

Ben Folds "Doc Pomus"

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"Doc Pomus"

Man in a wheelchair in the lobby of the Forrest
With frighters, hustlers, hard-up millionaires

Mobsters, cops, whores, pimps and Marxists
All human life is there

Man in a wheelchair listens to the chatter
Writes down all the insane crap he hears

He can't move around but it doesn't really matter
In the Forrest all you need is eyes and ears

And out they pour, the hits and the misses
Turn Me Loose, Lonely Avenue
And down in Nashville Elvis sings Suspicion
Pomus/Shuman, 1962

And he never could be one of those happy cripples
The kind that smile and tell you life's OK

He was mad as hell, frightened and bitter
He found a way to make his feelings pay

Back at the Forrest, in the steakhouse off the lobby
A diner gets three bullets in the head

Doc looks down, eating his linguine
Thinking up a lyric for the dead

And out they pour, the hits and the misses
Turn Me Loose, Lonely Avenue
And down in Nashville Elvis sings Suspicion
Pomus/Shuman, 1962, 1962

Fred Neil, Jack Benny, crazy Phil Spector
Pumpkin Juice and Eydie Gormé
Damon Runyon Jr. and the Duke's orchestra
All superhuman life was there

And he never could be one of those happy cripples

The kind that smile and tell you life's OK
He was mad as hell, frightened and bitter
He found a way to make his isolation pay

And out they pour, the hits and the misses
Turn Me Loose, Lonely Avenue
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