

Blues Traveler

"Closing Down The Park"

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Ya know,
There's this park, you see, in new york
That's what this song is about
Where we used to grow up
And, um, hang around
And then we started moving on
And started going on the road
We weren't home that much
But, back then they had this really great idea
When we hit town
These parks were prime real estate, you see
And if we could keep them nice-looking
We could charge more rent for the places around town
Now, I know you guys have that here around boston
But, you know, in new york
They had this great idea that there had to be a crack-
down
So we could sweep the park clean of the undesirable
elements
And we figured, what could we do?
Besides vote
Perhaps we could tell a song
To you
Through the musical medium
And then you'll know
So here we go
I really hope so
Well, here it is...

Rich man smells smoke, he smells something burning
green
Doesn't like the odor, better put some badges on the
scene
Put a blue suit on everybody you see hangin' round
And if that don't work, we're gonna close that park
down...
But anyway
Yesterday a man was busted trying to walk his dog
Cop didn't like his attitude, say that he was against the
law
Shoot everybody with a mutt this side of the town
And if that don't work, we're gonna close that park

down...

Preach on, my wounded chandler

You know when you're walkin through that park one
night

Whether your skin is black or white

And you feel that particular pressure on the back of
your head

And the hairs on the back of your neck start to stand up

And you hear a (police call)

Trust those hairs

Because if you're big or burly

Or even short and surly

Or if your cat's named shirley

You could be walkin through that park

And meet with the most undesirable disaster

Compliments of your taxes

I'm not saying it's gonna happen

I'm not saying that it will definitely happen

But it could happen

Because it has happened

I mean, it could be you

Or you, or you, or you, or you

Those guys back there

Yeah, that guy, yeah definitely

Those three, easily

Yup, you

Yup, that guy

That guy

Him

Those guys up there

Stinky or scarface

Anybody

Well, enough of my yacking

What about your truth and your mother's apple pie

I guess it's all another part of your grand designing lie

Should I tell you something pretty so you don't end my
way of life

Or should I come up from behind with some stolen,
bloody, rusty knife

Well maybe I should sit by and watch you kill my
friends

And maybe I can learn to love you and hope you never
end

Perhaps I can learn to hate you but I think I already do

All I know for sure right now, it's gotta be me or you

While your uncle rolls his joints with his fifty dollar bill

I'm off in some other park, and I'm laughing at you still

Laughing my saggy ass of at you baby

C'mon tell me all of your stories

Tell me about your politics
Tell me anything
Tell me how you blame your kids
Tell me

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