

Nightingale

The Tiger Lillies

Slow death to the nightingale
His voice would always fail
In tenement towers
and on rails
And all of these praising words
They all seem so absurd, so absurd

Your poverty you declare
The paint blisters on your stairs
The dampness in your bones is always there
And all of these praising words
Well, they all seem so absurd, so absurd

Ever thought that you would be
This washed up and lonely
This washed up and lonely
This lonely