

Faces

Blondie

Faces

Cracked for reason beyond recognition

Uh-huh

His space is

At the Palace, he sleeps for twenty five cents

Uh-huh

Now he's wiping headlights

Windshields with an old rag

It ain't nine to five

Down and dirty, he's an old tramp

He poses like a dead man

The night train passes by

Money's

Not the answer for princes and dancers

Uh-huh

He's standing under street lights

He's thinking of his old life

He lost his pretty young wife

The corner is his big plan

His brunch with Jim and jitters

Boston blue laws ain't for shitters

And newsprint is for cheaters

Cement mattress for believers

A dirty old bum

He's a dirty old bum

He can't say "Yes"

He can't forget it A dirty old bum

Now he's shooting power curves

His buddies think he's got some nerve

Mrs Face had other lovers

Her arms smothered other numbers

He freezes

Christmas season, all saints protect him

Uh-huh

His face is

Cracked for reason beyond recognition

Ah