

Faces

Blondie

Faces
Cracked for reason beyond recognition
Uh-huh
His space is
At the Palace, he sleeps for twenty five cents
Uh-huh
Now he's wiping headlights
Windshields with an old rag
It ain't nine to five
Down and dirty, he's an old tramp
He poses like a dead man
The night train passes by

Money's
Not the answer for princes and dancers
Uh-huh

He's standing under street lights
He's thinking of his old life
He lost his pretty young wife
The corner is his big plan
His brunch with Jim and jitters
Boston blue laws ain't for shitters
And newsprint is for cheaters
Cement mattress for believers

A dirty old bum
He's a dirty old bum
He can't say "Yes"
He can't forget it A dirty old bum

Now he's shooting power curves
His buddies think he's got some nerve
Mrs Face had other lovers
Her arms smothered other numbers

He freezes
Christmas season, all saints protect him
Uh-huh
His face is
Cracked for reason beyond recognition
Ah