon follows after you

Doesn't it, Jimmy Clay

And your face will grow mouldy where they kissed your

cheek
And said, Please die for us, Jimmy Clay
And so you died, a soldier, and a hero's death
Congratulations, Jimmy Clay
Now you're alone, Jimmy Clay
As you smoke your cigar and earn your pay
And somewhere in the distance hear a fiddle play
But not one note will change, Jimmy Clay
-aca

Visit [An Cafe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.