

## 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