A Guided Tour Of Chicago

The Lawrence Arms

He shuffled up a pair of surfer slippers
And an old tweed blazer
Asked you for a quarter and you looked the other way

He leaned up against the tow zone sign And just in time for you to avert your eyes Said "Good morning sir, have a nice day."

She wears four wool winter hats all year round And mumbles and sometimes screams He wears a coat made of burlap sacks and sits in parking lots Never asking anyone for anything

He's the old black guy with the shopping cart She's the old lady with the bright blue sweat pants They're the two young white squatter kids With dirty undershirts and rotten teeth

He's the guy who hangs out underneath the overpass Shouting curse words at passing motorists Or the guy who passed in my alley Who drank until his life made any sense

He's the hustler on the train
Or his four accomplices
Living on three tattered playing cards
And slight of hand

He's Darren in front of 7-11 on Walton and State She's Babs up and down on Belmont right by the train He's Buddy and his wife in uptown by the Aragon He's Andy selling streetwise at the white hen in boys town

He was Ed from the south side Who gave me cigarettes and hope At the Walgreens on Belden and Clark Where inspiration dies alone

Yeah, these are the people in your neighborhood In your neighborhood, in your neighborhood These are the people in your neighborhood They're the people you don't see When you're walking down the street They're the people you don't see each day