

Southbound Jericho Park
Roy Orbison

Southbound Jericho Parkway

A **G** **D** **A**
There was a man whose memories were made up of nothing.

G **D** **A**
He pushed the elevator button, and go home to nothing.

G **Dmaj7** **C**
Yes his business had prospered but women get lonely sometimes,
Now she has the house

G **Dmaj7** **C**
His son in college had dropped out to expand his mind.

Em
And Sarah, his daughter had not spoken to him.

A **D G A**
Maybe he d raised her the wrong way. He wondered.

G **C** **F**
He checked his mailbox, with fingers a-tremblin no mail, from anyone.

Em
"I m home" he said softly, as he opened the door

A **D G A**
And gazed at his empty apartment, aching, thinking.

D# **Bb** **F** **D#** **Bb** **F**
Southbound Jericho parkway is what you call a one-way street.

D# **Bb** **F** **D#** **Bb** **F**
Southbound Jericho parkway is what you call a one-way street.

D# **Bb** **Bb7**
At 7.20, Monday after New Year, Mr Henry Johnson leaned against the pedal

D# **E F**
Aimed his Lincoln steady and drove himself into a wall.

G
How could a thing such as this ever happen.
All the community said it was shame.

B
He was a good man, he was a clean man yeah,
That s what he was a good and clean man

D# **C**
And his landlady said he was an exemplary tenant.

Cm **G**
They re always nice and quiet when they re all alone at his age.

C7
The young man sat, on a small woven mat.

Bb **F** **C7**
While the silken smoke it circled over head.
The cigarettes were there to prove he didn t care

Bb **F** **C7**
Bout the contents of the telegram he d just read.

Bb **F** **C7**
Father, father, father.

Bb **F** **C7**
You always seemed to be so out of reach.

Bb **F** **C7**
And the psychedelic 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

Cm **Bbmaj7**
Henry, the check is in my hands

G# **Cm**
Brought by the insurance man to cover all my plans

Bbmaj7
We ll have flowers, your broker will be there

G# **Cm**
And Sarah, if she cares, and our boy with all his hair

G# **G#m** **D#** **Bb**
And the sun rose, and the sunset as it always has,

Cm **G#**
And people yet unknown, were busy being born,

Bb **Cm**
And time when past.

by: JosÃ© Duarte
jtduartel@gmail.com