

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"