

## 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...