

# Hey Jack Kerouac

## 10,000 Maniacs

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

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