

Corey Feldman Holocaust

lwrestledabearonce

Best Of Harry Chapin 3
Corey's Coming

Old John Joseph was a man with two first names
They left him in the railroad yard when they took away the trains
Only one run a week comes on roaring down that line
So all he's got to worry 'bout is time.

I come by in the evening to hear 'bout where he's been
He says - Come on sit down Kid, where shall I begin?
He starts telling me the stories of the glories of his past
But he always saves the story of his Corey for the last.

And he says - My Corey's coming. No more sad stories coming
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like I told you, when she holds you
She enfolds you in her world.

I was quite surprised to find out all the places that he knew
And so I asked the townfolk if his stories were true
They said - Old John was born here, he's lived here all his life
He's never had a woman, let alone a wife.

And very soon you'll find out as you check around
That no one named Corey's ever lived in this town
So I chided the old man 'bout the truth that I had heard
He smiled and said - Reality is only just a word.

I came by one evening but he did not hear my shout
I looked in the window and saw the fire was out
When he would not wake up I forced in the door
And found that Old John Joseph would tell stories no more.

The scene at the graveyard, three of us were there
Me and the gravedigger heard the parson's prayer
He said - We need not grieve for this man,
For we know that God cares!

They put the cold dirt over him and left me on my own
And when at last I looked up I saw I was not alone
So I said - If you're a relative, he had a peaceful end.
She said - My name is Corey - you can say I'm just a friend.

Corey's coming, no more sad stories coming
My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like I told you, when she holds you
She enfolds you in her world.

So that's the old man's story, I'm glad you came tonight
A busted down old railroad yard sure makes a lonely sight
You may wonder why a young man would work out here alone
Well the job pays enough to keep some flesh on my bones.

And I confess I get to missing the old man a bit
And there's one other reason I guess I should admit -

Can't you see my Corey's coming, no more sad stories coming

My midnight-moonlight-morning-glory's coming aren't you girl?
And like he told me, when she holds me
She enfolds me in her world.

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