

# Walking Down Madison

Kirsty MacColl

Walking down madison - I swear I never had a gun  
No I never shot no-one - I was only having fun  
Walking down madison - swear I never had a gun  
I was philosophizing some  
Checking out the bums

See you give 'em your nickels, your pennies and dimes  
But you can't give 'em hope in these mercenary times, oh no  
And you feel real guilty about the coat on your back  
And the sandwich you had, oh no

From an uptown apartment to a knife on the a train  
It's not that far  
From the sharks in the penthouse to the rats in the basement  
It's not that far  
To the bag lady frozen asleep in the park  
Oh no it's not that far  
Would you like to see some more?  
I can show you if you'd like to

Walking down madison - I swear I never had a gun  
No I never shot no-one - wouldn't do it just for fun  
Walking down madison - trying to keep my head screwed on  
I was philosophizing some  
Checking out the nuns

When you get to the corner don't look at those freaks  
Keep your head down low and stay quick on your feet, oh yeah  
The beaming boy from harlem with the airforce coat  
The ones who died  
The ones who tried  
The ones that sit and gloat

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Within every city and town there's a madison  
Frozen lives for whom nothing's happening  
Hungry children is a mother's dilemma  
Dumpster diving to feed her baby emma  
So you walk on by like it doesn't affect you  
The held out hand that you pay no respect to  
Nickels and dimes won't even buy your guilt  
Another wino burnt to death in his quilt  
It's a cardboard city, newspaper metropolis  
The system can't cope or keep on top of this  
The authorities come as you're not for display  
Do they solve the problem no they move him away  
They're in a vicious circle of no fixed abode  
The social won't pay 'em the money they're owed  
When you've got no money you can't pay rent

Hypothermia kills 'cause the system is bent

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In the subway sits a vacuous man  
His grip on life is a bent tin can  
It's a holy shrine where he burns his light  
It makes things easy and removes his plight  
For an hour or two but he can't escape  
They're all penned in with government tape  
There are good samaritans who bring the soup  
The sally army with their bibles and boots  
You can see yourself as it's not too far  
One short trip you don't who they are  
Till the night comes then it all comes back  
Like the smell of patchouli and the armies of rats  
It's a shame to be human it's a human shame  
It seems we've forgotten we're one and the same