

Airmail

Brazzaville

Fallen down
He's too weary
Can't get up
His eyes are blurry
Chinatown
He just fades away
He's drunk up 1/2 his weight in sherry
Swallowed the apothecary
Whispering a farewell lullaby

I've seen enough in my old life
Just send an airmail to my wife
Tell her her hobo's gone and died
And that my world is looking wide

He came to town
37 years ago
His hair was long
His eyes were blue
He lived down by the sea
Head full of poetry
Rock & roll and galleries
Nickel bags and happenings
The fall of '63

I've seen enough in my old life... etc.

The years rolled by
3rd & Broadway caught his eye
Black tar, speed and china white
Took it all away
Left him in ragged clothes
Cardboard boxes for a home
An old man when he should be young
Trashing through the day

I've seen enough in my old life...