

Sidewalk Bop After Suicide

Cass McCombs

I walked these sidewalks
Through so many years
I got chunks of sidewalk
Coming out of my ears

Same old sidewalk
Same old crowd
Same old distorted feeling
Same old thunder cloud

One in a million
A million in one
All stomping the sidewalk
Polka-dotted with gum

Magical feeling
Cool breeze through my hair
I walked to the park
There aint nobody there

Magical baby
Magical song
Magical sunset
All summer long

Streets been my silence
Streets been my bed
I've bled, puked and cried here
And dreamt I was dead

Seen a ton of bad omens
Walked through you fighting with your lover
Stepped over a few purple bodies
And dreamt I was another

The street lamps came on
Fireflies all around
Dreaming of my baby
Somewhere in this town

Stood out front a bar
Watched the people inside
Stepped on my cigarette
And into the night