

Talkin' Midtown Women

Jackie Greene

Well monday morning had me down
by tuesday evening i'd come around
Friday found me singing on the stage
well i don't mind working late
it keeps the beans on my plate
if it weren't for singing, I might be in the cage

now i got me a basement with a view
and i can sleep till 1/2 past two
some folks call me lazy some call me brave
but it don't matter anyway
we do our own things day to day
i just ain't no one else's slave

and all the while the world turns
with petty talk and lame concerns
and arguments over what you should believe
and all the while the world burns
it's clear as day, but nobody learns
cause no one wants a cure for this disease

now i see women everywhere
on the street and on the stair
sometimes it's so hard to keep my cool
platinum blondes who've gone brunette
and some who ain't decided yet
Lord sometimes they make me feel just like a fool!

i know girls with strange tattoos
and i know girls who like their booze
and i know girls who don't do nothing but cry
i know girls with plastic faces
their picture's on their pillowcases
i know girls who live to love and lie

and everytime i turn around
another grave is in the ground
they're selling all kinds of crap on my TV
and everytime I turn around
someone says they think they've found
the answer to some old forgotten mystery

now outside the apartment gates
there's vanity on license plates
and a dozen differnt kinds of coffee shops
i go walking down that avenue
same as them, same as you
difference is my feet don't ever stop!

now i know married girls who cheat
they say their lives are incomplete
and i know girls who say they've been betrayed
i know some girls who speak of fate
and they don't ever hesitate
they say: "life is made of moments, being made"

but come midnight it's all the same

it melts into a picture frame
and suddenly everything's so clear
the night is cool, the moon is tame
and there's nothing but some crazy dame
it's always these damn women that keep me here

wintertimes, my favorite time
i get to see old friends of mine
everybody's running from the cold
but i know someday it'll all be gone
when youth decides to pass me on
and time decides to turn my body old

but i'll always love that cheap perfume
messin' with my afternoons
and all those pretty women passing by
we all sing the same old tune
like the locals in the loud saloon
just doing what were doing till we die