

Marah "Point Breeze"

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Headlight cars do battle down the boulevard
Stoppin' in the corner bars or rollin' to get home
Orchestrated stars all laughin' at the weather charts
Reflectin' off the moon and Mars
Like they were spinnin' in a bowl, baby

Well waitress your tips are heads or tails
And surely luck would never fail you
Hang your apron on a nail
If this work doesn't pay
As the diners sign the air for checks
Sayin', 'Put your coat on, she'll come over?
Wind their watches like you'd expect
They've got tickets for some ballet?

Thinkin' I thought I was
Beginnin' to see the light
I was beginnin' to see the light
And now there ain't no doubt about it?
(Baby all right)

TV tubes do glow in ghostly white and blue
Panning cameras, Action News, your dinner on a tray
I got the sound check blues, baby?
Up the bottom, blow the fuse
Call for whiskey, tie your shoes

Up in Point Breeze there are no trees
To shield the moonless sky, you're seen
To walk the streets in baggy jeans and never say hello
And its half a fifty gallon drum at a
Barbecue for everyone?the old folks chat
The sodas flat, and there's not a single white?

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