

# Jerry Was a Clerk

[Andy Shauf](#)

Me and a couple friends, we had a big idea  
About getting money and getting out of here.  
We were wide-eyed dreamers of wealth. We were getting tired of killing time  
Filling up our heads with cheap wine.  
Jerry had a van so we could make our escape. He would say, 'boys our time has come to live among the  
privileged ones'. Now it was jerry's plan but we all agreed  
Skip town and split the money up evenly.  
Lay low 'til the winter rolled in. He said, "i know an old farmer doesn't trust the bank  
Keeps his money buried out behind his water tank.  
He told me once when he was out of his mind".  
'Oh boys our time has come to live among the privileged ones' Now jerry had a girl, the only one of us  
To ever have one last and so no questions asked  
She'd be the fourth one involved. Her name was mary-anne and she was nice enough.  
Always a cashier, only once in love  
With jerry - the dreamer and the clerk. Who said, 'boys our time has come to live among the privileged ones'. So  
on that friday night on which we all agreed  
We took our shovels and crept out carefully  
Through the farmyard darker than sin. The plan went off without a hitch  
'Til we passed the chicken coop and mary tripped  
Turned the hens to sirens in the night. And when the farmhouse lights turned on,  
A warning shot rang out into the dawn.  
And we ran like hell for jerry's van,  
But when we arrived we were only three.  
And while jerry's greed fed gas to the engine,  
His words showed us a coward we'd never seen. As he said, "boys our time has come, we're going to save  
ourselves and live among the privileged ones."  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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