

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

From an uptown apartment to a knife on the a train
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From the sharks in the penthouse to the rats in the basement
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To the bag lady frozen asleep on the church steps
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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