

## 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?