

## Woody Guthrie "Mermaid's Avenue"

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Mermaid Avenue that's the street  
Where the fast and slow folks meet,  
Where the cold ones meet the hot ones  
Just a block from Coney's beach.  
Mermaid Avenue that's the place  
Where the wolves and haybags chase  
In big fur coats and bathing suits  
They're in the raggeldy race

Chorus

But there's never been a mermaid here  
On Mermaid Avenue  
No, I've never seen a mermaid here  
On Mermaid Avenue  
I've seen hags and wags and witches;  
And I've seen a shark or two  
My five years that I've lived along  
Old Mermaid's Avenue

Mermaid Avenue that's the street  
Where the lox and bagles meet,  
Where the hot dog meets the mustard  
Where the sour meets the sweet;  
Where the beer flows to the ocean  
(Where the halvah meets the pickle)  
Where the wine runs to the sea;  
Why they call it Mermaid Avenue  
That's more than I can see.

Mermaid Avenue that's the street  
Where the saint and sinners meet;  
Where the grey hair meets the wave curls  
Where the cops don't ever sleep;  
Where they pay some cops to stop you  
When you hit that Sea Gate gate;  
Where them bulls along that wire fence  
Scare the mermaids all away

Mermaid Avenue that's the street  
Where the sun and storm clouds meet;  
Where the ocean meets that rockwall

Where the boardwalk meets the beach;  
Where the prettiest of the maidulas  
Leave their legprints in that sand  
Just beneath our lovesoaked boardwalk  
With the bravest of our lads.

Mermaid Avenue that's the street  
Where all colors of goodfolks meet;  
Where the smokefish meets the pretzel  
Where the borscht sounds like the seas;  
This is where hot Mexican Chili  
Meets Chop Suey and meatballs sweet;  
Mermaid Avenue she's a nervous jerk  
But, still, she's hard to beat.

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