

words and music
R. Runyon

The Next Time Jack's Back

I saw Vince Gill at the factory stamping out cookies for the people to buy
Each one done so splendidly
He didn't even seem to try
His honest clear eyed humor and the deftness of his hands
Left us with a blessing
He didn't even introduce the band
Thanks to their jobs at the factory they each could own a home
They did their jobs so diligently
And they all seem to get along
After their shift at the factory I bet they played all night long
Pulling jokes on one another
But we'll never hear that song

Jorma on the other hand walked among us in awed respect
He always pays attention to the things that most of us neglect
He said they don't call it working music
And you knew it when he played
In his hands the songs of Rev. Gary Davis just stayed and stayed and stayed
His gentle patient voice conveyed a love so real
You could hear it in his singing and the way it made you feel
The way he played the guitar transcended mortal blues
More like the celestial tap-dance of Mercury's winged shoes

Roy seemed to know everybody who had ever sung the blues
Anyone he respected
Had really paid his dues
He would teach us with his stories of his friends in the bye and bye
So to the point and honest
Even when they were a lie
Don't let the stories fool you this cat can really play
And all the cats who know where it's at
Hope to play with him someday
The thing about art in the real world is it may not be worth a dime
But you can bet your life forever that it's always worth the time

Jack's in the outer cosmos
Beyond all space and time
No matter how thin the tight wire he's always on that line
Who else could be so far away
And right here all the time
Playing the kind of music that can always make you smile
He's good to ask the questions
That have so much to say
His gaze can look right through you
Into another day
With all the things I long for
And all the things I lack
Happiness is a good seat the next time Jack is back