

# Plywood Superman

Jim White

Down at the drugstore where they sell medicine  
Back in the corner stands a plywood Superman  
He never saves nobody from nothing  
He just leans against the wall looking sad

Me, I go climbing on my broken ladder  
Aiming for high places but I never quite can  
Lay two hands on the heart of the matter  
Sometimes I feel like that plywood Superman, Superman

Last night at the truck stop the cashier at the diesel desk  
Stopped to talk to me as I paid for my beer  
She's single with two kids, says she loves Las Vegas  
Her dream's one day some rich man will take her away from here

When she goes climbing on her broken ladder  
She's searching for some sweet, far off promised land  
But nobody never breaks free of nothing  
Wrapped in the arms of a plywood Superman, Superman

Now my old daddy, he worked in a factory  
And he used to beat on me with his mind not his hands  
And though for ten years he's laid in that grave in Birmingham  
To this day I still hear him saying what a useless thing I am

When I go climbing on my broken ladder  
I'm searching for something but what I don't understand  
Is how you can climb forever and still never reach nothing  
Trapped in your life like some plywood Superman, Superman  
Plywood Superman, plywood Superman  
Plywood Superman, plywood Superman