

# Closing Down The Park

Blues Traveler

Ya know,  
There's this park, you see, in new york  
That's what this song is about  
Where we used to grow up  
And, um, hang around  
And then we started moving on  
And started going on the road  
We weren't home that much  
But, back then they had this really great idea  
When we hit town  
These parks were prime real estate, you see  
And if we could keep them nice-looking  
We could charge more rent for the places around town  
Now, I know you guys have that here around boston  
But, you know, in new york  
They had this great idea that there had to be a crack-down  
So we could sweep the park clean of the undesirable elements  
And we figured, what could we do?  
Besides vote  
Perhaps we could tell a song  
To you  
Through the musical medium  
And then you'll know  
So here we go  
I really hope so  
Well, here it is...

Rich man smells smoke, he smells something burning green  
Doesn't like the odor, better put some badges on the scene  
Put a blue suit on everybody you see hangin' round  
And if that don't work, we're gonna close that park down...  
But anyway  
Yesterday a man was busted trying to walk his dog  
Cop didn't like his attitude, say that he was against the law  
Shoot everybody with a mutt this side of the town  
And if that don't work, we're gonna close that park down...  
Preach on, my wounded chandler

You know when you're walkin through that park one night  
Whether your skin is black or white  
And you feel that particular pressure on the back of your head  
And the hairs on the back of your neck start to stand up  
And you hear a (police call)  
Trust those hairs  
Because if you're big or burly  
Or even short and surly  
Or if your cat's named shirley  
You could be walkin through that park  
And meet with the most undesirable disaster  
Compliments of your taxes  
I'm not saying it's gonna happen  
I'm not saying that it will definitely happen  
But it could happen  
Because it has happened  
I mean, it could be you  
Or you, or you, or you, or you  
Those guys back there

Yeah, that guy, yeah definitely  
Those three, easily  
Yup, you  
Yup, that guy  
That guy  
Him  
Those guys up there  
Stinky or scarface  
Anybody  
Well, enough of my yacking

What about your truth and your mother's apple pie  
I guess it's all another part of your grand designing lie  
Should I tell you something pretty so you don't end my way of life  
Or should I come up from behind with some stolen, bloody, rusty knife  
Well maybe I should sit by and watch you kill my friends  
And maybe I can learn to love you and hope you never end  
Perhaps I can learn to hate you but I think I already do  
All I know for sure right now, it's gotta be me or you  
While your uncle rolls his joints with his fifty dollar bill  
I'm off in some other park, and I'm laughing at you still  
Laughing my saggy ass off at you baby  
C'mon tell me all of your stories  
Tell me about your politics  
Tell me anything  
Tell me how you blame your kids  
Tell me