

H.J.

*Late one night in a mountain town by the tracks of the C.P.R.
A drunken bearded hippy slipped and fell off a railway car
The blood ran through his tangled hair, his face was blue and black
He looked like Christ fresh off the cross as he stumbled from the track*

*He came out from Toronto 'cause they didn't want him there
They didn't like his attitude; they didn't like his hair
And as the weeks went by his reputation got around
He became the new pariah of my little mountain town*

*Out on the summer street, when life was so sweet
I spent my best days hangin out with H.J.
The girls let down their hair and music filled the air
We sang the nights away with good ole H.J.*

*Mothers locked their babes away when he would come around
And all their daddies they did say now get on out of town
With his leather clothes and ragged hair he made a shocking sight
But to half a dozen messed-up kids he was a shining light*

*He walked out in the mountains blind and drunk to seek the muse
So many nights I listened to him belching out those blues
He wrote of love, he wrote of pain in songs and poetry
And as I wrote this tune I felt him watching over me*

*Out on the summer street, when life was so sweet
I spent my best days hangin out with H.J.
The girls let down their hair and music filled the air
We sang the nights away with good ole H.J.
Do do do do do do, ..., hangin out with H.J.
Do do do do do do, ..., hangin out with H.J.*

*He went out just as he came in like every poet should
Under the wheels of the westbound train, this time it was for good
Did he jump or was he pushed, no one will ever know
There was nothing left to tell the tale but the blood on the autumn snow*

*Out on the summer street, when life was so sweet
I spent my best days hangin out with H.J.
The girls let down their hair and music filled the air
We sang the nights away with good ole H.J.
Do do do do do do, ... , hangin out with H.J.
Do do do do do do, ..., I miss you H.J.*