

## Jim Dean Of Indiana

Phil Ochs

It was on an Indiana farm, in the middle of the country  
Growin' in the fields of grain, Jim Dean of Indiana  
His mother died when he was a boy, his father was a stranger  
Marcus Winslow took him in, nobody seemed to want him

The hired man sang like a storm [unverified], sometimes he'd be  
at him  
'Cause he would never do the chores, he was lost in dreaming  
He never seemed to find a play with the flatlands and the farme  
rs  
So he had to leave one day, he said to be an actor

Once he'd come back to the farm with starlets from the stages  
They locked themselves inside his room, the people turned their  
faces  
A neighbor ran from the movie house, chickens they were scatter  
ed  
He swore he saw upon the screen, Jim Dean of Indiana

He played a boy without a home, torn with no tomorrow  
Reaching out to touch someone, a stranger in the shadow  
The Winslows left for the movie town, they drove across the cou  
ntry  
They hoped that he would stay around and they hoped he would be  
friendly

He talked to them for half an hour but he was busy racing  
He left for the Grapevine Road 1, they left for Indiana  
Then Marcus heard on the radio that a movie star was dying  
He turned the tuner way down low, so Ortense could go on sleepi  
ng

It was not until they reached the farm where the hired man was  
waiting  
The wind rushed silent through the grain, it was just as they h  
ad told him  
They buried him just down the road, a mile from the farm house  
That is where I placed a flower for Jim Dean of Indiana