

# Waterfront Weirdos

Magellan

We are the misfits with a broken horizon  
Like Keats or Hemingway, survive with poets defiance  
Christmas at the Martinique grieving for a home  
Three generations tough it out on the big street all alone...

Rank of the privileged on the evening commute  
Don't want to be bothered, don't want to be used booming in suburbia, shuttle's on the way  
A beggar asks for money. It's a dollar you don't want to pay

To the Waterfront Weirdos  
For the Waterfront Weirdos  
Who are the Waterfront Weirdos?

Many live on the edge, keep them out of sight out of mind  
In our midst a disgrace-answers are elusive yet we find

It's so damn hard to conceive `till it looks you straight in the eye  
Just take a walk on West 32nd Street or pick up a New York Times and believe it...  
Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard to be homeless and one of the outcast - Waterfront Weirdos.

Who are the Waterfront Weirdos?

Many live on the edge, keep them out of sight out of mind  
In our midst a disgrace-answers are elusive then we find  
Powerless is a child in the wake of hunger at night  
Giving up-giving in  
Can't we hear their screaming from within...?

My life spent standing here in the back of a line  
I'm living for the moment-yes, I'm living by the hour in a game of survival  
In a mood of resignation I'm not the man I am - meal ticket, waiting for a handout  
Things will change and somehow I'll get out  
I keep telling myself it won't last forever  
Adversity closing in, my sanity lapses, I'll rise again  
Resisting the end  
Only 22 as my apprehension sequesters into an IMPENDING ASCENSION  
I could not fake this for long  
How long am I supposed to take it lying down?  
I will not take this lying down!

Many live on the edge  
Keep them out of sight out of mind  
In the end it is us  
Picking up the pieces that we find  
On the path of least resistance evidence is loud and clear  
When will we wake up?  
Failures are mounting as the underclass grows  
Every year and believe that -  
Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard to be homeless  
And one of the Waterfront Weirdos

It's so damn hard to believe `till it looks you straight in the eye  
Shake the hands of losers lost on Broadway who remember a nostalgic time and

believe that -  
Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard to be homeless  
And one of the outcast - Waterfront Weirdos.