

Simon Keeper

Cowboy Junkies

Jesus was a carpenter
He died nailed to a wooden cross
Irony oh irony
Upon me it's never lost

Gather 'round now people
I'm here to tell a tale
About a man who walks among you
A man you each know well

My name is Simon Keeper
I had a wife and three grown kids
A job in the towers cooking the books
For the shills that grease the skids

Irony oh irony
You are a bitter fruit to eat
Stripped of all your beauty
Your flesh is none too sweet

Now I ain't the most honest man
That ever worked a skim
I was caught with my hand in the cookie jar
And brother that was it

Fifty-four and a big black mark
Upon my resume
I found selling off what you don't own
Might earn you the time of day

Next it was a letter
From my darling one
"What's yours is mine, what's mine is mine"
Sealed with a hug and kiss

One by one my children
Closed their lives to me
Lessons learned on Daddy's knee
"Give no quarter to the weak"

Irony oh irony
You are the polar seed of truth
You grow upon the open plain
The faithful you uproot

Kicked around 'bout a year
Living hand to mouth
Then one day tryin' to bum a light
I felt my will give out

Sat right down on a corner
Started prayin' a little too loud
Left my troubles far behind
When I saw them empty their pockets out

Irony oh irony
You are a treacherous son of a bitch

Pretending not to care about
The heights you'll never reach

Now I won't start in preaching
About reaping what you sow
This is the story of a half-hearted man
Half honest as they go

But sit on down and rest a spell
I've got another tale to tell
About a lost young man in a faraway land
Whose life is just too easy to sell

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