

## **Michelle Shocked "Cement Lament"**

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It was that kind of misting rain  
It was that kind of night  
Nothing was wrong  
It just wasn't right  
All these late night alleys  
All these late night alley cats  
It starts raining harder  
She adjusts her hat  
A streetlight goes out  
She makes her wish  
A taxi on the corner  
A puddle makes a splish!  
It weren't the blues  
It weren't low rent  
It was just the cement lament  
How many years has it been  
Since you left that old hometown  
Both eyes on your feet  
Both feet on the ground  
It's not superstition  
It's just playing it smart  
Don't step on the cracks  
Or you may break your mama's heart  
It's not the blues  
It's not low rent  
It's just the cement lament  
Sun's rolling up the East River  
It slowly dawns on you  
You're smoking your last cigarette  
The rain has stopped  
The sky is blue  
Time to shake this mood  
Someone's got to pay that rent  
Someone's shift just started  
Singing the cement lament  
Singing the cement lament  
Singing  
Swinging  
Singing and swinging  
Singing and swinging

