

## **Shocked Michelle**

### **"The Cement Lament"**

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It was that kind of misting rain

It was that kind of night

Nothing was wrong

It just wasn't right

All these late night alleys

All these late night alley cats

It starts raining harder

She adjusts her hat

A streetlight goes out

She makes her wish

A taxi on the corner

A puddle makes a splish!

It weren't the blues

It weren't low rent

It was just the cement lament

How many years has it been

Since you left that old hometown

Both eyes on your feet

Both feet on the ground

It's not superstition

It's just playing it smart

don't step on the cracks  
Or you may break your mama's heart  
It's not the blues  
It's not low rent  
It's just the cement lament  
Sun's rolling up the East River  
It slowly dawns on you  
You're smoking your last cigarette  
The rain has stopped  
The sky is blue  
Time to shake this mood  
someone's got to pay that rent  
Someone's shift just started  
Singing the cement lament  
Singing the cement lament  
Singing  
Swinging  
Singing and swinging  
Singing and swinging

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