

Rags and Bones

The Band

Catch a taxi to the fountainhead
Blinking neon penny arcade
A young Caruso on the fire escape
Painted face ladies on parade
A newsboy on the corner
Singing out headlines
And a fiddler selling pencils
The sign reads, 'Help the blind'

Comin' up the lane callin'
Workin' while the rain's fallin'
Ragman, your song of the street
Keeps haunting my memory
Music in the air
I hear it ev'rywhere
Rags, bones with old city songs
Hear them, how they talk to me

Trolley car rings out the morning
The whistle blows at noon
A cat fight breaks open the night
While watch dogs bay at the moon
A preacher on an orange crate
With a salvation army band
And clicking along the cobbled stones
Well that's the sound of the ice cream man

Comin' up the lane callin'
Workin' while the rain's fallin'
Ragman, your song of the street
It keeps haunting my memory
Music in the air
I hear it ev'rywhere
Rags, bones and old city songs
Hear them, how they talk to me

The organ grinder and his monkey
Still walkin' the same old beat
The shoe-shine boy slappin' leather
He puts the rhythm in your feet
Strollin' by the churchyard
List'nin' to the Sunday choir
With voices rising to the heavens
Like sirens screaming to a fire

Comin' up the lane callin'
Workin' while the rain's fallin'
Ragman, your song of the street
It keeps haunting my memory
Music in the air
I hear it ev'rywhere
Rags, bones and old city songs
Play them one more time for me