

Famous Man

John Wesley Harding

Mother, last night I shot a famous man
His music, his life, I was his greatest fan
Mother, I'm sorry for all the things that I did
I've been hiding it all of my life, should've kept it still hid
Should've kept it still hid

Mother, last night I shot a famous man
Ain't it funny the things a man does 'cause he knows that he can
When I raise my voice, it's a small feeble sound in the wind
To make yourself heard in this big bad world, you must know where to begin
You must know where to begin

Mother, last night I shot a famous man
But today I can't say it all went according to plan
He just looked at me, he stared me straight in the eyes
Now I know how he felt every day til he died
Every day til he died

Mother, well now people listen to me
I'm the King of America, some say that I'm the King of Comedy
Mother, now that I know what it means to be heard
I wish I put down my gun, like he put down his guitar
And I wish that I'd swallowed my words
Wished I'd swallowed my words

Mother, I knew him, but he never knew me