

# Simon Keeper

Cowboy Junkies

Jesus was a carpenter  
He died nailed to a wooden cross  
Irony oh irony  
Upon me it's never lost

Gather 'round now people  
I'm here to tell a tale  
About a man who walks among you  
A man you each know well

My name is Simon Keeper  
I had a wife and three grown kids  
A job in the towers cooking the books  
For the shills that grease the skids

Irony oh irony  
You are a bitter fruit to eat  
Stripped of all your beauty  
Your flesh is none too sweet

Now I ain't the most honest man  
That ever worked a skim  
I was caught with my hand in the cookie jar  
And brother that was it

Fifty-four and a big black mark  
Upon my resume  
I found selling off what you don't own  
Might earn you the time of day

Next it was a letter  
From my darling one  
"What's yours is mine, what's mine is mine"  
Sealed with a hug and kiss

One by one my children  
Closed their lives to me  
Lessons learned on Daddy's knee  
"Give no quarter to the weak"

Irony oh irony  
You are the polar seed of truth  
You grow upon the open plain  
The faithful you uproot

Kicked around 'bout a year  
Living hand to mouth  
Then one day tryin' to bum a light  
I felt my will give out

Sat right down on a corner  
Started prayin' a little too loud  
Left my troubles far behind  
When I saw them empty their pockets out

Irony oh irony  
You are a treacherous son of a bitch

Pretending not to care about  
The heights you'll never reach

Now I won't start in preaching  
About reaping what you sow  
This is the story of a half-hearted man  
Half honest as they go

But sit on down and rest a spell  
I've got another tale to tell  
About a lost young man in a faraway land  
Whose life is just too easy to sell

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