

## **Bob Seger "Manhattan"**

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Shakey Davey's got a twelve gauge in his hand  
It's sawed off to the limit  
He's got a vague plan  
There's this liquor store on Madison  
There's another one down on Washington square  
He's pretty sure no one's ever seen him  
Down around there

The first one's birdshot the next four are double aught  
buck  
The last one's a slug just for good luck  
He's got his works in his pocket  
He wants to score as soon as he's done  
He can't wait to get straight to get long gone

He puts on his long coat scribbles off a short note  
Sits himself down and waits for the sun to go down  
It's right around midnight and there's still too damn  
many people on this street  
He's walked all the way from Battery Park he's got  
sweaty hands and burnin' feet  
He's desperate for a fix  
His body's screamin' "Get me high"  
He bursts through the door and lets one fly

Sunrise in the park and Davey's cold as stone  
He got some bad merchandise and he was all alone  
Two more unsolved mysteries a lot of paper pushed  
around  
Most folks are just wakin' up in this great big town

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