

Jerico

Redbone

There's a neighbourhood on the edge of Fresno
Down by the old state road and the Suday Farm
The people there live in tents and cardboard lean-tos
The babies ain't got no shoes, that's not funny

Jerico, Jerico, Jerico, Jerico

When I was a boy growin' up in Fresno
The place that I called home was Jerico
My mama cooked with kerosene when she set the table
The babies drank bathed-in water, sometimes Kool-Aid

Jerico, Jerico, Jerico, Jerico

Kids would bust your lip if you wouldn't fight
Runnin' with my friends, beggin' and stealin'
We'd hang out by the Honky-Tonk and roll a wino
The people in the church next door singin' "thank you, Jesus"

Jerico, Jerico, Jerico, Jerico

Wee Willie Young taught me to play the guitar
We used to play the blues 'til his life went bad
I started playin' in bars when I was fifteen
My younger brother, Pat, right there with me

Jerico, Jerico, Jerico, Jerico

You think you're kinda rocky if you're Jerico
They are livin' in a hole down in Jerico
Killin' in the valley down in Jerico
All the pigs they're stickin' down in Jerico
And all the rootin', pickin' down in Jerico
And your mama and your papa down in Jerico
And you're here understandin' Jerico
Hippin' and stickin' down in Jerico
An' cookin' and a-kickin' down in Jerico
Cookin' in a chippy down in Jerico
When it was polk and wheat down in Jerico
And all the folk visit the Pen down in Jerico
It was funky as a doggie down in Jerico