**E** **E7**

It was just after dark when the truck started down

**A** **Am** **E**

The hill that leads into Scranton Pennsylvania.

**[** **D** **D/C#** **Bm** **E ]**

**[**carrying thirty thousand pounds of bananas. **] 2x**

**E A Am**

He was a young driver, just out on his second job.

**E**

And he was carrying the next day's pasty fruits

**B** **E**

For everyone in that coal-scarred city, Where children play without despair

**A**  **Am E**

In backyard slag piles, and folks manage to eat each day

**[** **D** **D/C#** **Bm** **E ]**

**[**About thirty thousand pounds of bananas. **] 2x**

**TEMPO INCREASE**

**E** **E7**

He passed a sign that he should have seen,

**A** **Am** **E**

saying, "Shift to low gear or fifty dollar fine, my friend."

**B**

He was thinking perhaps about the warm-breathed woman

**E**  **A** **Am**

Who was waiting at the journey's end. He started down the two-mile drop,

**E** **B**

The curving road that wound from the top of the hill.

**E**

He was pushing on through the shortening miles that ran down to the depot. Just a few more miles to go,

**A** **Am** **E**

Then he'd go home and have her ease his long, cramped day away.

**[** **D** **D/C#** **Bm** **E ]**

**[**And the smell of thousand pounds of bananas. **] 2x**

**TEMPO INCREASE**

**E** **E7** **A** **Am** **E**

He was picking speed as the city spread its twinkling lights below him.

**E** **E7** **A**

But he paid no heed as the shivering thoughts of the night's

**Am** **E**

Delights went through him.

**B**

His foot nursed the brakes to slow him down, But the pedal floored easy without a sound.

**E**

He said, "Christ!" It was funny how he had named the only man who could

**B B**

save him now. He was trapped inside a dead-end hellslide,

**E A Am**

Riding on his fear-hunched back, With every one of those yellow-green,

**[** **D** **D/C#** **Bm** **E ]**

**[**I’m tellin you, thirty thousand pounds of bananas. **] 2x**

**DOUBLE TIME!**

**E** **E7** **A** **Am** **E**

He barely made the sweeping curve that led into the steepest grade.

**E** **E7** **A** **Am** **E**

And he missed the thankful passing bus at ninety miles an hour.

E **Bm**

And he said, "God, make it a dream!"

**G** **D** **A**  **A** **Bm**

As he rode his last ride down. And he said, "God, make it a dream!"

**G** **D** **A**

As he rode his last ride down.

**Am**

And he sideswiped nineteen neat parked cars,

**E**

Clipped off thirteen telephone poles,

**Am**

Hit two houses, bruised eight trees,

**E**

And Blue-Crossed seven people.

**Bm**

It was then he lost his head,

**E**

Not to mention an arm or two before he stopped.

**E**

And he smeared for four hundred yards

**E**

Along the hill that leads into Scranton, Pennsylvania.

**D** **D/C#** **Bm** **E**

All those thirty thousand pounds of bananas.

ORIGINAL TEMPO

(Fade in) E

You see the man who told me about it on the bus,

**A** **Am** **E**

As it went up the hill out of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

**B E**

He shrugged his shoulders, he shook his head,

And he said (and this is exactly what he said),

"Boy, that sure must've been something.

Just imagine thirty thousand pounds of bananas.

**D** **D/F#** **Bm**

Yes, there were thirty thousand pounds of mashed bananas.

**E**

Of bananas.