

Dear Mr. Omar Bay,  
Heard news that you left today.  
You still countin' all them taxicabs, takin' you back to the ti  
me you have left?  
Do you well remember Vietnam,  
When you had a mother who loved her son?  
Did you have to leave us all and go away?

Omar Bay, I think I'm fallin' to pieces.  
Won't you help a good man get up and back on his feet?  
Five winters, five winters in New York is plenty.  
I'd even say it's four too many.  
Won't you help a good man get up and back on his feet?

Dear Mr. Omar Bay,  
I saw your old friend form the war today.  
He said you went to seek God in a church or to get some warmth,  
whatever came first.  
And now your standpipe it stands alone.  
If where you place your cap is your home,  
Did you have to leave us all and go away?

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