

## Good Times Boys

### "Jack Slim"

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Meet Jack Slim, a decent man  
Who'll always do the best he can  
An upright guy, he'll always stand  
In his home down by the sea

Amongst the groves and tupelos  
From boy to man did our Jack grow  
He never faltered, sinned, or hoed  
Or lived but righteously

He grew up tall and grew up strong  
An honest man, knew right from wrong  
He tended fields and studied long  
How proud we were of he

To but one party he did go  
And there's the Devil with seeds to sow  
A poisoned soul that didn't know  
The bane that was on he

Her eyes were black, as was her hair  
And in the light, just standing there  
She caught Jack's eye without a care  
Jack Slim, the fool to be

Now hear the bells of bronze and steel  
Ringing out the coming ills  
Of a man I'd rather kill  
Than see suffer endlessly

Into the home of Jack she came  
Her kith and kin, drunk and insane  
The broke just damn near everything  
To stay for good was their true aim

Jack's wife's bed always hot  
All the town did have their shot  
The football team, the team's mascot  
All comers came and came a lot

Jack walked round with grinding teeth

To yell or scream or cry beneath  
His subtle pride and courtesy  
Tested hard and frequently

One foul day, our Jack just snapped  
And kicked the sorry bums and that  
Out his door without a chat  
To the road down by the sea

The wife, she didn't take this well  
Told him to go to straight to hell  
An evil man with a sulfur smell  
Oh hate old Jack did she

She took their boy and ran away  
To a slick-haired shark who was the man  
To lay the blame and lend a hand  
To the sinners by the sea

Opposite the judge old Jack stood  
Staring down, knowing no good  
Could come from souls who harbor hate  
For an honest man as he

He lost his house. He lost his heart  
Lost all he earned or cared about  
His boy was gone and he was out  
Of luck or love or glee

Now Jack lives inside a tent  
No money left for food or rent  
The homeless man's already spent  
Keeping Johnny Law at bay

One day Jack woke with an aching head  
His gums bled; his face was red  
He wept a little and then said, "I think this will kill  
me"

No money for a doctor's trip  
Jack took an awl and placed the tip  
Against his rotting tooth, his rotting tooth

He hammered once. He hammered twice  
Let out a scream that wasn't nice  
The tooth was stuck like dirt in ice  
And stayed just where it was

So into town stumbled our Jack  
He found a gun inside a sack  
In the sheriff's car parked way out back

Behind the country club

He took that gun and stole a knife  
Intent on taking his own life  
To put an end to all his strife  
And die just painlessly

He placed the gun against his head  
Thinking he would soon be dead  
As would his misery

He pulled the gun  
But the gun misspoke  
The knife shattered and the bullet broke  
What a poor and sad unlucky bloke  
In his cave down by the sea

So finally Jack made a plan  
And took the gun inside his hand  
Approached my boat just like a man  
Who was going out to sea  
Going out to sea

From the dock, concrete and rocks  
A few large chains and extra locks  
Heavy stuff I've not forgot  
And a bucket made of iron

He waved the gun and out we went  
“I'll surely die, from this earth sent”  
I said to myself  
I said to me

“Old man, I mean you no harm”  
“Please don't fear, don't be alarmed”  
“Your life I'll spare despite my arms”  
“Back home you soon will be”

Further out we went and went  
Past the buoys and all the scents  
Of life and liberty  
And liberty

Into the bucket Jack's feet went  
The concrete followed and I sensed  
That death that day wasn't meant for me

Around his waist he chained the rocks  
Secured them tight with all the locks  
And then he ordered that I stop  
And turned his back to me

“Mother, please invite me home”  
“Your son's tired, no wish to roam”  
“Any way away from thee”  
“Away from thee”

Without another word Jack dived  
But soon righted to upward side  
From the concrete at his feet

The bubbles, they stopped soon enough  
And I could breath when Jack could not  
As he sank into the sea  
Into the sea

Now he rests far down below  
One thousand fathoms deep or so  
With fish for company, for company  
I looked and saw a storm approach

And aimed my girl for harbor close  
But glancing up I saw the coast  
And Jack's house by the sea  
Jack's house down by the sea

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