Jim Wise

Sun Kil Moon

Spent the day with my dad and his old friend, Jim Wise.
He's on house arrest and he sits around inside.
We brought him food from Panera Bread, the snoring sun rolled out of bed.
He talked about his ninety Corvette, his warehouse job, and his knee replacement.
Jim Wise mercy killed his wife in a hospital at her bedside.
And he put the gun to his head and it jammed and he didn't die.
He went to trial all summer long and his eyes welled up when he told us about how much she loved the backyard garden and the budding rosebush.
She loved the garden, and its budding rosebush.
Spent the day with my dad, and his friend Jim Wise.
Spent the day with my dad and his old friend, Jim Wise.
He's got a big thick ankle bracelet and he can't go outside.
He's got a long white Amish man's beard and a catheter.
And he'll be headed to Mansfield prison by the end of the year for sure.
His shelves are sticky old ratty boards.
His albums are The Doors and Stevie Nicks.
His kitchen cabinets are full of baked beans.
His TV is sound, words flash across the screen and he stares off into dead air.
Jim Wise killed his wife out of love for her at her bedside.
And then he put the gun to his head but he failed at suicide.
His trial's coming up in the fall and he sighed when we stepped out and we left.
And I pointed out the pretty cardinal perched on the empty birdbath.
The bright red cardinal, the empty birdbath.
Spent today with my dad and his friend Jim Wise.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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