

Song For Robert Zimmerman

Jeremy Fisher

I hear old ladies whisperin'
When they pass me on the street
He looks like young Robert Zimmerman in 1963
Well, sure I got a head full of hair
And a harp around my neck
But I'll tell you folks
I heard the joke
And the punchline ain't no good

Well I don't know from war
'Cept from drugs and on TV
And I saw the bastard's son cry out his eyes in misery
Well, I wouldn't know the boy
If he lived in my own neighbourhood
Well, I tell you folks
I heard the joke
The punchline ain't no good

And I'll tell you what the problem is
With all these kids today
An' you send 'em off to college
College masturbate the brain
Test 'em by the handful
Solid theories as the truth
Well, I'll tell you folks
The one long joke
The punchline ain't no good

You livin' in a boomtown
Has some drawbacks, for sure
Have you smelled the public restrooms
In a Pike Place market square
Have you tried to pitch a tent or two
In your own neighbourhood
I'm just kiddin' folks
Only jokes
The punchline's pretty good

Do you know your neighbour, or your farmer,
Or your kids
Or the one who sews the stitches
In your clothes and in your wrist
Do you know yourself
Or do you hide from him too
Well I tell you folks
It ain't no joke
The punchline's up to you