

Jack Kerouac

Brooke Fraser

He got the droop of a fatherless child
Almost imperceptible, one can't see it with the naked eye
Oh but I can

That cardboard lady in the corner store
Her sparkle is all painted on
Six no-good men took her shine and more
Left her youth near Sausalito

Oh it's humourless and comical at once
Always being a stranger wearing the last town's dust
Oh it's humourless, it's humourless

They look me over, one up and one down
I can tell they're wondering who my people are
I say I'm new in town
I know it's gonna take a while

Oh it's humourless and comical at once
Always being a stranger wearing the last town's dust
Oh it's humourless, it's humourless

I speculate and browse the duraflame
Winter in the west coast cool
Out by the sea where no one knows my name

I'm on the road like Jack Kerouac
Like Jack, Jack Kerouac
Like Jack, Jack Kerouac
Like Jack, Jack Kerouac