

Magnetic Fields

"Waterfront Weirdos"

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We are the misfits with a broken horizon

Like Keats or Hemingway, survive with poets defiance

Christmas at the Martinique grieving for a home

Three generations tough it out on the big street all
alone...

Rank of the privileged on the evening commute

Don't want to be bothered, don't want to be used

booming in suburbia, shuttle's on the way

A beggar asks for money. It's a dollar you don't want to
pay-

To the Waterfront Weirdos

For the Waterfront Weirdos

Who are the Waterfront Weirdos?

Many live on the edge, keep them out of sight out of
mind

In our midst a disgrace-answers are elusive yet we find

It's so damn hard to conceive 'till it looks you straight in
the eye

Just take a walk on West 32nd Street or pick up a New
York Times

and believe it...

Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard
to be

homeless and one of the outcast-Waterfront Weirdos.

Who are the Waterfront Weirdos?

Many live on the edge, keep them out of sight out of mind

In our midst a disgrace-answers are elusive then we find

Powerless is a child in the wake of hunger at night

Giving up-giving in

Can't we hear their screaming from within...?

My life spent standing here in the back of a line

I'm living for the moment-yes, I'm living by the hour

in a game of survival

In a mood of resignation I'm not the man I am-

meal ticket, waiting for a handout

Things will change and somehow I'll get out

I keep telling myself it won't last forever

Adversity closing in, my sanity lapses, I'll rise again

Resisting the end

Only 22 as my apprehension sequesters into an IMPENDING
ASCENSION

I could not fake this for long

How long am I supposed to take it lying down?

I will not take this lying down!

Many live on the edge

Keep them out of sight out of mind

In the end it is us

picking up the pieces that we find

On the path of least resistance evidence is loud and

clear

When will we wake up?

Failures are mounting as the underclass grows

every year and believe that-

Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard
to be homeless

and one of the Waterfront Weirdos

It's so damn hard to believe 'till it looks you straight in
the eye

Shake the hands of losers lost on Broadway who
remember a

nostalgic time and believe that-

Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard
to be homeless

and one of the outcast-Waterfront Weirdos.

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