

Janis Ian "Miracle Row/maria"

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Marie lives on Miracle Row
She tells fortunes, you know
At a dollar a throw
Every pimp and every gigolo
Has made love in the afternoon
To the lady by the windowsill
Five healthy children
And a home of your own
Back on Miracle Row
They all follow the show
Soap opera in the afternoon
And the old ladies swear at the sun
Like a sauna
On the tenement tair
All the boys play the conga
There's a chill in the air
And yes
They're gonna break out of here
Tv in the summer heat
Talk show hard to beat
'till she hits the street
Rippiing pavementunderneath her heels
With the poetry of motion in chains
And the lady by the window pane
Five healthy children and a home of you own
Back on Miracle Row
They all follow the show
Love interest in the afternoon
And the old men swoon
And the sun gets hotter
Someone mumbles a tune
And the young men spot her
Running up to the room
And yes
They tgotta get out of here soon
Five healthy children
And a home of your own
Back on Miracle Row
They all count on the show
Soap opera in the afternoon
The old ladies swear
At the boys pklaying conga

On the tenement stair
And the sun is like a sauna
There's a chill in the air
And yes
They're gonna break out of here
Oh Maria
Your eyes are like a demon lover's child
And lips of velvet issue invitation
Every time you smile
You sucked me in, I must admit
That I was waiting for a sign
Won't you leave me on the corner
By the light?
Because I'm stepping out tonight
Oh Maria
I envy any man who knows your name
Though once I knew you well
I'm not ashamed to be the one
Who drags you down
Your life is like a movie
Like a story pasted up on subway walls
Won't you leave me something sacred
When you fall?
Unless there's nothing left at all
Your lips are like a faded Spanish rose
And every movement strikes a pose
On every technicolor close
And other women show their teeth
And schoolboy husbands beg relief
And empty lovers search the street
Maria,
Convince me in the night you know the way
Though every lover brings another
Screaming to the light of day
Won't you leave me by the lamp post?
In the haze of your perfume
Night fades away
Won't you leave me by the lamp post?
In the haze of your perfume
Night fades away

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