Spin Doctors "Shinbone Alley/Hard To Exist"

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Moonlight through the chicken wire, humming window pane

Lukewarm water gasping down a rusty drain Big town's in need of mending, street lights make tooth some seams

Denim shadows shuffle in between the beams

Different strokes for different folks so Mind your manner and easy on the ethnic jokes It's a dumbbell curve, you're trying to tally All the way down to shin bone alley

Streets are metacarpal and flesh of asphalt calm Buildings rise like fingers from a concrete palm Yellow lit apartment trickle through the drapes Windows frame each history hidden even from the fire escapes

Sullen winter sparrow lends wing to expanse of grey Six-thirty-two in the morning on Thanksgiving day and the bums

They hit their corners, the thunder bird rubs their bones and the crack

Addicts stare at the snowflakes zigzagging down to greet Jones

Different strokes for different folks so

Seven-thirty-two on the same day, your bare feet on the parquet

And the light so papery white shining past the microwave

Knuckles to eyeballs and elbows on the table Spend the day gazing from the window gable

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