

After All

Darrell Scott

We walked all night in the pouring rain
Made the coast by morning
Found an old abandoned carnival by the sea
There were no seats on the ferris wheel
And only one horse on the carousel
So I jumped on his back to get a ride for free

Free like the wind rising up the Eastern shore
Blowing back my un-tucked shirt tail
Filling up my empty pockets
And a song was coming to me
But by night I couldn't hear it anymore

Anymore
I've stopped dreaming of love
Anymore
I can't believe the things I'm thinking of
Anymore, anymore

Mirrah, she's a friend of mine
She gives her love to artists
It's her way of brushing her humanity
She stays long enough to feel the pain
And to fill up on their vision
When she's drunk she says she's still in love with me

Me, I spend my days singing new songs on the subway
For the ones who stop to listen
Who will pay me mind or money
And I go right on singing as the train rolls in
To take them far away

Far away
they miss the best part of the show
Far away
for a place they don't really wanna go
Far away, far away

Well I went to see this friend of mine
He lives down in New York City
Says that's the only place a poet needs to be
Says there's life outside the window pane
And benches by the river
And a song in every stranger's eyes you see

See me on the street with my pocket pad of paper
Making sense of all the madness
With my crisp iambic meter
And nobody dares to tell me
New York City doesn't need me after all

After all
I am just a mortal man
After all
I'm just trying to do the very best I can
After all, after all, after all
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