

G. Love & Special Sauce "City Bum"

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Its a cold night said the city bum
With a blanket on his shoulder
Sitting by the delaware
And the damp air gets colder
Morning is not even close
Thats when the church doors open
The night is long lonely night
But still he's not alone

When I was young look above
The heavens game me hope and spirit
Having lost my job and my true love
This bottle gives me spirit

Here this says the policeman
Kicking him from his warm grate
No bums here curse his soul
The cop was shot later that night on patrol
Morning comes
And the church was open
But it was full
There was no hoping
For some food or hot coffee
To greet this bitter day

In winter time
Spare some change the businessman
Spat and walked away
Later on in the businessmen's day
His money was gone when his wallet misplaced
A cabbie passed mean and fast
Pushed a horn and gave a blast
Sprayed the bum with dirty slush
The bum was angry but he stayed hush
Two blocks later the cabbie rushed
The red light flashed
The city bus smashed the cab against the pole
The cab was gone and the cabbie was crushed
Day was fading and night came on
The shelters for nowhere is home

The bum cries lonesome tears

Tasted stale and bitter like beer

When he reached his cache
His blankets were gone
Stolen away
The bum cried more tears
The night grew old
He shivered still
Drew one more breath
I heard him moan
He passed that night at five am
The night was four below zero
The coldest night of the season
Without reason his blankets were stolen
A gypsy girl of fourteen sensed a strange eruption
In a crystal ball as clear as day
She watched a thief walk away
With two warm blankets underneath the bridge
He fell asleep the last deed he did
The thief in a rest rolled off a ledge
And drowned in a frozen cold

The gypsy girl she looked again
Into her crystal ball
She seen the bum take one last breath
He died and let his hair fall
Knowing the truth all powerful
Yet unsuspecting man
That same man
Thiefed upon, robbed upon, spat upon
Gone for all eternity
The gypsy girl curses society
The poor old bum
A burden and a bother
Was my only father

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