Hey Jack Kerouac

10000 Maniacs

Hey Jack Kerouac
I think of your mother
And the tears she cried
They would cry for none other
Than her little boy lost in a little world that hated
And that dared to drag him down
Her little boy courageousHe chose his words from mouths of
Babes got lost in the world
Hip flask slingin' madmen
Steamin' caf' flirts
They all spoke through youHey Jack, now for the tricky part
When you were the brightest star
Who were the shadows
Of the San Francisco beat boys?
You were the favourite
Now they sit and rattle their bones
And think of their blood stoned daysYou chose your words from mouths of
Babes got lost in the world
The hip flask slingin' madmen
Steamin' caf' flirts
In Chinatown, howlin' at nightAllen baby, why so jaded?
Have the boys all grown up
And their beauty faded?
Billy, what a saint they made you
You're just like Mary down in Mexico
On all souls' dayYou chose your words from mouths of
Babes lost in the world
Cool junk bootin' madmen
Street minded girls
In Harlem, howlin' at nightWhat a tear stained, shock of the world
You've gone away without sayin'
Sayin' goodbye

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