

GREAT VIRGINIAN

(song)

*I am a Great Virginian
It could once be plainly seen
If you ain't from Virginia
You don't know what it means
To have bronze-bearded forebears
With a hundred tales to tell
I am a Great Virginian but I've blown it all to hell*

*I am a Great Virginian
If you don't believe me look
In a yellowed social register
Or your fourth grade history book
Great-Great-Grandpa's house in Williamsburg
Plantation on the James
And all I got from all that was a hairline and a name*

*I am a Great Virginian
It says so on a card
At Virginia's University
From which I'm ever barred
I never cracked a book up there
I wrecked my Daddy's car
And all I got from that jive was some folklore and a scar*

*I went down Monument Avenue
A bottle in my hand
I leaned on someone's statue
I was far too gone to stand
The Young Policeman asked me if
I knew where I was at
I said, "Yes, Sir, I think I do." Upon the ground I spat*

*I am a Great Virginian
That is what I tried to say
To the Handsome Young Policeman
As he led me away
"I've got grey hairs in my beard
And a hundred tales to tell
I am a Great Virginian but I've blown it all to hell*

*They found him in the port-a-john
A banjo on his knee
It looked as if he'd frozen stiff
While on a drunken spree
And on the wall in a spidery hand
His dying words were writ
"I was a Great Virginian but I let it go to waste"*

*I am a Great Virginian
It is written in my genes
If you ain't from Virginia
You don't know what it means
To have bronze-bearded forebears
With a hundred tales to tell
I am a Great Virginian but I've blown it all to hell*

by J. Owen Alderman, '86
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