

## Down Here Below

Steve Earle

Pale male the famous redtail 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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We laugh and cry