

## **Richard Shindell**

### **"Mercy Street"**

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Looking down on empty streets, all she can see  
Are the dreams all made solid  
Are the dreams all made real

All of the buildings, all of those cars  
Were once just a dream  
In somebody's head

She pictures the broken glass, she pictures the steam  
She pictures a soul  
With no leak at the seam

Lets take the boat out  
Wait until darkness  
Let's take the boat out  
Wait until darkness comes

Nowhere in the corridors of pale green and grey  
Nowhere in the suburbs  
In the cold light of day

There in the midst of it so alive and alone  
Words support like bone

Dreaming of mercy st.  
Wear your inside out  
Dreaming of mercy  
In your daddy('s arms again  
Dreaming of mercy st.  
'Swear they moved that sign  
Dreaming of mercy  
In your daddy's arms

Pulling out the papers from the drawers that slide  
Smooth  
Tugging at the darkness, word upon word

Confessing all the secret things in the warm velvet box  
To the priest-he's the doctor  
He can handle the shocks

Dreaming of the tenderness-the tremble in the hips

Of kissing Mary's lips

Dreaming of mercy st.  
Wear your insides out  
Dreaming of mercy  
In your daddy's arms again  
Dreaming of mercy st.  
'Swear they moved that sign  
Looking for mercy  
In your daddy's arms

Mercy, mercy, looking for mercy  
Mercy, mercy, looking for mercy

Anne, with her father is out in the boat  
Riding the water  
Riding the waves on the sea

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