

Jim Dean of Indiana

[Phil Ochs](#)

It was on an Indiana farm, in the middle of the country
Growin' in the fields of grain, Jim Dean of Indiana
His mother died when he was a boy, his father was a stranger
Marcus Winslow took him in, nobody seemed to want him
The hired man sang like a storm [unverified],
sometimes he'd beat him
'Cause he would never do the chores, he was lost in dreaming
He never seemed to find a play with the flatlands and the farmers
So he had to leave one day, he said to be an actor
Once he'd come back to the farm with starlets from the stages
They locked themselves inside his room, the people turned their faces
A neighbor ran from the movie house, chickens they were scattered
He swore he saw upon the screen, Jim Dean of Indiana
He played a boy without a home, torn with no tomorrow
Reaching out to touch someone, a stranger in the shadow
The Winslows left for the movie town, they drove across the country
They hoped that he would stay around and they hoped he would be friendly
He talked to them for half an hour
but he was busy racing
He left for the Grapevine Road 1, they left for Indiana
Then Marcus heard on the radio that a movie star was dying
He turned the tuner way down low, so Ortense could go on sleeping
It was not until they reached the farm where
the hired man was waiting
The wind rushed silent through the grain, it was just as they had told him
They buried him just down the road, a mile from the farm house
That is where I placed a flower for Jim Dean of Indiana

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