

## Eager

### "Shades Of Gray"

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If you start here late, no one will know what you did  
No, the streets are straight, it's the soul that's crooked  
I've been treated fine,  
I've been treated elegantly  
But I'm not one for bathing in the waters of plenty  
East is East,  
West is West  
And The Bowery is screaming while Delancey rests  
Well, I'm south of the skating, but  
I'm north of the cash  
I could sure use the money but  
I'm ashamed to ask  
The traffic has buried all of last night's rain  
The words are all different but the accent is the same  
The sun is white, and the moon is gray  
And the river is black, blue and green  
The young are young, and the old are old  
There are no shades of gray in between  
There's at least ten different strains of smoke in the air  
And my prints are on them all, to prove I was there  
And I love the curses, but I'm not one for the trenches  
Yes I do love the walking , but that God for the benches  
It's hard to tell where green begins, and the city gray  
stops  
I guess the trees all bought their armor at second hand  
shops  
My second hand is working, but the minute hand broke  
again  
I know time will pass, but I don't know when  
The sun is white, and the moon is gray  
And the river is black, blue and green  
The young are young, and the old are old  
And there are no shades of gray in between  
And there are no shades of gray in between  
I know the great ones have been here, but where I can't  
tell  
There's dreams here a plenty, but they're being withheld  
And I'm more impressed with the closed doors  
Than the ones that are open  
The whole place tells time by a tower clock that's  
broken

The pigeons are ravens, and the gulls are vultures  
And trash

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