

Thursday

"The Crock Of Gold"

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We'll live out our lives on this dirty old street,
only because we just can't compete.
But in the concrete of our younger days, we left our
names.

Just like the people before, when they reached
the distant shore with their drink and their dance,
and their dreams and sincere aims.

Ghosts long gone, through old buildings they stare.
With their offspring staring at me for they are still
there.
Dreams that are dead and lives not realized.

Why did we write our names in these streets,
to show we're alive?

Well, Chicago is my home and I'll never want to roam,
to live on any sun swept distant shore.
Well, it is where I was reared by forbearers so revered,
and I sing the songs that they all sang before.

Well, any woman that's neared me
has been repelled most thoroughly.
Still I'm a lover God, I am foremost of all.
A musician that's my call of high degree professional.
But I'm afraid I do not know my trade at all.

And if it's every twenty years
some small relief to me appears,
then the crock of gold will wait until that day.

To defend myself no more,
lay the shield of anger at my door
and the sword of alcohol will stow away.

All the people in our town are overworked and broken
down.
Begging cheques but it's just not enough they're
giving.
Crying quietly, living life so desperately.
That something has to make this life worth living.

Real life is only a timeline,
and the excitement holds the short times.
It will never measure up to what TV sells as great.
All the drunken jokes and views,
exciting pubs they tell the news.
But the exciting pats, well, they just weren't all that
great.

I met a girl one night and enchantment fixed our sight,
so we decided we would hold it for awhile.
But she would not love me, so inside me finally said,
"It's not your fault."
But I would like love if only for a while.

Well, it's on and on I've seen, yeah that's how it's
always been,
and how it will be as ever on I go.
Oh, but ever on I will.
Through all the banal times until I find some
place to me that seems like home.

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