

Grass Roots

"Wharf Rat"

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Old man down, way down down, down by the docks of
the city.
Blind and dirty, asked me for a dime, a dime for a cup
of coffee.
I got no dime but I got some time to hear his story.
My name is august west, and I love my pearly baker
best more than my wine.
More than my wine - more than my maker, though hes
no friend of mine.

Everyone said, Id come to no good, I knew I would
pearly, believe them.
Half of my life, I spent doin time for some other fuckers
crime,
The other half found me stumbling round drunk on
burgundy wine.

But Ill get back on my feet again someday,
The good lord willin, if he says I may.
I know that the life Im livins no good,
Ill get a new start, live the life I should.
Ill get up and fly away, Ill get up and fly away, fly away.

Pearlys been true, true to me, true to my dyin day he
said,
I said to him, I said to him, Im sure shes been.
I said to him, Im sure shes been true to you.

Got up and wandered, wandered downtown, nowhere
to go but just hang around.
Ive got a girl, named bonnie lee, I know that girls been
true to me.
I know shes been, Im sure shes been true to me.

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