

It's James Now

Kelly Joe Phelps

Well, Double R.J. is older now, he stays up watching the night
snow fall
Black bound book on the table, dusty beside card tricks and gam
es
Yeah, one by one he cuts the names from the back of the daily n
ews
Laying side by side they make quite a company of men

Yeah, and all the things they've done and not done, glaring und
er the scope
Double R.J.'s mom, she called this morning, all is well back ho
me
"And how are you today, my son", "Fine, ma, I'm fine"
Seventeen pages set in place for a back line of memories

Yeah, the new one's fighting for space and concern
Walter winks across the cue
"My folks are goin' out today, I've got some weed, are you comi
n'?"
And it's twenty four years later, the movie lot's still intact
Tables buried under truck bones and machine shop tools

Well, Walter hasn't found his way from the park yet to page eig
hteen
Oh, and all those girls, God, what were their names?
Should've kept their pictures
It's starting to blur on Double R.J., they're rolling into one
Except for Elvin the snake and Indian George
And the guy you couldn't scare

And then first kiss on the playground bought with sister's stol
en ring
So the odd discomfort shawl, drapes it across his bony wings
As the loss of honest vision seers, pioneers and double dares
Set your clothes on fire if you ever breathed a word

And Double R.J. falls backwards, he can see further away
And Double R.J. falls backwards, he can see further and further
away