

I take my orders from the street lights, wind at my shoulder
The afternoon is grey and the air is getting colder I'm old fashioned and on foot, passionate and fascinated
Wide eyed awake and ready for anything
Navigating side walks, dry docks and back alleys
Always in and out of elevators and hallways I'm out for a walk and following the human currents
I'm in no hurry, I need no reassurance
Curfews and perfumes, excuses and costumes
Customs, corrections, fuss or directions
Even the leaves have taken on lives
Deprived of their privacy, purpose and property
Probably runaways, they play catch
With stray cats that stay at the girl's school
The city's a whirlpool
There's too much going on, there's too much garbage
Too much to choose from, too much carnage
There's not enough quiet to think straight, it's not a stunt
Maybe I will make my way back to the waterfront
This is where the people are slightly unsavoury
With no time, possessions, labor or slavery
Neighbors without names neglected and hip-checked
Stripped down to nothing, fallen and ship wrecked
Completely uncalled for, way out of line
Stranded, branded, weathered and abandoned
These are counter clock wise
The despised with swollen noses and tears in their eyes
And tears in their clothes and time on their hands, they sleep walk
Full of that cheap wine and cheap talk
Everything gets washed away at the pier
The best you can do is play it by ear
Wishes sink to the bottom and doubts float
I'm afraid of the water and I live in this houseboat