

# A Junkie's Lament (w/Art Garfunkel)

## James Taylor

Ricky's been kicking the gong  
Lickety split didn't take too long  
A junkie's sick  
A monkey's strong  
That's what's wrong Well, I guess he's been messing around downtown  
So sad to see the man losing ground  
Winding down behind closed doors  
On all fours Mama, don't you call him my name  
He can't hear you anymore  
And even if he seems the same to you  
That's a stranger to your door  
Ask him what's he come here for Oh my god, a monkey can move a man  
Send him to hell  
And home again  
With an empty hand in the afternoon  
Shooting for the moon It's halfway sick  
And it's halfway stoned  
He'd sure like to kick  
But it's too far gone  
They wind him down with the methadone  
He's all on his own But baby, don't you throw your love away  
I hate to seem unkind  
It's only that I understand the man  
That the monkey can leave behind  
I used to think he was a friend of mine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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