

Ryan Harkrider

"Manhattan Avenue"

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we beat the heat in a New York minute
on streets the meet like words on a headline on a front
page
and the night gave us names like stars
but we just sat there laughing in the basement of an
old apartment
walking down from mountain tops, city lights that never
stop shining, I
can see for miles
you said there's something I just gotta try but we drug
our heels when
we said goodbye
and I know that I'll be seeing you on Manhattan Avenue

she wore a blue jean skirt and a wedding ring
and she drove like hell 'cause she was tired of being
nowhere
and she locked her keys in her daddy's car
so, we got drunk while sitting on the front porch of
someone else's
home
but it's too early to be lost and too late to be forgotten
but when we stopped she took here heart and hung it
from a building
top
and swore she would never leave Manhattan Avenue
there are signs that point the right way
there are signs that point back home
but I can't see any of them
while I'm sitting here and waiting on Manhattan Avenue

a read a Rolling Stone in a laundry mat
and the pages turned when the cars drove past and the
world spins
around again
and we made our homes on these crowded streets
but I'm all alone and I'm missing you like flowers in a
cemetery
people come and people go most of them will never
know the
difference between the two
but I ain't going anywhere so, I sat down and I wrote

you this letter on
Manhattan Avenue

there are signs that point the right way
and there are signs that point back home
but I can't see any of them
while I'm sitting here and waiting on Manhattan Avenue

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