

Lonnie

Godley & Creme

Lonnie Garamond was disturbed by the face
That looked back at him from the bathroom mirror
He looked older than he remembered
It was as if all forty-two years of his life
Had suddenly leap frogged over each other
And crash landed in his face
He was middle-aged and the truth hit him
Like a man with no parachute
The eyes were golf balls
The skin hung on his face like a cheap suit
And the trapdoor of greasy black frizz
That he combed from one side of his head to the other
To hide his baldness
In reality emphasized it
It was 2:30 in the morning Nov. 22nd 1963
And Lonnie couldn't sleep
Lonnie took a last look at the face
And popped another sleeping tablet
Under his sandpaper tongue
And slipped into a cold, dark sleep
The last thing Lonnie saw
Before his eyes finally closed
Was his camera watching him
From the other side of the Motel room
But the camera wasn't loaded yet
Lonnie Garamond was a loser
Lonnie Garamond was a loser
Lonnie Garamond was a loser
And he really hated being that
Lonnie's body clock woke him at 8:30 sharp
He stabbed a button by his bed
And the TV crackled into life
Showing the crowds already gathering
In Dealy Plaza
He showered, shaved, and slipped into an Ivy League jacket
And brown slacks and loaded the camera
The Stetson put the icing on the southern cake
And he headed for the parking lot
Leaving the key behind in his room
He knew he wouldn't be coming back
Lonnie Garamond was a loser
Lonnie Garamond was a loser
Lonnie Garamond was a loser
And he really hated being that
Lonnie parked the Buick and ran down Pacific St.
It was 12.15 and he wanted to be outside
The Texas School Book Depository
Before the motorcade came down Elm St.
12.20
He elbowed his way through a group of good ol' boys
And stood next to a kid in a wheelchair
Waving a Confederate flag
12.25
He took off the lens cap
And lit his first cigarette for two years
He checked the focus one last time
And blew a smoke ring

Into the blue Dallas heat haze

12.30

He ground the Lucky Strike under the heel of his boot

And calmly squeezed off three shots

Lonnie put the camera back into its case

And melted into the panic

Lonnie Garamond was a loser

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Lonnie Garamond was a loser

And he really hated being that