

Jerry Reinman

I've been singing for a very long time. I wrote me a song or two.
Thought I'd run 'em by my hero, Steve Gillette, at a class in Santa Cruz.
In a church back-room full of folding chairs, where artists come to share and play,
In a circle like group therapy or a meeting of AA.
Steve and Cindy welcomed me. They said, "Son, you're gonna fit right in."
So, I pulled up a chair across the room from a guy named Jerry Reinman.

Steve and Doug sing poetry. Richard oozes cowboy jazz.
Tim and Oak expand on folk with humor, love, pzazz.
While Abigail pines self-righteous rants, for angry closet lesbians.
But no one there would dare to share... the truth like Jerry Reinman.

You take one stubborn Missouri mule, sweet savory pumpkin pie,
An ocean deep, a sage, a clown, a big Montana sky.
Roll 'em all up into a humble tune. Sing 'em out into to the light again.
You'd still fall short of the heart and soul in the tunes of Jerry Reinman.

Let's all sing a chorus, now - just to try and keep this song alive
Or stroll across a mini-bridge to take us all back home to the five.

Now, Steve says, "Mike, your songs are great. Please don't change a thing for me,
Although, there might be a couple too many syllables in that one line... A bridge might be the key.
The chords you choose are beautiful. But you might try simplifying 'em.
To let the life and spirit flow... a little more like Jerry Reinman."

Now my Mama thinks I am a precious gift, a star so rare and true.
So, I played her the tapes Tim McMullin made of the folks in Santa Cruz.
She says "Boy, your song is heartfelt strong. Your voice is true and finer than
The prettiest bird I ever heard... But you ain't no Jerry Reinman."

Let's sing one more chorus, just to keep from getting bored.
Cross that bridge back to the five. A resting place, a seven-nine chord.

If old Bill Fields was still around, I know what he would say
To all them young whippersnappers with guitars who wanna get up on the stage and play.
"Do not follow kids or dogs!" That is what he'd be advising 'em,
(And) "For Heaven's sake, whatever it takes, don't try to follow Jerry Reinman."

Now this song has gone as long as "Like A Rolling Stone," but things need to be said.
And I can't waste much time editing, 'cause I'm old. I'll soon be dead.
Now I know it would be simply incorrect to rhyme your name with "Chinaman" ...
But I will do it just to bring a smile to the face of Jerry Reinman.

Grant me the serenity to write just one tune as clear and strong
And pure of heart as any song
By my old friend, Jerry Reinman.