

## Buck 65

### "Riverbed 3"

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There's people living in the neighboring barges  
Guilty of assorted compliments and charges  
Like the one eyed cyclist who never wears socks  
He covers his mouth with his hand when he talks  
His name is Rene, they say he is a communist  
There is something about his demeanor that's ominous  
Gord with his card tricks escaped from the row  
His mouth is always in the shape of an O

His brother is locked up and he awaits his release  
He talks about politics and hates the police  
Linda doesn't have long to live probably  
She's wiccan and used to read palms for a hobby  
She came to visit one night and just sat there  
And laughed the whole time, her clothes covered in cat  
hair

Aubrey wears two watches at once and a bow tie  
He is missing a thumb and nobody knows why  
He's not the best ventriloquist in the world, but he  
wants to be  
He's an excellent dancer and smokes reefer constantly  
Big, fat Nigel works as a florist  
He's openly gay and looks like a tourist  
He's very polite with a good sense of humor  
He's heir to a fortune or at least that's the rumor  
Washed up and wounded, we are the recycled  
Earthy, thirsty, sleazy and seaworthy  
At the foot of the trees the tramps drink and they day  
dream

They use the fountain to stay clean, they're not as bad  
as they may seem

Each day they reenact the ritual of abandon  
They sit there and serenade people at random  
As the thought of a job and a bedroom refrigerates  
They drift on alcoholic wings in figure-eights  
Wine and water, regarded as stupid weirdos  
More wine and water, they feel like superheroes  
One once was a boxer whose ego remains bandaged  
He once took a beating that left him with brain damage  
One plays a horn and was born with a wooden leg  
He plays on some days cause he feels that he

shouldn't beg  
One worked in the factory before it closed down  
He's fine if there's plenty of wine to go around  
Sunken and drunken, frustrated and lonely  
These people don't die, they evaporate slowly  
No matter how desperate, no matter how lawless  
They rely on the river for some kind of solace  
It sings to the softly and lulls them to sleep heavily  
It's soothing and every bit heavenly  
Each morning before they get into the booze, as they  
say  
They usually give me the news of the day  
And if it were up to them to shout the decision  
An aurora borealis and all men out of prison

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