

42nd St. Psycho Blues

Janis Ian

42nd Street psycho blues
and I'm paying off the man
He can make me, he can break me,
and I know that he can
If I didn't have need to be sketching my song
I would leave this dirty business
and return to the norm
Blind man on the corner
won't you show me my way?
If you see my friend the star
ask him how the Syndicate is
and has he finished with paying them
for the promotion job they did
If you should see my manager
tell him I was trying to be good
Mouth just happened to open,
fingers couldn't help but move
Blind man on the corner
won't you show me my way?
42nd Street psycho blues
No I don't go to parties anymore
When they ask for entertainment
I don't feel like a guest
I feel like a whore
Don't smoke or curse in public, kid
Your image won't sell
Trapped within the confines
of my own private hell
Blind man on the corner
won't you show me my way?
Isn't it right, I'm praying tonight
and you won't hear my words
I'll try and explain
It all seems so insane
You see it's only 'bout my world
I'm living three different lives
and for each I'm paying
In a world of cheating, child-beating, soul scraping
Blind man on the corner
won't you show me the way?