



walk ©2009 Tim Moyer

Jimmy was a normal guy at least when he was out
Red hair, glasses and a flannel shirt, prepared without a doubt
His day was set by driving time his finely tuned machine
I'd rather not be so aware to know his shorts were clean

His yard is always nicely groomed. I think he hides it there.
In gas powered lawn machines, his eyes a primal glair
He buries it on Saturdays with every household chore
He plots his next unraveling of his tormented core

The straw I'm sure was bending when jimmy hit the brakes.
A sea of red lights between him and making no mistakes
He might have been a happy guy on that rainy day
He threw the keys, said "fuck it" and walked the other way.

On that gridlocked freeway I saw him walking by
I couldn't help but question but I wouldn't question why
At that moment time stood still He looked at me as though
He knew I was kindred as only pain would know

So there we were like brothers for not even blink
But there he was in freedom and I was on the brink
It was in his vacant stare that was so apropos
To finding his Gene Kelly meets Edgar Allan Poe
Chorus

As he hit my rearview mirror I couldn't help but smile
I'm seeing so much clearer now I put myself on trial
There's no more taking shit I pled from anyone but me
But here I am still in my car on route to my disease

Chorus