

Gratitude Walks

American Music Club

Why don't you be good for something
And draw down the shade
On a sign that sat up all night shivering
On a sign that sat up all night afraid

Well now chains on the oasis that
Leads a man to drink
Drunk on the kind of applause
That gets louder the lower you sink

Gratitude walks on Sixth Street
Pull it from the air
And they throw it in the blue
And you're spinning under their wheels
Trapped in your room

You're jumpy, you don't want to see
You don't want to see them have their fun
Slap her face if she should laugh
Push him down if he should try and run

Gratitude walks on Sixth Street
Take a number for your big woman
They sold the rules of dream land
In cotton, wool, and cement
Well it's never what you want
It's just the kind of thing that always happens here
Yeah you watch the good old days pass you by
Leaving your cupboards bare

Gratitude walks on Sixth Street