

A Guided Tour Of Chicago

The Lawrence Arms

He shuffled up a pair of surfer slippers
And an old tweed blazer
Asked you for a quarter and you looked the other way

He leaned up against the tow zone sign
And just in time for you to avert your eyes
Said "Good morning sir, have a nice day."

She wears four wool winter hats all year round
And mumbles and sometimes screams
He wears a coat made of burlap sacks and sits in parking lots
Never asking anyone for anything

He's the old black guy with the shopping cart
She's the old lady with the bright blue sweat pants
They're the two young white squatter kids
With dirty undershirts and rotten teeth

He's the guy who hangs out underneath the overpass
Shouting curse words at passing motorists
Or the guy who passed in my alley
Who drank until his life made any sense

He's the hustler on the train
Or his four accomplices
Living on three tattered playing cards
And slight of hand

He's Darren in front of 7-11 on Walton and State
She's Babs up and down on Belmont right by the train
He's Buddy and his wife in uptown by the Aragon
He's Andy selling streetwise at the white hen in boys town

He was Ed from the south side
Who gave me cigarettes and hope
At the Walgreens on Belden and Clark
Where inspiration dies alone

Yeah, these are the people in your neighborhood
In your neighborhood, in your neighborhood
These are the people in your neighborhood
They're the people you don't see
When you're walking down the street
They're the people you don't see each day