

Big John

Words & Music: Gus Eyre

Big John was a friend of mine
Though we never met,
Taught me lots of things that I know
And he ain`t through yet.

Big John was a buddy of mine
Thought we never spoke,
Always had a twinkling eye
A remark or a joke.

*Keep it simple, keep it plain
Just three chords and the truth,
Always fighting for the underdog
Not an eye or a tooth for a tooth.*

Man in black we`ll miss you a lot
Now you`re free from your pain.
But we`ll meet again someday
By the tressle, down by the train.

*Hold it steady, keep your nerve
The black dog inside wantsa to bite
The beast in my was touched by the King,
Jesus is just alright.*

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Though we never met,
Taught me lots of things that I know
And he ain`t through yet.