

Grand Central Station, March 18, 1977

Steve Forbert

Grand Central Station
Wheels and it deals
The crowds rush and scramble
Round past the newsstands
And out across the floors

And I did some singing
And I played guitar
Down near a doorway
Howling out words
And banging out chords

Well, think what you will
Laugh if you like
It don't make no difference to me
I'll open my case
And I might catch a coin
But all ears may listen for free

Big clocks were tickin'
Trains came and went
Sad, ragged figures
Limped in the hallways
And dug through the trash

While old folks and young folks
Passed in a flood
On dashing somewhere
Wrapped in their lives
And gone in a flash

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Laugh if you like
It don't make no difference to me
I'll open my case
And I might catch a coin
But all ears may listen for free

Well, a man came a talkin'
He stopped where I stood
He warned me so gravely
"The cops here'll nab ya, boy
And they'll take ya right on down, yes"

But I took my chances
And luck saw me through
I stayed until I'd finished
Played what I pleased
And poured out my sound

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