

Harpo

Street Dogs

Every time, every God damn time
Harpo the drunken fool, he's a mess
I gotta confess,
Harpo the drunken fool
He grew up with Franklin
poor up on the hill
served under Macarthur
and learned how to kill
comes home to recession yeah
boy there's no work,
camps out at Connor's
the new pissed off jerk

Broken face, he is a disgrace
Harpo the drunken fool,
thrown out of the hold,
right back into the cold,
Harpo the drunken fool
Well the shine of a young man
has worn off of him,
lost a trade to the whiskey
no more knocking gin
Leave me alone,
I'm doing just fine
I'm sleeping it off
down at station nine

Why do you all care so much,
do you really think
I'm out to lunch,
I gave up on life so long ago
because every yes I hoped for
turned out a big no
So to hell with this city
and being legit,
forget all blue bastards,
colour me quit, get my bottle,
my coat, toss me my cap,
I'm leaving Boston
and not looking back

Will we sing tales about him
every once in a while
Hope he won't crash
dwon on Malibou mile
How will he change?
Nobody knows but
for the Grace of God
I know red lights arrive,
frozen they find
Harpo the drunken fool