

## Various Artists

### "Skid Row Downtown"

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Alarm goes off at seven and you start uptown.  
You put in your eight hours for the powers that have  
always been.  
(Sing it, child.) Till it's five P.M.

Then you go downtown where the folks are broke.  
You go down downtown where your life's a joke.  
You go downtown, where you buy your toke 'n' you go \*  
home to skid row. (Home to skid row.)

Yes, you go downtown where the cabs don't stop.  
Downtown where the food is slop.  
Downtown, where the hopheads flop in the snow.  
Down on skid row.

Uptown you cater to a million jerks.  
Uptown you're messengers and mailroom clerks  
eating all your lunches at the hot dog carts.  
The bosses take your money and they break your  
hearts.

And uptown you cater to a million whores.  
You disinfect terrazzo on their bathroom floors.  
The job's are really menial. You'll make no bread.  
And then at five o'clock you'll head (by subway) . . .

Downtown where the guys are drips.  
Downtown where they rip your slips.  
Downtown where relationships are no go.  
Down on skid row. (Down on skid row).  
Down on skid row. (Down on skid row).  
Down on skid row. (Down on skid row).  
Down on skid row.

Poor, all my life I've always been poor.  
I keep asking God what I'm for,  
and he tells me "Gee, I'm not sure.  
Sweep that floor, kid."

Oh, I started life as an orphan, a child of the street here  
on skid row.

He took me in, gave me shelter, a bed, crust of bread  
and a job.

Treats me like dirt. Calls me a slob, which I am.

So I live downtown. That's your home address.  
You live downtown when your life's a mess.  
You live downtown where depressions' jes' status quo.  
Down on skid row.

Someone show me a way to get outa here,  
'cause I constantly pray I'll get outa here.  
Please, won't somebody say I'll get outa here.  
Someone gimme my shot or I'll rot here.

Show me how and I will, Downtown, there's no rules for  
us.  
I'll get outa here.  
I'll start climbin' uphill Downtown, 'cause it's dangerous.  
and get outa here.  
Someone tell me I still Downtown where the rainbow's  
just a no show.  
could get outa here.  
Someone tell lady luck-----When you live  
that I'm stuck here.  
Gee, it sure would be swell downtown where the sun  
don't shine.  
to get outa here,  
bid the gutter farewell Downtown past the bottom line.  
and get outa here.  
I'd move heaven and hell Downtown. Go ask any wino.  
He'll know.  
to get outa skid,  
I'd do I dunno what Downtown.  
to get outa skid,  
but a hell of a lot Downtown.  
to get outa skid,  
people tell me there's not Downtown.-----Skid row.  
a way outa skid,  
but believe me, I've gotta  
get outa skid row.

\*The book listed this as "When you buy your token you  
go", but  
I just don't believe that's what is being sung.

Da-Doo

Da-doo, (spoken) I was walkin' in the wholesale flower  
district that  
day,  
shoop da-doo, and I passed by this place where this old

Chinese man,  
chang da-doo,he sometimes sells me weird and exotic  
cuttings,  
snip da-doo,'cause he knows, you see, that strange  
plants are my hobby.  
da da da da da da-doo.He didn't have anything  
unusual there that day.

Nope, da-doo,so I was just about to, ya know, walk on  
by,  
good for you,when suddenly,  
good for you.and without warning, there was this total  
eclipse of the  
sun.

It got very dark and there was this strange humming  
sound like something from another world.  
Da-doo,And when the light came back this weird plant  
was just  
sitting there,  
whoop-see-doojust, you know, stuck in, among the  
zinnias.  
Audrey Two.I coulda sworn it hadn't been there before,  
but the old Chinese man sold it to me anyways,  
for a dollar ninety-five.  
Sha la la, la la la, la la la loo

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