

Jimmy sits in his room 'til darkness  
Then he steps on the street  
and she watches and waits at the window,  
pondering who he'll meet  
It's a wasteland of TV dinners  
It's a highway in heat  
and there's nothing but time on the table  
clocking the same old beat  
Jolene steps out like the life of the party  
High class heels and polka dot sleeves  
Wears her hair like a girl in a hurry  
Walking and talking and rocking  
to the beat of the street  
There's a crowd at the park on the corner  
Jimmy rushes to see  
On the ground is a lady in labor  
Jimmy forgets how to breath  
And it's coming too fast for a doctor  
and the traffic's obscene  
and the people are panicked and shouting  
"somebody do something"  
Jolene steps in like the life of the party  
Kicks her heels off, rolls up her sleeves  
Parts that crowd like a girl in a hurry  
Walking and talking and rocking  
to the beat of the street  
And she's smiling, crying  
Doctoring as neat as you please  
People are laughing, clapping  
She gets up off her knees,  
rolling down her sleeves  
Holding up the kid so everybody can see  
Jimmy offers his arm in the silence  
and the night comes alive  
and he drowns in her smile as the sirens  
finally arrive  
There are forms to be filled say the medics  
as they canvas the crowd  
It was dangerous, foolish and reckless  
This kind of thing shouldn't be allowed  
Jolene struts off like the life of the party  
High class heels and polka dot sleeves  
Arm in arm. That's the end of the story  
They're walking and talking  
and they're rocking to the beat of the street