

Mr. Walker

Samiam

The old man is out by nine
His wife died a year ago
Always wearing his Sunday clothes
Never seen him talk to anyone

Liquor stores and churches
There's one on every corner
Thanks for all my daily bread
A can of food, bottle of wine
And a 99 cent pack of cigarettes

He's a solid piece of stone
He ain't got much backbone
He's a solid piece of stone
And he's got to get back to the ghetto

A dusty old bone
For the dogs to swallow whole
He likes to go his way alone
Watch them pick apart this old lone soul

He's a solid piece of stone
He ain't got much backbone
He's a solid piece of stone
And he's got to get back to the ghetto

So it goes, he's alone
They pick apart his old lone soul
They pick apart his old lone soul
So it goes, he's alone, my life, my hole

He's a solid piece of stone
He ain't got much backbone
He's a solid piece of stone
And he's got to get back to the ghetto
He's a solid piece of stone
And he's got to get back to the ghetto