

Lawrence Arms, The "A Guided Tour Of Chicago"

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He shuffled up a pair of surfer slippers and an old
tweed blazer.
Asked you for a quarter and you looked the other way.
He leaned up against the tow zone sign
And just in time for you to avert your eyes
Said "good morning sir. have a nice day."

She wears four wool winter hats all year round
And mumbles and sometimes screams.
He wears a coat made of burlap sacks and sits in
parking lots,
Never asking anyone for anything.

He's the old black guy with the shopping cart.
She's the old lady with the bright blue sweat pants.
They're the two young white squatter kids
With dirty undershirts and rotten teeth.

He's the guy who hangs out underneath the overpass
Shouting curse words at passing motorists,
Or the guy who passed out in my alley,
Who drank until his life made any sense.

He's the hustler on the train.
Or his four accomplices,
Living on three tattered playing cards and slight hand.

He's Darron out in front of 7-11 on Walton and state.
She's Babs up and down on Belmont right by the train.
He's Buddy and his wife in uptown, by the Aragon,
He's Andy selling streetwise at the white hen in boys
town.
He was Ed from the Southside who gave me cigarettes
and hope
At Walgreens on Belden and Clark where inspiration
dies alone.

Yeah, these are the people in your neighborhood.
In your neighborhood
In your neighborhood
These are the people in your neighborhood

They're the people you don't see when you're walking
down the street.
They're the people you don't see each day

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