

Spocks Beard "The 39th Street Blues"

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Hey Snow White and the Harlem Knight
You make a perfect pair
Skin and bones and a hatchet faced homes
Hey, what you doin' 'round here?

Why don't you come back to Central Park
Or stick around and see why love is art?
Oh yeah

In my sin I've sunk right in
I finally understood
Why all the geeks and the Catholic priests
They love to do us good

Maybe you would like some at my cost
Or maybe you and the white shadow should go get
lost?
Oh yeah

'Cause I'm sick of pity and morphine
I'm sick of you runnin' me down
Well, I'm sick but maybe there's something
That can still save me from the depths of this town

One more time I'll speak my mind
Then you'd better go
Before sad Sam and the back door man
Make me wish I'd just said no

I might come to your meeting in the park
But now I've got to work, it's getting dark
Oh yeah

'Cause I'm sick of pity and morphine
I'm sick of you runnin' me down
Well, I'm sick but maybe there's something
That can still save me, that can still save me

Come, you worn out, weak and tired
To this meeting in the dark of the night
And you'll walk in the light
Yes, you'll walk in the light

If you're addicted and afflicted
My name is Snow and I've the gift and the sight
And we'll make it alright
Yes, we'll make it alright

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