Ridin' Out The Storm

Rodney Crowell

The New York City winter comes in cold gray sheets of steel The numbness in his hands and feet is all that he can feel Alcohol and sterno turns a doorway to a bed And the ghost of who he might have been lives on inside his hea d

In a canyon made of brownstone on a sidewalk icy black He wanders nearly barefoot with his righteousness in tact A man of many mansions in a cardboard box replete And he lies sleeping with an angel while his heart pretends to beat

Oh, the wind blows down on Lonely Street like an ice pick throu gh the air 'Midst the Sunday times and coffee grinds, and Wino's in Times Square Five flights up on easy street, you know she's safe and warm And way down low 'neath a foot of snow he's riding out the stor m

I offered him my winter coat, politely he refused Like an educated man he spoke with words I seldom use He said, "I don't need pity for these, choices are my own" He bowed his head just slightly and then quietly moved along

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Well, it's not like he's a victim of the homeless life he stalk s Nor helpless to get back across the fine line that he walks Riding out the storm means yesterday's already spent Tomorrow don't mean nothing it won't even make a dent

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