

Tomahawk Joe

lyric · January 1, 2002

Tomahawk Joe was at the end of his rope
Tangled up and twisted just like his insides
His dreams ran out like a faucet turned wide
Past the porcelain tile and down a PVC pipe

It'd been a long time coming most of us agreed
Brushes and paint dried up, then the poetry
Paper scattered like leaves across the studio floor
A verse or two and a title then nothing more

We thought he'd make a comeback with that mandolin
That he traded for a banjo way back then
There was never a doubt he could make it sing
We heard a string plucked once but never again

His paintings lie unfinished some hide behind sheets
There are a few of flowers that his Mother keeps
Some say he was just bored some say it was the drink
Some say a routine life pushed him to the brink

Tomahawk Joe I wrote you a song
Though you gave us so much—you didn't stay long
There were music and paintings and poetry
There was a world out there that you brought down here
Brought down here for us to see

Standing at the edge of a black abyss
He turned his back to the world and blew it a kiss
Tomahawk Joe, you were like a song
Though the chorus is over the melody echoes on...

There's a world out there—he'd point to the sky
It's filled with flowers and candy and marmalade pie
Inspiration's just a puddle by the side of the road
I drew a map in my head but it wouldn't unfold

j.Wilford 2002