

Well, Now, Then, There (or Me and James Dean)

*Laid up in bed, I was just thirteen,
With nothin' to do and nothin' to dream.
Lonely and sick, 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.
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 now, he lives and breathes in my dream.

*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!*

(Refrain)

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 as fact.

*Sat up in sick bed, taking 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,

"The choice—is what makes him a man."

(Refrain)

And that's the story of me and James Dean