

Same Old Man

Karen Dalton

It's the same old lady, hangin' out the wash
Standin' in the rain, in her mackintosh
Same old lady standin' in the rain
And I thought New York was goin' insane

Hey little leaf, layin' on the ground
Now you're turnin' slightly brown
Why don't you get up on the tree
Turn the color green the way you oughta be

My mind is fadin', my body grows weak
Lips won't form the words I speak
I'm floatin' away on a barrel of pain
New York City won't see me again

Same old man, sittin' at the mill
Mill-wheel turnin' of its own free will
I'm certainly glad to be at home
New York City continues all alone