

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Jimmy Clay

Jimmy Clay  
(Patrick Sky)

When you walk down the street, who will follow you?  
Six o'clock, its getting late.  
The moon it is rising as the sticky dew  
Molds on the ground by the gate.  
With your rifle on your shoulder as you walk along  
Listening to your boot-heels hit the sod  
Smoking your cigar as you hum a song  
Thinking of your mother, and your God

Ah, buy you're alone, Jimmy Clay  
As you smoke your cigar and earn your pay.  
And fifteen thousand soldiers are marching by your side  
Still you're alone, Jimmy Clay.

And remember New York town, good old New York town?  
The friends, the drinks, the cops and all  
And the whores who took your money when you couldn't stand  
And all the roaring nights you can't recall? And remember Alice Fay, good old Alice Fay?  
She'd been through life at least ten times around  
And when she said she loved you, well she meant it, boy  
Remember the night you nearly drowned?

Ah, but you're alone, Jimmy Clay  
As you smoke your cigar and think of yesterday  
Well, yesterday don't matter when its gone away  
Where did it go, Jimmy Clay?

So as you lie there in the mud, who will talk to you?  
Nobody, Jimmy Clay  
For when you're gone mankind follows after you  
Doesn't it, Jimmy Clay?  
And your face is growing moldy where they kissed your cheek  
And said "Please die for us, Jimmy Clay"  
And so you died a soldier and a hero's death  
Congratulations, Jimmy Clay.

Now you're alone, Jimmy Clay  
You can smoke your cigar, and earn your pay  
And somewhere in the distance you can hear the fiddle play  
But not one note will change, Jimmy Clay

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