

Jody and the Kid

by Kris Kristoferson (1968)

D *D* *D* *D*
She would meet me in the mornin' on my way down to the river,
D *D* *Em* *A7*
Waiting patient by the China Berry tree;
Em7 *A7* *Em7* *A7*
With her feet already dusty from the pathway to the levee,
Em7 *A7* *D* *D*
And her little blue jeans rolled up to her knees.
D *Dma7* *D6* *Dma7*
I'd pay her no attention as she tagged along beside me,
D *D7* *G6* *G6*
Trying hard to copy ev'rything I did;
Em7 *A7* *Em7* *A7*
But I couldn't keep from smiling when I'd hear somebody saying:
Em7 *A7* *D* *Dma7* *Bm* *D*
"Look a-yonder; there goes Jody and the kid."

Even after we grew older, we could still be seen together,
As we walked along the levee holding hands;
For as surely as the seasons, she was changin' to a woman,
And I'd lived enough to call myself a man.
And she often lay beside me, in the coolness of the evening,
'Til the morning sun was shining on my bed;
And at times, when she was sleeping, I would smile when I'd remember,
How they used to call us "Jody and the kid."

Now, the world's a little older, and the years have changed the river,
'Cos there's houses where they didn't used to be;
And on Sundays I go walking down the pathway to the levee,
With another little girl who follows me.
And it makes the old folks smile to see her tag along beside me,
Doing little things the way her Mamma did.
But it gets a little lonesome, when I hear somebody saying:
"Look yonder; there goes Jody and the kid."