

Well, Now, Then, There (or Me and James Dean) (Little Nick, Sept. 30, 1969. at home, anniversary of James Dean's death)

*Was laid up in bed, I was just thirteen,
With nothin' to do and nothin to dream.
Lonely and sick, had lost all my steam.
That's when I met the legend called Dean.*

*Turned on the tube, flipped channels around.
Saw Pancho and Cisco, and Bozo the Clown.
'Bout to give up, switch it off, read a book,
Flipped one more dial--ooh, take a look!*

*Hey! Check out that cat up there on the screen. (Refrain)
Mann, that guy is me! Or could be me, in a
dream.
Who was he? I just had to know.
Who was this cat on today's "Early Show?"*

(Refrain)

*"Well, now, then, there." Is that what he said?
A beautiful kid! Later, learned he was dead.
Died in a tragic crash, a grisly scene.
But for me now, he lives and breathes in my
dream.*

*I watched the whole flick without taking a
break.
How this cat and this chick came to forsake*

*School and all that crap they were taught
To search for themselves, what it is that they
sought.*

*There was something about the way he acted
That was honest and clean--nothing didactic.
He was me, but I wasn't he, except in a dream.
His problems were mine, but HE was James
Dean!*

*Watchin' that flick was a slap in the face.
It woke me up, shook me up, set a new pace.
Watchin' him, couldn't tell the kid from the act.
Watched all that he did and took it for fact.*

*I sat up in sick bed and took time to pause.
Down deep, I guess, we all rebel without cause.
I saw him again and came to understand
That "Man has a choice" and,
"It's that choice that makes him a man."*

(Refrain)

And that's the story of me and James Dean.