

Committed to Parkview

Highwaymen

There's a man across the hall, who sits starin' at the floor
He thinks he's Hank Williams, hear him singin' through the door
There's a girl in two-oh-three, who stops by to visit me
And she talks about her songs, and the star that she should be

There are lots of special people, stayin' in or passin' through
And for one thing or another, committed to Parkview

There's the girl in three-oh-seven, comin' down on Thorazine
And a superstar's ex-drummer, tryin' to kick Benzedrine
There's a boy just down below me, who's the son of some well-known
He was brought in by his mother, 'cause his daddy's always gone

There's a bum from down on Broadway, and a few quite well-to-do
Who have withdrawn from the rat-race, and committed to Parkview

There's a girl who cries above me, loud enough to wake the dead
They don't know what she has taken, that has scrambled up her head

There's a writer and a singer, who has tried and tried and tried

They just brought him in this mornin', an attempted suicide
There are those who never made it, those who did and now are thorough

Some came of their own good choosing, some committed to Parkview

They wake us about six-thirty, just before the morning meal
While they're taking blood pressure, they ask us how we feel
And I always say "Fantastic, there ain't nothing wrong with me"
And then they give me my injection, and I go right back to sleep

And the days are kind of foggy, and the nights are dreamy too
But they're takin' good care of me, committed to Parkview