

## Eric

## Agents of Good Roots

I got a friend named Eric  
Used to play that mean guitar  
Played that guitar  
While he was laying beneath the stars  
Looking up to the wind he'd say  
"My girlfriend it's for you"  
Philosophy is all grand  
But all good is not the truth  
We can make a movie  
In it, you can be the star  
Bobby, Bobby could be your brother  
He could play guitar  
We can say we'll lose the beat  
And I'll get the rhythm list  
My friend Eric turned into such a fine mess  
He used to take medicine  
It used to make him sick  
He would have to leave his place  
And make a big trip  
A road trip to Bahama Beach  
With palm babies in the sun  
He'd just go tasting all those juices  
Licking some of that fun  
He says now  
"Brother lets go down under the board walk  
You bring the cocoa oil  
I'll bring the soda pop  
I'll fall in love that girl-  
She's dancing in the sun"  
His name is E-R-I-C  
He's so high he's so fly  
He says come on  
Oh, Eric used to play guitar  
On Wednesday nights  
And the gypsy blues would sing  
Well he made me think  
It made me want to play  
Yeah, my friend Eric  
Was a damn good player on the guitar  
Why his guitar would sing  
And the gypsy blues, they would reign  
He says now  
"Bobby I must get back to see my Pa  
He's sad and lonely  
Tells me 'Boy you're my only star'  
Don't sweat it  
I'll be back in three weeks time or less  
My name is E-R-I-C  
I must happily confess, yes"