

Maybe You Heard

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Maybe you've heard, your ole buddy's gone crazy
Searching for words, too deep, sweet reason and rhyme
Living alone, more and more and he's prone to be lazy
Turning to stone, blasted and blind.

Don't turn away there, hey, goddamn you, he was your brother
Turn on your father, sister, mother, brother
He was your friend.

Don't you condemn him, leave it to strangers
You ought to know him, give him a hand, if you can
But at least for jesus christ's sake, understand him.

Maybe you've heard that they say that the lady's been changing
Day after day, more than her mind
Learning to play, where the part has her turning to strangers
Going too far, line after line.

Don't turn away there - hey - goddamn you, you used to love her
Turn on your father, sister, mother, mister
She was your friend.

Don't you condemn her, leave it to strangers
You ought to know her, give her a hand, if you can
But at least for jesus christ's sake, understand her.