

Sweet Jeremiah

Looking Glass

Come on, please, Jeremiah
Come on, sweet Jeremiah

There's a little tale I learned in jail, just across the county line:

Oh, Jeremiahs story, left alone in a washed-out silver mine
Now they say old Jake he was on the take, but I know him real fine-

It's just that he would freak from time to time

Come on, please, Jeremiah
Come on, Sweet Jeremiah

Blind and drunk and tight as a skunk he would wind up every night

And lose his pants to some romantic shadow in the night
Now, it's not that he gets lonesome-
no, it's just that it gets hard
To find a lady in the railroad yard
(Aw, c'mere, boy!)

Come on, please, Jeremiah
Come on, Sweet Jeremiah
(Come on, come on, give it to me)

Last I heard, he gave his word to meet me in L.A
But, like as not, he just forgot, or else he died along the way
I suppose it only shows how far a man can stray
So leave a map pin on your dying day

Come on, please, Jeremiah
Come on, sweet Jeremiah
Come on, please, Jeremiah
Come on, Sweet Jeremiah

(Aw, bring it on home.)