

Jimbo

If ya drink - Don't drive
'n if ya drive - Don't drink
'n if ya fly....
don't fly too high.

Well Jimbo fixed the airplanes at the airport north o town
He spent his nights at Brownies drinkin' beer and whiskey down
Brownies sat out past the fairgrounds cross the road from Dead Man's Hill
It looked condemned as you know bars and taverns sometimes will

It was late one friday evenin' when Big Jimbo got a call
from a big time business man who had to be in Montreal
He said "My airplane's smokin' - spittin' oil out everywhere
and I'll give you a hundred dollars if you get it in the air"

Well Jimbo grabbed a six-pack as he said "I'll be right out"
'Twas just a simple twenty minute gasket job no doubt
Ah but Jimbo's mind was roamin' when he checked those engine seals
His head was filled with visions of one hundred dollar bills

Chorus:

Hey Jimbo....
What're ya doin'.....
Takin' a Sunday drive up in the sky?
Hey Jimbo....
Take it easy.....
You know you always fly a little high

When he was done he thought he'd take her up See how she flew
And then go back ta Brownies for more whiskey and a brew
He took it up and headed south Flew low above the town
He thought he'd take one sweep past Brownies Then he'd set her down

Just a puttin' thru the ozone that balmy summers night
Jimbo did not see the oil pressure droppin' out a site
Though he did smell somethin' smokin' and he felt the engine STOP
and all there was was deathly silence as Big Jim began ta drop

Repeat Chorus

So he grabbed a little tighter on that lever in his hand
and he started lookin' down there for a nice soft spot ta land
Dead ahead was Dead Man's Hill He figured that was best
It was as straight as any runway though much steeper than the rest

By now the bar was really buzzin' Booze 'n beer was flowin' free
The crowd was gettin' HAPPY Adios sobriety
The band was playin' louder now and smoke hung in the air
meanwhile Big Jim was hangin' lower now and he would soon be there

Now when the airplane hit the hill the landin' gear gave way
Just then the thought occurred to Jimbo that this wasn't Jimbo's day
His heart was beating faster and sparks were flyin' bright
as Big Jim slid on down the hill at ninety mile an hour that night

It was just then a drunken deacon Backslid servant of the Lord
Out the window saw Jim comin' and was instantly restored
But Big Jim just kept on slidin' 'cross the highway toward the bar
and then he flipped the airplane over On Brownie's brand new car

Well all this made a crashing sound and the drunks came out to see
Some could not believe their eyes The rest just could not see
Then from somewhere in the wreck Jim moaned "I've got ta make a call"
"I've got bad news for a man who says he's due in Montreal"

So they dragged him out 'n stood him up 'n got him to a phone
By now Big Jim could only wonder why he didn't just stay home
He got that fellow on the line as he guzzled down some booze
and he said "My friend I think you should sit down I've got bad news"

"You'd better tell those folks in Montreal that you just won't be there
Ya see I tried ta fix your airplane But it's broke beyond repair
It's out in front of Brownie's bar on old Route 710
The only airpane in the lot Parked on a black Mercedes Benz

Repeat Chorus

Well things worked out for mostly everybody in the end
Insurance bought a brand new plane and the boss a brand new Benz
Big Jim did not fare quite so well as you might well have knowed
He had ta pay the state a hundred bucks ta fix the road

So these days Jimbo leaves the flyin' to the crazy flyin' fools
He spends a lot less time in aeroplanes and much less time on stools
All they'll let him drink at Brownie's now is diet ginger ale
and he always keeps them laughin' with his hundred dollar tale

Repeat Chorus

"Jimbo"

Well Jimbo fixed the airplanes at the airport north of town
He spent his nights at "Brownies" drinkin' beer and whiskey down
Brownies sat out past the fairgrounds 'cross the road from "One Mile Hill"
It looked condemned as you know bars and taverns sometimes will

Well it was late one Friday evenin' when Big Jimbo got a call
from a big-time businessman who had to be in Montreal
He said "My airplane's smokin' spittin' oil out everywhere.
And it's worth a hundred to me if you get it in the air"

So Jimbo checked his wallet and he said "I'll be right out"
It was just a simple twenty minute gasket job no doubt
Ah but Jimbo's mind was roamin' when he checked those engine seals
His head was filled with visions of one hundred dollar bills

CHORUS:

Hey Jimbo What're you doin'
Takin' a Sunday drive up in the sky
Hey Jimbo Take it easy
You know you always fly a little high

Well when he was done he thought he'd take her up - see how she flew
and then stop down to Brownies for some whiskey and a brew
He took it up and headed south - Flew low above the town
He thought he'd take one sweep past Brownies - Then he'd set her down

Jimbo did not see the oil pressure droppin' out of sight
But he felt his speed a droppin' on that balmy summers night
And when he saw those panel lights go black and heard that engine groan
Jimbo's hopes were droppin' with him and he felt so all alone

So he grabbed a little tighter on that lever in his hand
And he started lookin' down there for a nice soft spot to land
Dead ahead was One Mile Hill - He figured that was best
It was as straight as any runway though much steeper than the rest

CHORUS:

Hey Jimbo What're you doin'
Takin' a Sunday drive up in the sky
Hey Jimbo Take it easy
You know you always fly a little high

Well the bar was really hummin' now - The beer was flowin' free
The crowd was getting silly now - Way past sobriety
The band was playin' louder now as smoke hung in the air
And Big Jim was hangin' lower now - And he would soon be there

Now when that airplane hit that hill the landing gear gave way
Just then the thought occurred to Jimbo that this wasn't Jimbo's day
His heart was beating faster now and sparks were flying bright
as Big Jim slid on down that hill at ninety mile an hour that night

It was just then a drunk at Brownies took a look out the front door
He saw that airplane comin' - And he passed out on the floor
as Jim just kept on slidin' 'cross the highway toward the bar
And then he flipped that airplane over on the boss's brand new car

Jimbo... continued

All this made a crashing sound - The drunks came out to see
Some could not believe their eyes and some just couldn't see
Then from somewhere in the wreck Jim moaned "I've got to make a call"
"I have bad news for a man who says he's due in Montreal"

So they dragged him out and stood him up and got him to a phone
By now Big Jim was fairly certain that he should've just stayed home
He got that fellow on the line and he guzzled down some booze
And said "My friend I think you should sit down - I've got bad news"

"You'd better tell those folks in Montreal that you just won't be there
I tried to fix your airplane but it's broke beyond repair
It's out in front of Brownies Bar on old route Seven-Ten
It's the only airplane there - Parked on a black Mercedes Benz

Things worked out well for mostly everybody in the end
Insurance bought an airplane - And the boss a brand new Benz
Big Jim did not fare quite so well as you might well have knowed
He had to pay the state a hundred bucks to fix the road

These days Jimbo leaves the flyin' to the crazy flyin' fools
He spends much less time in airoplanes and lots more time on stools
He's a hero now at Brownies - drinkin' diet Ginger Ale
And he's ready time to tell his Hundred Dollar Tale

CHORUS:

Hey Jimbo What're you doin'
Takin' a Sunday drive up in the sky
Hey Jimbo Take it easy
You know you always fly a little high

Bill Schachter
1351 Jeffers St.
Pgh. Pa. 15204
(412) 922-9798

"Jimbo"

G

Well

G C

Jimbo fixed the airplanes at the airport north of town He

G A7 D7

spent his nights at Brownies drinkin' beer and whiskey down. Brownies

G C G

sat out past the 'cross fairgrounds the "One Mile" hill It

D C D C D7 G

looked condemned as you know and taverns sometimes will

Bill Schachter

1351 Jeffers St.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

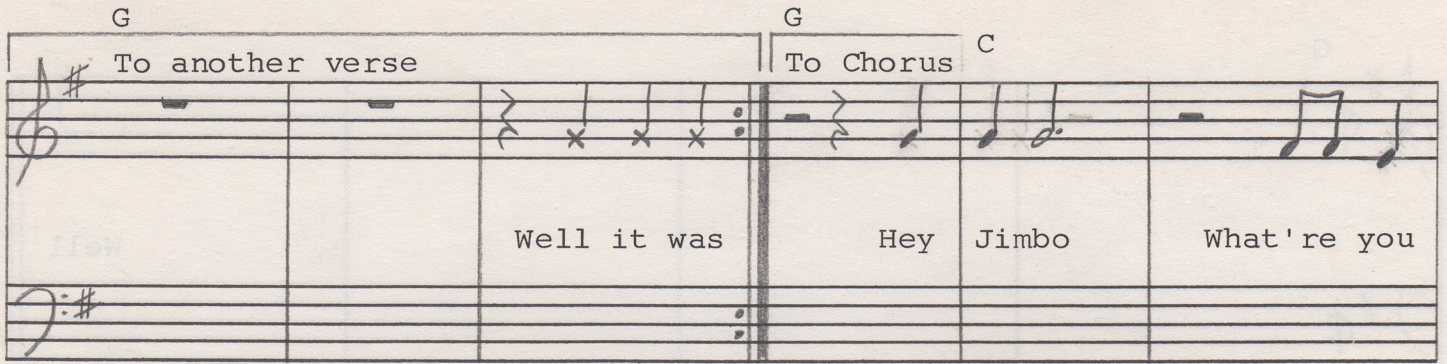
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jimbo.... continued

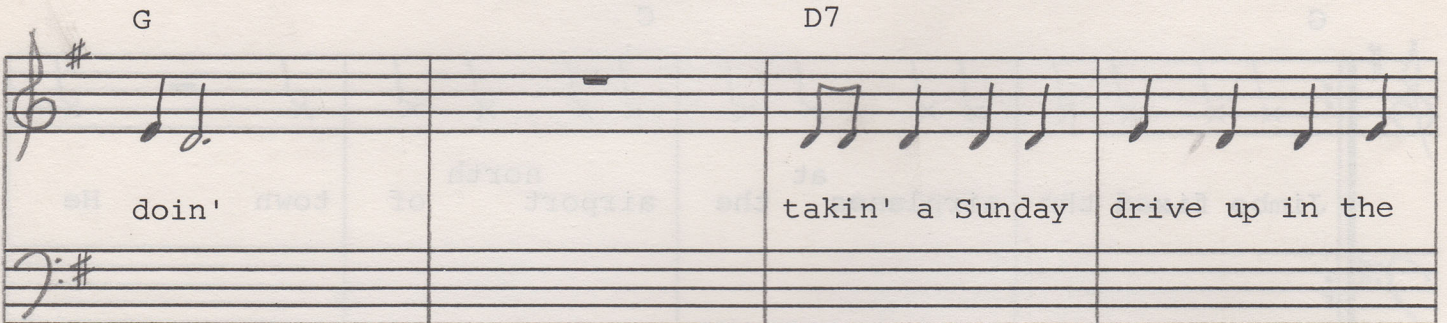
G G C

To another verse To Chorus



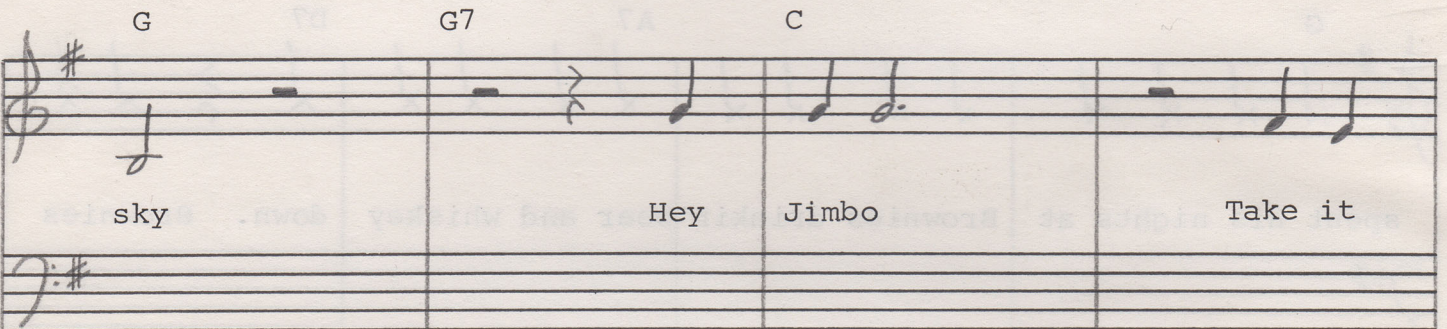
Well it was Hey Jimbo What're you

G D7



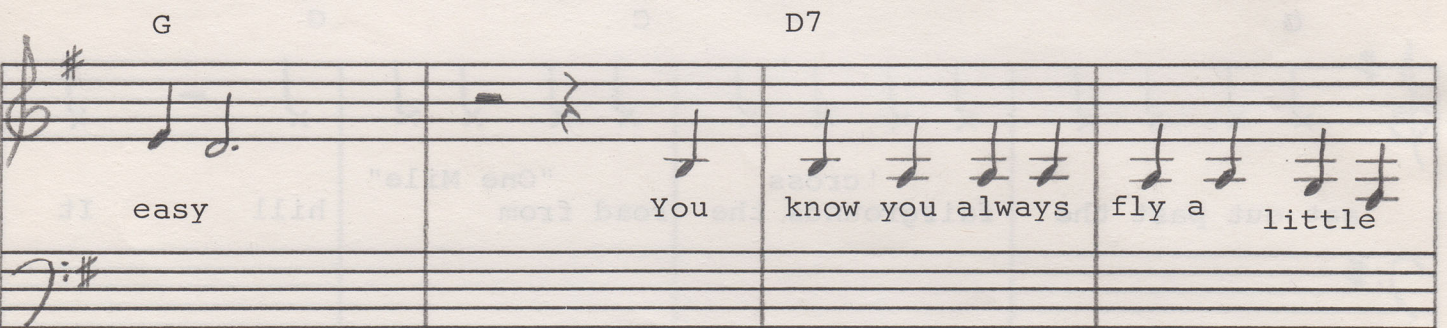
doin' takin' a Sunday drive up in the

G G7 C



sky Hey Jimbo Take it

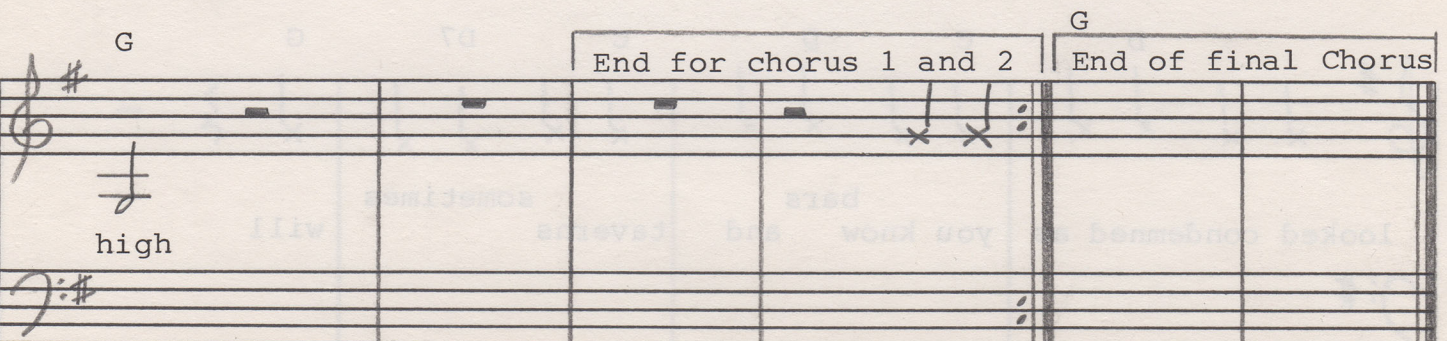
G D7



easy You know you always fly a little

G G

End for chorus 1 and 2 End of final Chorus



high

"Jimbo"
revised - 10/13/'81.....

	2/4 time....	intro = 8 measuresWell	
①	Jimbo fixed the spent his nights at sat out past the looked condemned as	airplanes at the "Brownies" drinkin' fairgrounds'cross the you know bars and	airport north of beer and whiskey road from "One Mile" taverns sometimes	town - - he down - "Brownies" Hill - - it will		Well it was
②	Late one Friday Big-time business said My airplane's worth a hundred	evenin' when Big man who had to smokin' spittin' to me if you	Jimbo got a be in Montre oil out every get it in the	call - from a al - - He where - and it's air		Well
③	Jimbo checked his just a simple Jimbo's mind was head was filled with	wallet and he twenty minute roamin' when he visions of One -	said "I'll be right gasket job no checked those engine Hundred dollar	out" - It was doubt - Ah but seals - - His bills		Hey
CHORUS	Jimbo Takin' a Sunday Jimbo know you always	what're ya drive up in the take it fly a little	CHORUS: doin' sky easy high		Hey You Well when	Well when
④	he was done he then stop down to took it up and thought he'd take one Jimbo did not	though he'd take her "Brownies" for some headed south flew one sweep past Brownies	up see how she whiskey and a low above the then he'd set her	flew brew - - He town - - He down - - Well when		Well Jimbo
⑤	did not see the felt his speed a saw those panel hopes were droppin'	oil pressure droppin' off that lights go black and with him and he	droppin' out of balmy summers heard the engine felt so all a	sight - But he night and when he groan - Jimbo's alone Sax		So He
⑥	grabbed a little started lookin' dead ahead was straight as any	tighter on that down there for a "One Mile Hill" he runway though much	lever in his nice soft spot to figured that was steeper than the	hand - and he land - - and best it was as rest		Hey
CHORUS		REPEAT	CHORUS		Well the	
⑦	Bar was really crowd was gettin' band was playin' Jim was hangin'	hummin' now the dilly now way louder now as lower now and	beer was flowin' past sobrie smoke hung in the he would soon be	free The ty - And the air - And big there Now		Now
⑧	When that airplane thought occured to heart was beating slid on down that	hit that hill the Jimbo that this faster now and hill at Ninety	landing gear gave wasn't Jimbo's sparks were flyin' mile an hour that	way just then the day - - His bright as Big Jim night		It was just
⑨	Then a drunk at saw that airplane Jim just kept on flipped the airplane	"Brownies" took a comin' and he slidin' 'cross the over on the	look out the front passed out on the highway twards the boss's brand new	door - - He floor - - As bar and then he car		Well

10	<p>all this made a some could not some where in the somewhere in the bad news for a</p>	<p>crashing sound The Believe their eyes and wreck Jim moaned wreck Jim moaned "I man who says he's</p>	<p>The drunks came out to some just couldn't I've got to I got to make a due in Montre</p>	<p>see - - yes see and THOM FROM XX call - I have al"</p>	So they
11	<p>Dragged him out and Jim was firly got that fellow My friend My friend said "My friend I</p>	<p>stood him up and certain that he on the line and XX think you should sit</p>	<p>got him to a should've stayed at guzzled down some XX down I've got bad</p>	<p>phone By now Big home - - He booze - And He said XX news"</p>	He said "You
12	<p>better tell those tried to fix your out in front of the only airplane</p>	<p>folks in Montrea airplane but it's "Brownies Bar" on parked on a <i>there parked on a</i></p>	<p>l you wnn't be broke beyond re old route Seven black Mercedes</p>	<p>there You see I pair - - It's Ten - It's the XXXX Benz</p>	Things
13	<p>worked out well for surance bought an Jim did not fare had to pay the</p>	<p>mostly everybod airplane and the quite so well as state a hundred</p>	<p>body in the boss a brand new <u>you</u> might well have bucks to fix the</p>	<p>end - - In- "Benz" - - Big knowed - - He road</p>	<i>These days So now</i>
14	<p>Jimbo leaves the much mess time in hero now at ready any</p>	<p>flyin' to the airoplanes and "Brownies" drinkin' time to tell his</p>	<p>crazy flyin' lots more time on diet ginger* "hundred dollar</p>	<p>fools - He spends stools - He's a ale - and He's tale"</p>	Hey

REPEAT CHORUS

THE END

Special thanks to "Big Jim Shaw".....

* molsons golden

Jimbo fixed the airplanes at the airport north of town
He spent his nights at "Brownies" drinkin' beer and whiskey down
Brownies sat out past the fairgrounds cross the road from "one mile hill"
It looked condemned as you know bars and taverns sometimes will

It was late one friday eve ning when big Jimbo got a call
From a big time business man who had to be in Montreal
He said "My private plane is leaking oil everywhere
It's worth a hundred to me if you get it in the air"

Well Jim he checked his wallet and he said "I'll be right out"
was just a simple 20 minute gasket job no doubt
But big Jim's mind was rovin' when he checked the engine seals
His head was filled with visions of one hundred dollar bills

When he was done he thought he'd take her up - see how she flew
and then stop down to "Brownies" for some whiskey and a brew
He took it up and headed south - flew low above the town
He thought he'd take a sweep past Brownies - then he'd set her down

Jimbo did not see the oil pressure droppin' out of site
But he felt his speed a droppin' on this balmy summer night
and when he saw the panel lights go black and heard the engine groan
Jimbo's hopes were droppin' with him and he felt so much alone

He grabbed a little tighter on that lever in his hand
and he started lockin' down there for a nice soft spot to land
Straight ahead was One Mile Hill - he figured that was best
as straight as any runway - but much steeper than the rest

The bar was really hummin' now - the beer was flowin' free
The crowd was gettin' tuned on they approached insanity
The band was playin' louder now and smoke hung in the air
Big Jim was hangin' lower now and he would soon be there

When he came down on top of the hill the landing gear gave way
the thought occurred fo Jimbo that this wasn't Jimbo's day
The bottom was gettin' clöser and the sparks were flyin' bright
as big Jim slid on down at 90 mile an hour that night

Just then a drunk at Brownies took a look out the front door
He saw the plane a comin' and he passed out on the floor
Big Jim slid on across the empty highway twards the bar
And flipped the airplane over on the owners brand new car

Well all this made a craching sound - the drunks came out to see
Some could not believe their eyes - and some just couldn't see
Then from inside the wreck Jim said "I gotta make a call"
"I have Bad news for a man who says he's due in montreal"

They dragged him out and stood him up and got him to a phone
Big jim couldn't help but feelin' like he should have stayed at home
Well he got that fellow on the line and took a couple slugs of booze
and said "My friend I think you should sit down - I've got bad news"

You better tell those folks in Montreal that you just wont be there
I tried to fix your airplane - but it's broke beyond repair
I parked it in a parking lot - across from "one mile hill"
so send a garbage truck out here to get it it you will

Now Jimbo leaves the flyin' - to the crazy flyin' fools
spendin' less time in the air - and a lot more time on stools
A hero now at Brownies - he's throwin' down the ale
Ready anytime to tell his hundred dollar tale

Hey Jimbo - what are you doin'
Takin' a Sunday drive up in the sky
hey Jimbo - take it easy
You know you always fly a little high