

# Billy the Bum

John Prine

Billy the bum lived by the thumb  
And sang of the hobo's delight  
He'd prove he could run  
Twice as fast as the sun  
By losing his shadow at night  
Now he loved every girl  
In this curly headed world  
But no one will know it seems  
For two twisted legs and a childhood disease  
Left Billy just a bum in his dreams

And he was just a gentle boy  
A real florescent light  
Cried pennies on Sunday morning  
Laughs nickels on Saturday night  
And your bullets they can't harm him  
Nor your knives tear him apart  
Humiliation killed him  
God bless his little heart

Now he lived all alone  
In a run down home  
Near the side of the old railroad track  
Where the trains used to run  
Carrying freight by the ton  
And blow the whistle as Billy'd wave back  
But the children around Billy's home town  
Seemed to have nothin' better to do  
Then run around his house  
With their tongues from their mouth  
And make fun of that crippled old fool

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A real florescent light  
Cried pennies on Sunday morning  
Laughs nickels on Saturday night  
And your bullets they can't harm him  
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Humiliation killed him  
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Now some folks they wait  
And some folks they pray  
For Jesus to rise up again  
But none of these folks  
In their holy cloaks  
Ever took Billy on as a friend  
For pity's a crime  
And it ain't worth a dime  
To a person who's really in need  
Just treat 'em the same  
As you would your own name  
Next time that your heart starts to bleed

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Cried pennies on Sunday morning

Laughs nickels on Saturday night  
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Humiliation killed him  
God bless his little heart