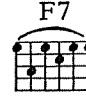
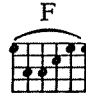
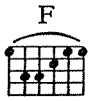


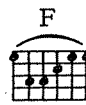
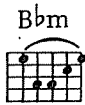
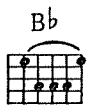
THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF BANANAS

Words and Music by
HARRY CHAPIN

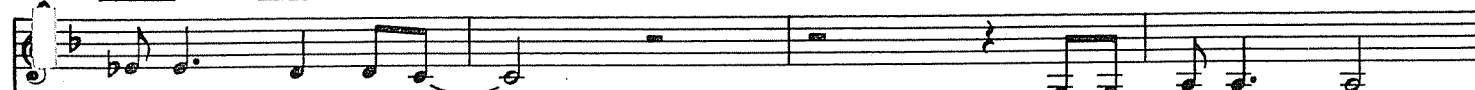
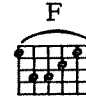
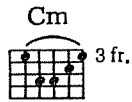
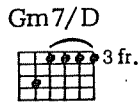
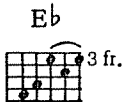
Moderately slow



It was just af - ter dark when the truck start-ed down the

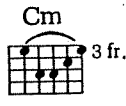
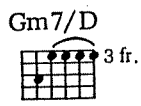
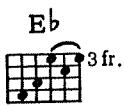


hill that leads_ in - to Scran - ton, Penn - syl - va - nia, car - ry - ing



thir - ty thou - sand pounds_ of ba - nan - as, _____





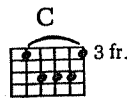
car-ry-ing thir-ty thou - sand pounds — of ba -



nan - as. He was a young



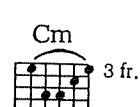
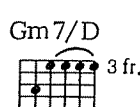
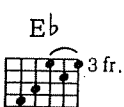
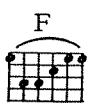
driv - er, just out on his sec - ond job, — and he was



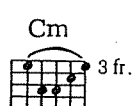
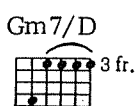
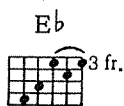
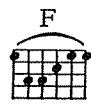
car-ry-ing the next day's past - y fruits — for ev-'ry-one in that coal-scarred cit - y where



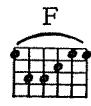
chil-dren play_ with - out des-pair_ in back-yard slag piles, and folks man-age to



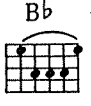
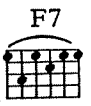
eat each day a - bout thir-ty thou-sand pounds_



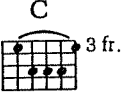
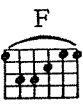
of ba - nan-as, yes, just a-bout thir-ty thou-sand pounds_



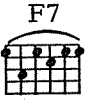
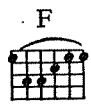
of ba - nan - as. He



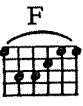
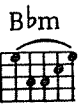
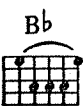
passed a sign_ that he should have seen,_ say - ing, "Shift to low_ gear or



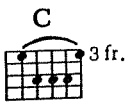
fif-ty-dol - lar fine, my friend." He was think - ing per - haps_ a - bout the



warm-breath wom - an who was wait - ing at_ the jour - ney's end._ He



start-ed down_ the two - mile drop,_ the curv - ing road_ that woun_d_ from the top of the



hill.

He was

push-ing on through the

short-'ning miles

that



ran down

to the de - pot;

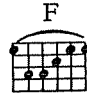
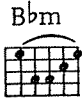
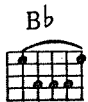
just a

few more miles

to

go,

then

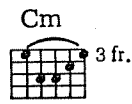
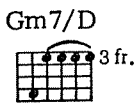
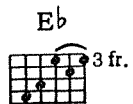


he'd go home and have her ease

his

long, cramped day a - way

and the smell of



thir-ty thou-sand pounds

of ba - nan-as,

yes, the smell of

E \flat Gm7/D Cm

F C#7

thir-ty thou-sand pounds of ba-nan-as.

F#

He was

A little faster

F# F#7 B

pick-ing up speed as the cit-y spread its twin-ling

Bm F#

lights be-low him. But he paid no heed as the

F#7



B



Bm



F#



shiv-er-ing thoughts_ of the night's de - lights went through him.

C#



4 fr.

His foot nursed the brake to slow_ him down,_ but the

F#



ped-al floored eas-y with-out_ a sound._ He said, "Christ!" It was

C#



4 fr.

fun-ny how he had named-the on - ly man who could save him now. He was

trapped in-side a dead-end hell_ slide; rid-ing on his fear-hunched back was

B

Bm

F#

ev - 'ry one of those _ yel - low - green, I'm tell-ing you,

E
0 00

G#m7/D#
0

C#m
4 fr.

F#

thir-ty thou-sand pounds of ba - nan-as, yes, there were

E
0 00

G#m7/D#
0

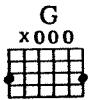
C#m
4 fr.

F#

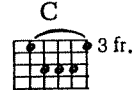
D7
0

thir-ty thou-sand pounds _ of ba - nan-as. _____

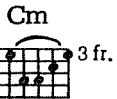
A little faster



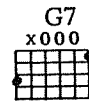
He



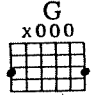
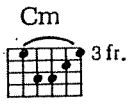
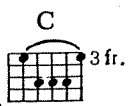
bare - ly made_ the sweep - ing curve_ that led in -



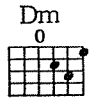
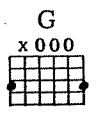
to the steep - est grade.



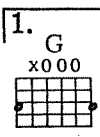
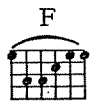
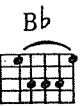
And he missed a thank - ful pass - ing bus at



nine - ty miles an hour. — And he said,

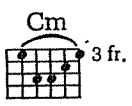
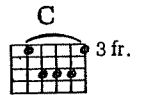


"God, _____ make it a dream," _____ as he

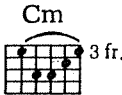
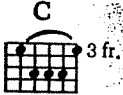


rode his last ride down. He said,

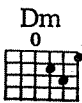
2.



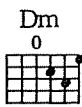
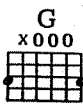
down. — And he side-swiped nine-teen neat-parked cars, — clipped off thir-teen



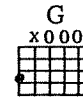
tel - e - phone poles, hit two hous - es, bruised eight trees and Blue-Crossed sev - en



peo - ple. It was then he lost his head, not to men - tion an arm or



two be - fore he stopped. And he smeared for four hun - dred



yards_ a - long the hill that leads in - to Scran - ton, Penn - syl - va - nia,

F Am7/E

all those thir-ty thou - sand pounds

Tempo 1^o

G x000

of ba - nan - as. You know, the

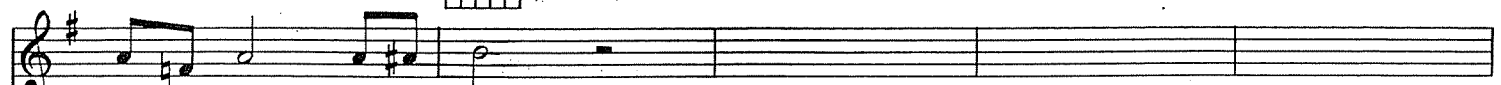
rit.

G x000 G7 x000 C 3 fr.

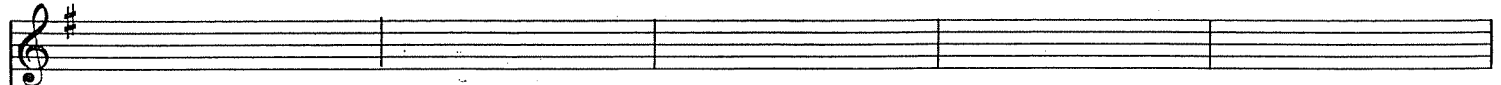
man who told me a - bout it on the bus, as it went up the hill out of

Cm 3 fr. G x000 Dm 0

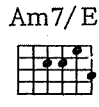
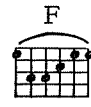
Scranton, Penn-syl-va - nia, he shrugged his shoul-ders, he



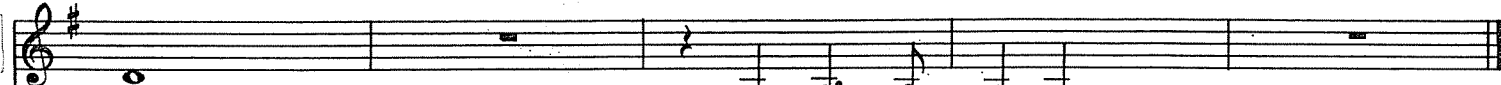
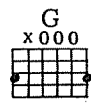
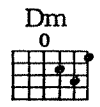
shook his head, and he said, *(spoken) and this is exactly what he said,* "Boy,



it sure must have been something. Just imagine thirty thousand



pounds of bananas. (sung) Yes, there were thir-ty thou - sand



pounds of mashed ba - nan - as."

