

A Junkie's Lament

James Taylor

Ricky's been kicking the gong
Lickety split didn't take too long
A junkie's sick
A monkey's strong
That's what's wrong Well, I guess he's been messing around downtown
So sad to see the man losing ground
Winding down behind closed doors
On all fours Mama, don't you call him my name
He can't hear you anymore
And even if he seems the same to you
That's a stranger to your door
Ask him what's he come here for Oh my god, a monkey can move a man
Send him to hell
And home again
With an empty hand in the afternoon
Shooting for the moon It's halfway sick
And it's halfway stoned
He'd sure like to kick
But it's too far gone
They wind him down with the methadone
He's all on his own But baby, don't you throw your love away
I hate to seem unkind
It's only that I understand the man
That the monkey can leave behind
I used to think he was a friend of mine

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