

# Rags and Bones

The Band

Catch a taxi to the fountainhead  
Blinking neon penny arcade  
A young Caruso on the fire escape  
Painted face ladies on parade  
A newsboy on the corner  
Singing out headlines  
And a fiddler selling pencils  
The sign reads, 'Help the blind'

Comin' up the lane callin'  
Workin' while the rain's fallin'  
Ragman, your song of the street  
Keeps haunting my memory  
Music in the air  
I hear it ev'rywhere  
Rags, bones with old city songs  
Hear them, how they talk to me

Trolley car rings out the morning  
The whistle blows at noon  
A cat fight breaks open the night  
While watch dogs bay at the moon  
A preacher on an orange crate  
With a salvation army band  
And clicking along the cobbled stones  
Well that's the sound of the ice cream man

Comin' up the lane callin'  
Workin' while the rain's fallin'  
Ragman, your song of the street  
It keeps haunting my memory  
Music in the air  
I hear it ev'rywhere  
Rags, bones and old city songs  
Hear them, how they talk to me

The organ grinder and his monkey  
Still walkin' the same old beat  
The shoe-shine boy slappin' leather  
He puts the rhythm in your feet  
Strollin' by the churchyard  
List'nin' to the Sunday choir  
With voices rising to the heavens  
Like sirens screaming to a fire

Comin' up the lane callin'  
Workin' while the rain's fallin'  
Ragman, your song of the street  
It keeps haunting my memory  
Music in the air  
I hear it ev'rywhere  
Rags, bones and old city songs  
Play them one more time for me