

# Southbound Jericho Parkway

Roy Orbison

There was a man whose memories were made up,  
Of nothing.  
He pushed the elevator button, and go home,  
To nothing.

Yes his business had prospered but women get lonely sometimes, now she has t  
he house  
His son in college had dropped out,  
To expand his mind.

And Sarah, his daughter had not spoken to him.  
Maybe he'd raised her the wrong way.  
He wondered.  
He checked his mailbox, with fingers a-tremblin'  
No mail, from anyone.

I'm home he said softly, as he opened the door  
and gazed at his empty apartment.  
Aching, thinking.  
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Is what you call a one-way street.  
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At 7.20, monday after New Year,

Mister Henry Johnson leaned against the pedal  
Aimed his Lincoln steady and drove himself into a wall.  
How could a thing sush as this ever happen.  
All the community said it was shame.

He was a good man,he was a clean man yeah,  
That's what he was a good and clean man  
And his landlady said he was an exemplary tenant.  
They're always nice and quiet when they're all alone  
At his age.

The young man sat, on a small woven mat.  
While the silken smoke it circlcd over head.  
The cigarettes were there to prove he didn't care  
Bout the contents of the telegram he'd just read.

Father, father, father.  
You always seemed to be so out of reach.  
And the psychedelyc sign read: peace.  
Apartment in New York, a girl closes the door,  
And leans against it with her head bowed low.

Thoughts raced through her mind  
Of when she was a child.  
Raised warmly by a man she didn't know.  
Father, father, father.

She wished she had phoned him yesterday  
There were so many things she had to say  
Henry, the check is in my hands  
Brought by the insurance man to cover all my plans

We'll have flowers, your broker will be there  
And Sarah, if she cares, and our boy with all his hair  
And the sun rose, and the sunset  
As it always has,  
And people yet unknown, were busy being born,  
And time when past.