

Long Tall John

I had a long, tall friend named John
He had everything that I never was
And he drove a big, blue-and-yellow, early model salvaged cab
We'd go riding down the street
He'd introduce me to all the girls we'd meet
You could say that Long Tall John was a friend indeed

One day John decided he was a man
And he drove downtown and joined the US Navy
But I couldn't even go inside the recruiter's office, I was only fifteen and John was already eighteen
So he took me out on the road one last time
Handed me the wheel and said, "You're on your own,
Because I'm giving you my cab once I go."

And he said drive that cab like a plane
Fly through the snow and the rain
Drive yourself insane
But don't complain
Just make plenty of room in the passing lane

I was troubled from that day on
In a way I was happy, but in a way I was sad
After all, I lost my very best friend but I got a blue-and-yellow cab
I took it out on the highway
Telephoned my mama long-d collect and said, "I'm on my way,
And you're gonna feel a whole lot better now that I'm gone."

And now I drive that cab like a plane
Fly through the snow and the rain
Drive myself insane
But don't complain
Just leave plenty of room in the passing lane

I've been moving ever since that day
I've seen a lot of this world but no place I want to stay
I'm getting mean, ugly, conceited, don't care if I ever make another friend
And if you ever see Long Tall John
You can tell him I was here, but tell him I was moving on
And you're gonna feel a whole lot better once I'm gone

Because I drive that cab like a plane
Fly through the snow and the rain
Drive myself insane
But don't complain
Just leave plenty of room in the passing lane

And if you ever see Long Tall John
You can tell him I was here, but tell him I was moving on
And you're gonna feel a whole lot better once I'm gone
You think you feel good now, just wait till I'm gone