

Spin Doctors "Shinbone Alley"

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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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