

Irma Thomas

"Beneath The Balcony"

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Let's go out and dance, darling
Our last of days
And grace the game with a blindfold on
The cheaters came to play
And outside the soft-handed boys
Screaming cars and all their speed
Music, meth, a hero beggin change
His sword across his knees

And how he prays to find a man to blame
For every sleepless night he spends
And for every well that he warned me of
But wound up falling in
And then for the kids beneath the balcony
Who disregard the rain
To make sure the king won't grant
The dead man one more day

Let's go out and see darling
What shines tonight
And temper your dream about the dying horse
With traffic, noise, and light
And somewhere the soft-handed boys,
Bleeding hearts, and worker bees
Give to the holy mother begging change
Christ across her knees

And oh how she prays to find a man to blame
For every loveless night she waits
And for every gun that she frowned upon
But still some fucker made
And then for the kid beneath the balcony
Behind the garbage can
Who waits for the king to come
And hold his sweating hand

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