

# 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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