

Hey Jack Kerouac

10,000 Maniacs

Hey Jack Kerouac
I think of your mother
And the tears she cried
They were cried for none other
Than a little boy lost in the wood 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
The hip flask slingin' madman
Steamin' cafÃ© 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, howling at nightAllen baby, why so jaded?
Have the boys all grown up
And their beauty faded?
Billy, what a saint they made you
Just like Mary down in Mexico
On all souls' dayYou chose your words from mouths of
Babes lost in the world
Cool junk booting madman
Street minded girls
In Harlem, howling at nightWhat a tear stained, shock of the world
You've gone away without sayin'
Sayin' goodbye

Songwriters
Natalie Merchant;Robert BuckPublished by
CHRISTIAN BURIAL MUSIC

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