

Down Here Below

Steve Earle

Pale male the famous redbill hawk performs wingstands
high above midtown Manhattan
Circles around for one last pass over the park
Got his eye on a fat squirrel down there and a couple
of pigeons
They got no place to run they got no place to hide

But pale male he's cool, see 'cause his breakfast ain't
goin' nowhere
So he does a loop t loop for the tourists and the six
o'clock news
Got him a penthouse view from the tip-top of the food
chain, boys
He looks up and down on Fifth Ave and says "God I love
this town"

But life goes on down here below
And all us mortals struggle so
We laugh and cry
And live and die
That's how it goes
For all we know
Down here below

I saw Joe Mitchell's ghost on a downtown 'A' train
He just rides on forever now that the Fulton fish
market's shut down
He said 'they ain't never gonna get that smell out of
the water
I don't give a damn how much of that new money they
burn'

Now hell's kitchen's Clinton and the Bowery's Nolita
And the East Village's creepin' 'cross the Williamsburg
Bridge
And hey, whatever happened to alphabet city?
Ain't no place left in this town that a poor boy can go

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Pale male swimmin' in the air
Looks like he's in heaven up there
People sufferin' everywhere
But he don't care

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And all us mortals struggle so
We laugh and cry