

The Ballad Of The Hulk

Jerry Jeff Walker

The cycle of life is here
To see in all of its fine simplicity
But the way we live it seems to be,
Something very weird to me
And I cry out

For pettiness like lady's chatter
Seems to complicate the matter
I grit my teeth as my senses chatter
For nothing gets me much madder
As I leap out

For big or little, great or small,
It really doesn't matter at all
The way we shuffle our feet and hem and haw,
'Cause everybody's afraid they'll fall
Or else be left out

But what's right for me or strange to you
Shouldn't make a damn on what you do
'Cause whether or not you make it through,
I thought that you already knew
That I'll keep you going

And the World War III and the World Series
Will make the same size headlines in the news

From all I've seen of politics,
It's just a greasy big money stick
That's geared to run on tongues
So slick to make you think this is all there is
Boy you're lucky (You're stuck with Humphrey)

How they con the little middle man
Into thinkin' he has got a hand
To play in the future of the Promised Land,
he owes himself to the destiny of man
Gets ridiculous

A cheap gangster hires someone
To do his dirty work with a tommy gun
While the President just points at anyone
And says "I, your country needs some killing done
Go do it now boy"

The war itself is bad enough,
It can break you down no matter how tough
But the tragedy of all the hoopla stuff,
It makes you think you can't do enough
For the shiny symbols

And the other countries feel the same as we
And regret that I have but one country to give for my life

The preacher stands in his holy shroud sayin'
"God forgives you if you do it now"
But if you come back when the chips are down,

You'll find they've all gone underground
To pray for you

A homosexual, disturbed priest feels that he can preach to me
The right way to go and raise a family
And I'm forced to look at him and say "you mean
You're guessin"

The population is getting higher,
The poverty poor, the pregnant tired
Are waiting on the Pope to be inspired
For some new contraceptive attire
Saying "It's cool now"

It's a ghost behind a one-way mirror
Listening tip-toed at the door to hear
If someone outside won't speak the year
Then they'll slip a note out how they feel
About pierced ear-lobes

But the rules made now
For the changing cows
Are a little late
And will be out of date by tomorrow

Her mother placed on virginity
Saying it was the holy place to be
For the things boys had were evilry
When it came time for matrimony
She froze and died there

Her sister at fourteen very well known thought all the kicks came lying ther
e prone
But a fundamental fact not spoken at home left her feeling like a chewed on
bone
And why she wondered

One chick who dug moving about, very liberal minded and often spoke out
How she was cool and understood no doubt with the blankets up and the lights
turned out
And you're condescending

A couple together for five or six years,
A marriage license they'd never been near
But social pressure and loss of job fear
Got them married and divorced in half a year
They couldn't cut it

It's all talked about
But still it's lived around
And what is right for me
Could be perversity in any state law book

I'm told a minstrel at one time w
As allowed to sing and make his rhymes
To comment on the news of the times
And say directly what's in people's minds
And he made tips for it

But today try playing on some street curb,
Singin' the news in everyday words
The people pass by, the laughin' is heard
Or else they hit you where it hurts

They keep their ears closed

One man said "Boy, I dig your stuff,
I want you to come play in my club
I'll put your name in lights up above,
But just remember I got a club to run
So don't be too strong"

It ain't your writers who sell out,
It's the damn censors who turn about
My life learned adjectives and vowels
And say that my mouth is much too foul
To clearly speak to you

But try to hit a nail and if the hammer fails
Then the words you use to describe
That bruise is basic language

I hoboed around and sang the songs
That everybody knew and hummed along
To amuse myself I wrote some songs, talkin'
About things that could be right or wrong
And I'm a little different

A record company you know well wanted to know if my song would sell
I said, "Yes, I like it very well,
If you don't sir, you can go to help"
Somebody else change

So I kept playin' and bummin' around, singin'
To the ones who dug my sound
Some guys ask "Won't you play my town",
I ask fair bread they put me down
Their Caddie's mortgaged

Tried one deal, like "it's you and me",
This guy said he could be of some use to me
But when I found he's puttin' screws to me,
I tipped my hat and made it back to the street
Singin' new folk songs

If there's time enough,
The hill ain't too rough
What I wrote today,
I might someday play,
And make tips for it