

There's people living in the neighboring barges Guilty of assorted compliments and charges Like the one eyed cyclist who never wears socks He covers his mouth with his hand when he talks His name is Rene, they say he is a communist There is something about his demeanor that's ominous Gord with his card tricks escaped from the row His mouth is always in the shape of an O His brother is locked up and he awaits his release He talks about politics and hates the police Linda doesn't have long to live probably She's wiccan and used to read palms for a hobby She came to visit one night and just sat there And laughed the whole time, her clothes covered in cat hair Aubrey wears two watches at once and a bow tie He is missing a thumb and nobody knows why He's not the best ventriloquist in the world, but he wants to be He's an excellent dancer and smokes reefer constantly Big, fat Nigel works as a florist He's openly gay and looks like a tourist He's very polite with a good sense of humor He's heir to a fortune or at least that's the rumor Washed up and wounded, we are the recycled Earthy, thirsty, sleazy and seaworthy At the foot of the trees the tramps drink and they day dream They use the fountain to stay clean, they're not as bad as they may seem Each day they reenact the ritual of abandon They sit there and serenade people at random As the thought of a job and a bedroom refrigerates They drift on alcoholic wings in figure-eights Wine and water, regarded as stupid weirdos More wine and water, they feel like superheroes One once was a boxer whose ego remains bandaged He once took a beating that left him with brain damage One plays a horn and was born with a wooden leg He plays on some days cause he feels that he shouldn't beg One worked in the factory before it closed down He's fine if there's plenty of wine to go around Sunken and drunken, frustrated and lonely These people don't die, they evaporate slowly No matter how desperate, no matter how lawless They rely on the river for some kind of solace It sings to them softly and lulls them to sleep heavily It's soothing and every bit heavenly Each morning before they get into the booze, as they say They usually give me the news of the day And if it were up to them to shout the decision An aurora borealis and all men out of prison