

Hans Theessink

"Sidewalk"

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His footsteps echoed softly through the early morning
hour
The slowness of his move should be a warning
From the trash he digs a pair of socks and yesterday's
flowers
What a way to start a monday-morning

He might have been a carpenter at one time in his life
Built a lot of homes but never had one
Or he might have been a poet who'd come upon some
hard times
And all that he had lived was just them sad poems

He might have been a singer with a lot of promise
Cigarettes and whisky ruined his throat
And it's hard to remember even a simple tune
Or the words to the songs that he had wrote

Take me back to Memphis, I've got to do some things
I've been in this city way too long
And it lays heavy on my mind when I see another man
Having to make the sidewalk, having to make the
sidewalk his home

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