

# 30,000 Pounds of Bananas

Harry Chapin

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It was just after dark when the truck started down  
The hill that leads into Scranton Pennsylvania  
Carrying thirty thousand pounds of bananas  
Carrying thirty thousand pounds  
Hit it big John  
Of bananasHe was a young driver  
Just out on his second job  
And he was carrying the next day's pasty fruits  
For everyone in that coal scarred city  
Where children play without despairIn backyard slag piles and folks manage to eat each day  
About thirty thousand pounds of bananas  
Yes, just about thirty thousand pounds  
Scream it again, John  
Of bananasHe passed a sign that he should have seen  
Saying "Shift to low gear, a fifty dollar fine my friend."  
He was thinking perhaps about the warm breathed woman  
Who was waiting at the journey's end  
He started down the two mile drop  
The curving road that wound from the top of the hillHe was pushing on through the shortening miles  
That ran down to the depot  
Just a few more miles to go  
Then he'd go home and have her ease his long, cramped day away  
And the smell of thirty thousand pounds of bananas  
Yes the smell of thirty thousand pounds of bananasHe was picking speed as the city spread its twinkling lights,  
below him  
But he paid no heed as the shivering thoughts of the nights  
Delights went through him  
His foot nudged the brakes to slow him down  
But the pedal floored easy without a sound  
He said, "Christ"It was funny how he had named the only man  
Who could save him now  
He was trapped inside a dead-end hellslide

Riding on his fear hunched back  
Was everyone of those yellow green  
I'm telling you thirty thousand pounds of bananas  
Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds of bananasHe barely made the sweeping curve  
That led into the steepest grade  
And he missed the thankful passing bus  
At ninety miles an hour  
And he said, "God, make it a dream"  
As he rode his last tread downHe said, "God, make it a dream"  
As he rode his last tread down  
And he sideswiped nineteen neat parked cars  
Clipped off thirteen telephone poles  
Hit two houses, bruised eight treesAnd blue crossed seven people  
It was then he lost his head  
Not to mention an arm or two before he stopped  
And he slid for four hundred yards  
Along the hill that leads into Scranton Pennsylvania  
All those thirty thousand pounds of bananasYou know the man who told me about it on the bus  
As it went up the hill out of Scranton, Pennsylvania  
He shrugged his shoulders, he shook his head  
And he saidAnd this is exactly what he said  
"Boy that sure must've been something  
Just imagine thirty thousand pounds of bananas"  
Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds of mashed bananas  
Of bananas, bananas, just bananas, thirty thousand pounds  
Of bananas, not no driver now, just bananas

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