

# Jack Kerouac

## Brooke Fraser

He got the droop of a fatherless child  
Almost imperceptible  
One can't see it with the naked eye  
Oh, but I can That cardboard lady in the corner store  
Her sparkle is all painted on  
Six no good men took all her shine and more  
Left her youth near Sausalito Oh, it's humorless and comical at once  
Always being a stranger wearing the last town's dust  
Oh, it's humorless  
They look me over, one up and one down  
I can tell they're wondering who my people are  
I say I'm new in town  
I know it's gonna take a while Oh, it's humorless and comical at once  
Always being a stranger wearing the last town's dust  
Oh it's humorless, oh it's humorless I speculate and browse the Duraflame  
Winter in the west coast cool  
Out by the sea where no one knows my name I'm on the road like Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Like Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Like Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Like Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Jack, Jack Kerouac  
Jack, Jack Kerouac

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