

Jolene

Janis Ian

Jimmy sits in his room 'til darkness
Then he steps on the street
and she watches and waits at the window,
aondering who he'll meet
It's a wasteland of TV dinners
It's a highway in heat
and there's nothing but time on the table
clocking the same old beat
Jolene steps out like the life of the party
High class heels and polka dot sleeves
Wears her hair like a girl in a hurry
Walking and talking and rocking
to the beat of the street
There's a crowd at the park on the corner
Jimmy rushes to see
On the ground is a lady in labor
Jimmy forgets how to breath
And it's coming too fast for a doctor
and the traffic's obscene
and the people are panicked and shouting
"somebody do something"
Jolene steps in like the life of the party
Kicks her heels off, rolls up her sleeves
Parts that crowd like a girl in a hurry
Walking and talking and rocking
to the beat of the street
And she's smiling, crying
Doctoring as neat as you please
People are laughing, clapping
She gets up off her knees,
rolling down her sleeves
Holding up the kid so everybody can see
Jimmy offers his arm in the silence
and the night comes alive
and he drowns in her smile as the sirens
finally arrive
There are forms to be filled say the medics
as they canvas the crowd
It was dangerous, foolish and reckless
This kind of thing shouldn't be allowed
Jolene struts off like the life of the party
High class heels and polka dot sleeves
Arm in arm. That's the end of the story
They're walking and talking
and they're rocking to the beat of the street