

Jack Reminiscing

The Felice Brothers

Well my pa was always in gloom
And his hat was made of raccoon
He was drunk in the afternoon
Nearly every day
And his mind was like a trap
Where he kept a hand-drawn map
How to get to the Arkansas flats
From the lights of Broadway

And the holy men always say
We'll meet again someday
In that city beyond the stars
In a golden café

Oh my ma, she loved him so
And she'd make him a cup of joe
And he'd drink it like an Eskimo
As his children did play
And she'd bake him a mincemeat pie
And he'd drink when his mouth was dry
And he died on the fourth of July
In a firework display

And the holy men always say
We'll meet again someday
In that city beyond the stars
In a golden café

Oh, I was an Eagle Scout
With a trumpet, I'd stomp and shout
And I'd sing of the Arkansas trout
And I'd sleep in the hay, hey
But now I'm always in gloom
And my hat is made of raccoon
And I'm drunk in the afternoon
Nearly every day

And the holy men always say (Yeah, they say)
We'll meet again someday
In that city beyond the stars
In a golden café