

It's James Now

[Kelly Joe Phelps](#)

Well, Double R.J. is older now, he stays up watching the night snow fall
Black bound book on the table, dusty beside card tricks and games
Yeah, one by one he cuts the names from the back of the daily news
Laying side by side they make quite a company of men Yeah, and all the things they've done and not done,
glaring under the scope
Double R.J.'s mom, she called this morning, all is well back home
And how are you today, my son, "Fine, ma, I'm fine"
Seventeen pages set in place for a back line of memories Yeah, the new one's fighting for space and concern
Walter winks across the cue
My folks are goin' out today, I've got some weed, are you comin'?
And it's twenty four years later, the movie lot's still intact
Tables buried under truck bones and machine shop tools Well, Walter hasn't found his way from the park yet to
page eighteen
Oh, and all those girls, God, what were their names?
Should've kept their pictures
It's starting to blur on Double R.J., they're rolling into one
Except for Elvin the snake and Indian George
And the guy you couldn't scare And then first kiss on the playground bought with sister's stolen ring
So the odd discomfort shawl, drapes it across his bony wings
As the loss of honest vision seers, pioneers and double dares
Set your clothes on fire if you ever breathed a word And Double R.J. falls backwards, he can see further away
And Double R.J. falls backwards, he can see further and further away

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