

# Furry Sings the Blues

Joni Mitchell

Old Beale Street is coming down  
Sweeties' Snack Bar, boarded up now  
And Egles The Tailor and the Shine Boy's gone  
Faded out with ragtime blues  
Handy's cast in bronze  
And he's standing in a little park  
With a trumpet in his hand  
Like he's listening back to the good old bands  
And the click of high heeled shoes  
Old Furry sings the blues  
Propped up in his bed  
With his dentures and his leg removed  
And Ginny's there  
For her kindness and Furry's beer  
She's the old man's angel overseer

Pawn shops glitter like gold tooth caps  
In the grey decay  
They chew the last few dollars off  
Old Beale Street's carcass  
Carrion and mercy  
Blue and silver sparkling drums  
Cheap guitars, eye shades and guns  
Aimed at the hot blood of being no one  
Down and out in Memphis Tennessee  
Old Furry sings the blues  
You bring him smoke and drink and he'll play for you  
It's mostly muttering now and sideshow spiel  
But there was one song he played  
I could really feel

There's a double bill murder at the New Daisy  
The old girl's silent across the street  
She's silent - waiting for the wrecker's beat  
Silent - staring at her stolen name  
Diamond boys and satin dolls  
Bourbon laughter- ghosts - history falls  
To parking lots and shopping malls  
As they tear down old Beale Street  
Old Furry sings the blues  
He points a bony finger at you and  
"I don't like you"  
Everybody laughs as if it's the old man's standard joke  
But it's true  
We're only welcome for our drink and smoke

W.C. Handy I'm rich and I'm gay  
And I'm not familiar with what you played  
But I get such strong impressions of your hey day  
Looking up and down old Beale Street  
Ghosts of the darktown society  
Come right out of the bricks at me  
Like it's a Saturday night  
They're in their finery  
Dancing it up and making deals  
Furry sings the blues  
Why should I expect that old guy to give it to me true

Fallen to hard luck  
And time and other thieves  
While our limo is shining on his shanty street  
Old Furry sings the blues