

Cardboard Avenue

Ry Cooder

Well, thank you for the drink my friend, that's alright with me
Let's drink to the workingman, wherever he might be
Remember what he stood up for and the struggles he went through
Then, let's take a little stroll down Cardboard Avenue

Down on the street where I live, when evening comes around
No TV or radio, never hear a lonesome sound
Except some poor Joe crying, Lord, can I make it up to you?
But he never gets an answer down on Cardboard Avenue

Here's my little Heartbreak Hotel, now don't you be let down
When the ghost of Hobo Bill comes a-shuffling round
He might pause by your side, saying, Buddy can you spare a dime
or two?
Then he'll just drift off into the night on Cardboard Avenue

I hear the whistle blowing now, must be the Red Ball train
We'll see you in the North Country, when the springtime comes a
gain
Just ask the workingman, wherever you might be
The whereabouts of Reverend Tom, Lefty Mouse and Buddy
And if he asks you, were you in the fight, did you join the str
ike of 1932?
Just tell him that you knew us down on Cardboard Avenue