

Poor Jimmy Wilson

Strawbs

Jimmy Wilson had a glass eye, I could see it

And he stuttered sometimes

And he needed a girl friend night times

Didn't know how to go about it

Poor Jimmy Wilson, poor Jimmy Wilson All the boys used to tease him, I know I did it

And he was my friend

At school we were always close together

Hardly a day I didn't see him

Poor Jimmy Wilson, poor Jimmy Wilson He used to go out for walks on his own

With no-one to talk to at all

He'd walk in the park till the evening grew dark

Just feeling quite incredibly small He was sitting in the park one Sunday evening

Around about five

When along came a lady, a total stranger

Wanted young Jimmy to go with her

Poor Jimmy Wilson, poor Jimmy Wilson

Songwriters

DAVE COUSINS Published by

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