

Kokomo

Greg Brown

There's a tenderloin special at the Sak 'N' Save, the sky is a dirty sock.

I left my hat at the laundromat, met an old guy walking round the block.

I asked him how to get out of town, he said "how far you wanna go?"

I said "I was thinking of Arkansas," he said "you'd be better off in Kokomo"

With a payday loan and a migraine I crossed Contrary Creek, Looking for a gal that I knew as Sal, we were married once for a week.

I found her way back in the woods, all her secrets hidden under the snow.

She pointed my way with a 28 gauge on the road to Kokomo.

Amelia Earhart lived here, but she didn't stick around too long .

She crossed that bridge on just two wheels and, by God, she was gone.

I stayed too long in Kansas trying to tell a "yes" from a "no" -

But she wouldn't say and I am on my way on the road to Kokomo.

Come all you brave young cowboys and get into software.
Why be a roustabout now when you could be a millionaire?
The grain elevator is leaning, the trucks are rolling slow.
Get out of hock, so long Red Rock, hello Kokomo.

You know she was just my type: deranged, middle-aged, and crude,
Nipples the size of jack balls, and a real bad attitude.
She wore my ass out so damn fast, left me nowhere to go,
With a sticky wicket and a greyhound ticket, one-way to Kokomo.

Oh, these Michigan women, they know me much too well,
They take me high and they leave me low, they can find me by my smell.

And I would still be up in the U P, sitting by the fire's glow
If she hadn't whipped off her tubetop and run me down to Kokomo .

Dig my grave with a Bobcat, and throw in a couple of spuds.
Asses to asses, butts to butts, red blood to red mud.
Pass around a bottle of Jim Beam, play something on the banjo.
If anybody asks you where I've gone, just tell 'em "to Kokomo."