

Ryan Harkrider

"As The Streetcars Roll Down St. Charles"

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squeeze a lemon till the juice runs sweet
pace in circles with your tap shoes feet
prick your finger make your body scream in color
watch a sunset paint it black and grey
dance with carneys in the alleyway
drop the ball and fill it up with clay and water

help me outta here I gotta get home by morning
I've grown tired and cold standing out here on the
corner
streetcars are coming could you spare me a dime or a
quarter
and help me outta here I gotta get home by morning

cut some slack for the kids in back
put a penny on the railroad track
pretend we're old and the earth is flat and hollow
spin the planets teach them right from wrong
fall asleep with the tv on
wake up early sell your friends a brand new shampoo
help me outta here I gotta get home by morning
I've grown tired and cold standing out here on the
corner
streetcars are coming could you spare me a dime or a
quarter
and help me outta here I gotta get home by morning

there's a man over there with his hands in the air
hoping there's a god who can hear his prayer
he's got a beer and a cig and he's dancing a jig
like a big horn player in a small time gig

and he says help me outta here I gotta get home by
morning
I have gotta fold if these are the cards I'm holding
take a walk with me and lend me a hand or a shoulder
and help me outta here I gotta get home by morning

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